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WHAT CONSERVATION MEANS TO THE NATION'S PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

(AFTER INTERVIEWS WITH SENATOR NEWLANDS)

[Senator Newlands has been one of the most prominent and powerful advocates of conservation, and this great benefit to the country may be said to be his principal life work. Not only has he studied the advantages of the preservation of the forests, of irrigation and of the protection of our waterways, but he has had practical experience with irrigation on his own lands in the West and may be considered one of the most noted experts on conservation in Congress. Mr. Willey's article was written after several interviews with the Senator.—THE EDITOR.]



WE shall be able to add fifty million acres to our farms and gardens when the work which is in progress under the present reclamation law is completed. In the seven years since it was passed, about one and one-half million acres of waste or unproductive land have been served by the irrigation canal and converted into centres of progress and prosperity.

The mere mention of these figures, however, does not indicate the great importance of this undertaking, especially its present and future

benefit, not merely to the West but to the United States in general. The area of our arid or semi-arid land is five hundred million acres, so limited as to its natural water-supply that the land is worthless to the farmer, or yields such a scanty harvest that it disheartens him. It is encouraging to know that by the methods of conservation now employed, a permanent water service can be furnished to at least a tenth of this land. Even this means a million homesteads, and the settlement of families numbering fully five million people in regions at present unfit for existence. It further means an expansion of our agricultural wealth

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reaching far into the millions, a new demand for the products of our manufactures of the greatest importance, the building of additional railroads, a healthful and beneficial movement of people from the congested parts of the country; while at the same

they form a source of plenty instead of flowing to waste.

We know the work of the ancient irrigator in the Southwest, and when Senator Newlands saw the orchards and gardens of California, the result of the enterprise and energy of the



A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ON WHAT WAS FORMERLY DESERT LAND

time it teaches the nation a vital lesson in the necessity and importance of conservation.

Irrigation is not new. It brought races of the far East, and of Mexico, to a high state of civilization centuries ago. Seeing the ruins of the aqueducts and reservoirs of the earlier Mexicans, you realize what these people were. The great water-works that nourished the country of the Babylonians show the care and labor taken in providing this vital necessity to the existence of the people, for when war destroyed them, human life thereabouts became a memory. A powerful nation dropped out of existence. On the other hand water is to-day making a new empire in our West by turning the river and lake into channels where

people of that state, he was not surprised. Long before the Government took up the work, through Congress, the crude water-wheels, the home-made flumes in Wyoming and other states were lifting the water of the creeks by the force of the current to spread over the few acres it might nourish. Personally, he knew of the results of irrigation. His home on the banks of the Truckee River near the city of Reno is on 200 acres of land he reclaimed from the American desert, and he has been interested in two other projects of 10,000 acres in the same locality.

But what was done by the individual, the neighborhood, the district, was merely a hint of what could be accomplished by association; and

that suggested to him the idea of co-operation. Being engaged in mining at the time, he thought what might become of the towns which had been created here and there because of the ore-bearing ledges. These might yield their treasure for a period of years. Again, some might give out. Many of the towns had no other source of living to depend upon, surrounded as they were by the desert, and without an acre fit for cultivation. This was one incentive that led him to advocate a broader scheme for conservation. But it was necessary to get together to obtain successful results. Whether the organization was effected within a township, district or a state, it was all the same, so long as an organization was completed which could obtain the desired results. The idea found favor. Meetings and conferences were held in Nevada and other states. The discussion was general, but so many different plans

were proposed, by town and country associations, and bodies representing several states, that he saw here an obstacle fatal to success. Then, too, some of the waterways were in two states, and industrial companies here and there had leases or rights allowing them to take a certain proportion of the water to the exclusion of all others. To insure a permanent supply, it would be necessary at times to secure special legislation in at least two states to buy out these leases or rights. In short, so many difficulties introduced themselves that the authority and aid of the nation were seen to be essential to the success of the project.

This may be worth noting, as it induced him to conceive a plan to have Congress enact a law that would be ample to meet the requirements of the entire area available for irrigation to conserve the watercourses needed for the supply and to provide



"WOODLEY," MR. NEWLANDS'S HOME IN THE SUBURBS OF WASHINGTON, OCCUPIED AT ONE TIME BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

the facilities, such as dams, reservoirs and canals. But it must be on a business basis, and the idea was suggested that the cost of the work should be paid by the sale of public lands to would-be settlers, thus doing the work of reclamation at the expense of those who would reap the most benefit. The idea was by no means received with universal favor; but opposition was expected. For concentration of efforts, a committee consisting of one representative from each of the thirteen states and three territories concerned was organized among the friends of the measure in Congress. The next step was to make friends for the plan formulated. Education was the factor that really accomplished this. Meetings were held in the various districts and the benefits of government supervision explained. The great results that could be attained were contrasted with what had been done by private enterprise. The necessity and

importance of irrigation were emphasized; also the absolute need of conserving the woodlands and caring for the watersheds of the rivers, if their flow was to be maintained permanently. As a result of explanations and arguments, by degrees the objectors were won over. The West was at last for irrigation.

When the bill was introduced at Washington, strange to say it had a majority of the Democrats with it, when they understood the measure; even the Southerners, fond as they are of state rights, the apparent encroachment upon which was one of the technical objections to the bill. But it was realized that government aid and protection were absolutely necessary in controlling a river running through more than one state. Again education won, and the year 1902 found the Newlands Reclamation Act a law. But the ten years leading up to it witnessed a long and hard struggle; and in this con-



THE TRUCKEE RIVER, IN NEVADA

Before the water from this river was utilized for irrigation, the country here shown was a desert



PREPARING THE NEVADA DESERT FOR CULTIVATION BY IRRIGATION

nection should be mentioned that typical American—a man who knows the West as well as the East—Theodore Roosevelt. Quick to appreciate what conservation would do for the West, and for the people at large, Mr. Roosevelt aided it with all his ability and all his influence, and after the passage of the law created an organization of counsellors and workers which has since accomplished most valuable results.

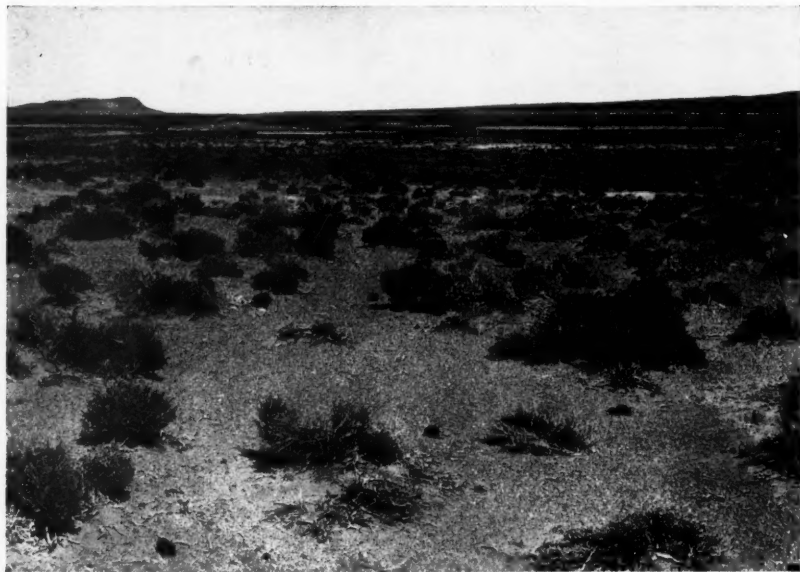
The sum thus far expended for reclamation may seem large, though contrasted with some of the appropriations annually made for other governmental activities, it is not so considerable—especially as it has not come, thus far, from the public treasury, but as extra revenue from land sales. The total of \$48,000,000, has been divided principally among twenty-eight "projects." One of the greatest of these has been well named in honor of the ex-President. The Roosevelt project will irrigate fully 240,000 acres of the Arizona desert by forming an enormous reservoir in the Tonto Valley, converting the Salt River into a lake thirty miles

long, four miles wide and 280 feet deep at the dam, which will rise to a height of nearly 300 feet above the river bed—one of the greatest artificial barriers in the world. In Idaho, the Fayette-Boisé project means the reclamation in all of 350,000 acres. The Huntley in Montana will make homeland out of 33,000 acres. The North Platte River, hitherto wasted, is to be turned upon 125,000 acres of Nebraska and Wyoming now barren and desolate. But so wide is the distribution of water-supply and so many the opportunities for constructing water-serving systems, that by the nation's aid no less than thirteen states and three territories are to receive the benefit. No locality or state is favored to the disadvantage of any other. The completion of one of the first projects—the Gunnison—has perhaps aroused more popular interest because of its spectacular features. By it the waters of the Gunnison River in Colorado, passing through a six-mile tunnel in a mountain range, flow upon 200,000 acres of Uncompahgre Valley, barren because of lack of mois-

ture. By the heroism of engineers of our Reclamation Service, the gorge forming the channel of the river was explored for the first time by white men and the tunnel route located—a feat supposed to be impossible. This is one way in which reclamation is making oases on our deserts.

been made of an artificial stone as firm and solid as granite. With the use of concrete has come a new era in building construction, and an enormous sum has been saved in the cost of material.

These thoughts on one phase of conservation may give a clearer idea



A DESOLATE STRETCH OF LAND NEAR RENO BEFORE IRRIGATION WAS INTRODUCED

None of these schemes has been taken up haphazard. First it must be known if the water-supply is ample and permanent; and observations and measurements are taken to that end. The watersheds must be secured to make sure that they cannot be stripped of forest growth and the feeders of the rivers left to be evaporated by the heat. The volume of water determines the size of the reservoirs and canals. These are built to endure, for upon them depends the prosperity, the very existence of the towns and rural folk who have trusted the nation and taken up their homes there. But by taking the useless sand and mixing it with cement and water, the walls of the canals and reservoirs have

of it not merely as a public benefit but as a national necessity. Conservation, strange as it may seem, is both intensive and extensive. It centres about the water-supply not only for agriculture but for power and for navigation. The river may be put to three purposes: It may be distributed over the land to make it fertile; the force of its current or "head" may be converted into power for industries; and its channel may be utilized for transportation. So the care and control of the water-courses concern not merely one state or section but all of the United States. We can well take the ground on which President Roosevelt based his belief, when he expressed himself to Congress, in 1908, in these words;

Our river systems are better adapted to the needs of the people than those of any other country. In extent, distribution, navigability, and ease of use, they stand first. Yet the rivers of no other civilized country are so poorly developed, so little used, or play so small a part in the industrial life of the nation as those of the United States. In view of the use made of rivers elsewhere, the failure to use our own is astonishing, and no thoughtful man can believe that it will last. Every stream should be used to the utmost. No stream can be so used unless such use is planned for in advance. When such plans are made we shall find that, instead of interfering, one use can often be made to assist another. Each river system, from its headwaters in the forest to its mouth on the coast, is a single unit and should be treated as such. Navigation of the lower reaches of a stream can not be fully

richest portions of our farms. The uses of a stream for domestic and municipal water-supply, for power, and in many cases for irrigation, must also be taken into full account.

The development of our inland waterways will have results far beyond the immediate gain to commerce. Deep channels along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes will have high value for the national defence. The use of water power will measurably relieve the drain upon our diminishing supplies of coal, and transportation by water instead of rail only will tend to conserve our iron. Forest protection, without which river improvement can not be permanent, will at the same time help to postpone the threatened timber famine, and will secure us against a total dearth of timber by providing for the perpetuation of the remaining woodlands.



WHAT IRRIGATION HAS DONE FOR THE LAND NEAR RENO

developed without the control of floods and low waters by storage and drainage. Navigation channels are directly concerned with the protection of source waters and with soil erosion, which takes the materials for bars and shoals from the

Irrigation will create the means of livelihood for millions of people, and supplies of pure water will powerfully promote the public health. If the policy of waterway improvement is efficiently carried out, it will affect for good every citizen of

the Republic. The National Government must play the leading part in securing the largest possible use of our waterways; other agencies can assist and should assist, but the work is essentially national in its scope. The improvement of our inland waterways can and should be made to pay for itself so far as practicable from the incidental proceeds from water power and other uses. Navigation should of course be free. But the greatest return will come from the increased commerce, growth and prosperity of our people.

Since the river is the nucleus of conservation, let us note what should be its rational treatment to secure from it the best results. It involves for one thing the prevention of floods; for these waters rush down in torrential streams in the spring months and destroy property; and then, during the summer and fall months, the water having entered the ocean and been wasted, the river itself is reduced to an attenuated stream upon which boats cannot float. What does a rational treatment of that river involve? Obviously, storage wherever it can be done

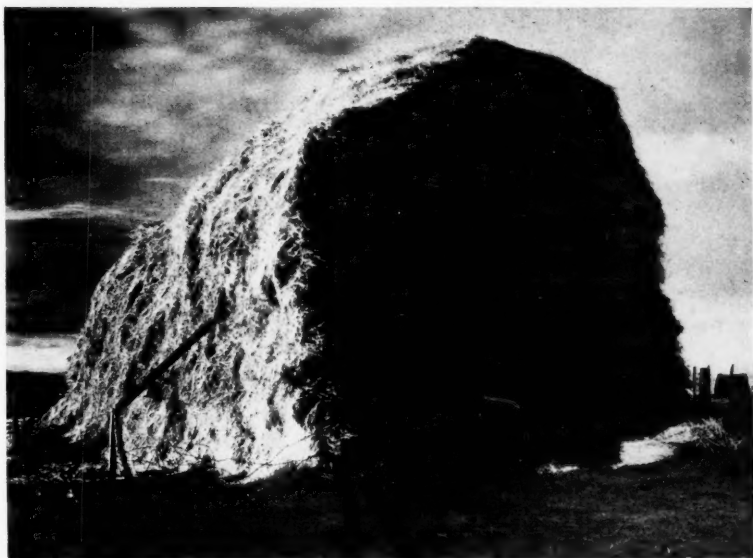
practicably and economically, and with a view to the reasonable cost of the entire enterprise. What does storage upon upper rivers mean? It means the construction of artificial reservoirs in which these waters are impounded during the period of flood, and from which they are led over the great plains, and used for purposes of cultivation. The plains absorb the water like a sponge, and gradually give it out by the process of seepage to the tributary streams of the great river, when it is most needed for navigation, during the months of July, August and September. So irrigation is a proper method of treating the river for navigation, for it is one method of impounding the flood waters of these tributary streams, and preventing them from causing destruction below in the spring, and preserving them for a beneficent purpose later on in the summer and fall. In the more humid regions, where irrigation is not required and evaporation is less rapid than in the arid and semi-arid districts, the reservoir may be used for the storage



THRESHING GRAIN ON MR. NEWLANDS'S FARM

of storm and thaw waters, which may be kept impounded, as is now done in the upper Mississippi and in some foreign countries, until the time of low water, when the contents may be let out in such manner as to maintain navigation throughout the summer.

the streams are fed. Denude large areas of their forests, and the rains rush off the lands in torrential streams and increase the volume of the floods that are so destructive below. We all know that one of the causes of these great and destructive floods has been the destruction of our forests.



ONE OF MR. NEWLANDS'S CROPS OF ALFALFA HAY

The forests are the conservators of moisture. In a state of nature the streams gathering in forests run clear and in fairly uniform volume throughout the year. The soil is protected from the beating of the storm by the branches and foliage, which break the drops into spray, and this trickles gently down the trunks and along the roots, so that the soil remains open and pervious. This soft, spongy soil is further protected by a mulch of partly decayed leaves, twigs and shreds of bark and wood; and in the mulch and friable mold, the waters of rains and thaws are absorbed as in a sponge, and do not flow off quickly in rills and freshets, but seep slowly through the soil into the permanent springs by which

If, then, the forests are conservators of moisture, if they are natural storage reservoirs of moisture, and if the impounding of these waters in artificial reservoirs for the purpose of holding them until they can swell the volume of the stream below for the purpose of navigation is constitutional, should we not make use of the reservoirs that nature has created and develop them? And if we can do that, should we not take control over large areas of land and replace the forests that have been destroyed? Of course the Constitution grants no power to the National government to enter the timber business or the lumber business as such, but it has the power to make a sure, stable, equal flow



SOME OF THE CORN GROWN AROUND RENO

of water for purposes of navigation; and if it can accomplish this by developing the forests, the natural reservoirs of the country, so as to hold their waters in suspense until the time when they are most needed, it has the power to preserve and protect the existing forests, it has the power to replace the forests, and certainly in that connection it has the power to sell the timber which is planted when it becomes unnecessary to the main purpose of the enterprise—the conservation of moisture.

But the comprehensive plan for the development of these waterways not only involves reclamation by irrigation and the protection and replacement of forests, but it also involves the drainage of swamp lands below. The reclamation of swamp lands is the complement of the irrigation of arid lands. There is too little water on the land above and there is too much below. Why is there too much below? Because the river breaks through its banks,

divides itself into numerous channels, creates bayous and sloughs, and thus keeps vast areas of cultivable land—the richest in the world—useless for cultivation. In connection with this subject we must remember that the large amount of water power created by the building of the great dams will be of much value for many uses. The Government will be compelled not only to construct dams on the tributary streams for irrigation, but sometimes on the great river itself—for the purpose of constructing locks through which vessels can pass, and thus avoid dangerous rapids.

It is useless to formulate comprehensive plans for the improvement of our inland waterways without taking into consideration the related questions of forest preservation and restoration, the irrigation of arid lands, the reclamation of swamp lands, bank protection, the clarification of streams, and kindred matters. Co-operation is the keynote of the successful execu-

tion of this great work. If by uniting the powers of the states and the powers of communities and the powers of individuals with the powers of the National Government, we can diminish the cost to that Government and make feasible projects which would otherwise be so costly as to be impracticable, shall we hesitate to enlist that co-operation? Good business judgment requires it. The co-ordination of all the Government services of the country related to the use of water, the co-operation of the Nation with every State, every municipality, every community, every corporation, and every individual capable and willing to enter into this work, and able and disposed to a due proportion of the expense, will

very fine for it to construct great dams costing millions of dollars and then turn them all over, under state laws, to great monopolies. It would be very fine for Congress to build up forests, to preserve forests, or to replace them, and then let the lumber monopolists utilize the fruits of their labor. But it is to be assumed that when the American people decide to go into business in the development of these inland waterways they will conduct the business in a business-like way, and they will not stand upon refinements as to the boundaries between the Government and the states; and where they find that there is any difficulty as to constitutional power in order to do a desirable thing, promotive of navi-



CELEBRATING THE OPENING OF A NEW IRRIGATION RESERVOIR IN THE WEST

result in the conservation of the natural resources of the country which is absolutely necessary.

It would be very fine, of course, for the United States to conduct these great works without regard to compensation to itself or benefits conferred upon others. It would be

gation, and that the co-operation of a state is necessary, they will insist upon co-operation for the common good. All that we must provide is a board of experts capable of making broad and comprehensive plans for the common good, and public sentiment will force co-operation.

In conclusion, reference may be made to the working forces engaged already referred to the truly great work done by the Reclamation



THE INLAND WATERWAY COMMISSION (MR. NEWLANDS AT HEAD OF TABLE)

in conservation. The growth and present efficiency of the Forest Service is due in a large measure to the business methods under which it was permitted to start and perfect its present organization. Under the provision of the act creating it, the national forests have become more than standing timber "reserves." Trails have been opened, roads built, communication established and homesteaders encouraged and protected. In short, a general system has been established which has gradually brought the administration up to its present high standing. It was made possible by entrusting those in executive charge with responsibility and giving them a free hand to develop the permanent value of the forests as useful resources and to do away with the opposition based on the belief that the preservation of a forest prevented its use. I have

Service in the territory of arid land made productive and inhabitable. One can say of the Reclamation Service, the Forest Service and the other scientific departments of our Government, that the work is done honestly, efficiently, loyally. No man is better fitted by experience and ability to be the head of our Reclamation Service than Frederick H. Newell, while his assistants are the right men in the right places. This bureau has valuable aid from the Forest Service whose head, Gifford Pinchot, deserves the same credit as Mr. Newell. These workers for the nation have an *esprit de corps*. To their patriotic devotion is largely due the high standard of the work done under their direction. The two services are so closely associated that interference with the activities of either would impair the efficiency of both.

THE SWORD IN THE MOUNTAINS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

CHAPTER I

NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND



It was midsummer in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-two, the place that high table-land north of the Tennessee at Chattanooga, which is called Walden's Ridge. The little schoolhouse crouched under its wayside oaks and maples, a brown hen with wings spread in the dust. Outside, the trees went up into a fathomless blue gulf—the August sky, cloudless, shimmering with heat. Inside there was a noisy hum of study which was soporific or nerve-racking, as you chanced to take it.

The children sat on benches of riven logs, with pegs driven into the rounded side for legs. There were no backs to these, and sometimes a tired young head drooped to the puncheon desk in front, and, cushioned by a curved arm, rested there in uneasy slumber. The feet of the very little ones swung clear of the floor, and occasionally a big boy or girl beckoned a small sister or brother to lean against the older child and rest or sleep. The muffled roar of study was answered by the whirr of insects from the woods that pressed in unbroken ranks up to the back of the house; the cicada's drone, rising and falling, grasshoppers, letting off a sharp rattle of crackling energy as they leaped in the dry

grass of the playground. The door stood wide because it was the only source of light. Early this morning a bird had lit upon the broad stone before it, considered doubtfully, with head aslant, the dim, noisy room which it had known earlier in the summer silent and untenanted, and, lifting light wings of sudden impulse, flitted through its doorway, to beat the poor ineffectual pinions against the log walls. Lessons were frankly forgotten, till the gray-haired old teacher managed to catch the frightened intruder under his hat, and, with murmured exclamations of pity, put it forth at the door again.

He sat relaxed in his chair behind the pine table which did duty for his desk of office, and, when he could get a congregation together on a Sunday and preach, for a pulpit as well, a figure at once appealing and somehow mean. Abel Mims had a shrunken look within the garb of rusty respectability which he managed to maintain. His hair was prematurely white, and flowed long and straight over the collar of his coat. His face was brown, and the gray eyes looked out of it with a startling effect, since the irids were lighter in color than the skin. The features were a map of weakness, a history of compromises, a record of aborted impulses: a bevelled chin, a slightly receding forehead, a nose low at the bridge; but a sweet, irresponsible smile always hovering on the wide-lipped, irresolute mouth. This somewhat insignificant countenance was given a tragic cast by the long scar



Drawn by Robert Edwards

(See page 276)

" 'AN' I'D BE IN IT,' CHAMP ASSERTED, SPRINGING UP AND GRASPING HIS GUN
ONCE MORE "

which marked it from ear to the mouth's corner. A failure at life, Abel Mims sought favor even with the stronger and older of his pupils, and trimmed his sails to the gale of any man's approval or displeasure.

The school came in from its noon dinner not more noisily than usual, but with a sound and sense of something amiss in its ranks, of which Mims was instantly aware, though he carefully ignored a rather vociferous whispering which made itself heard from the portion of the girls' side where the older pupils sat.

"Well, I'm going to tell and I'm going to tell right now," a shrill voice finally soared above the others in a fairly audible defiance; and Evelyn Belle Winchester, the one aristocrat of the little mountain school, got to her feet and stood a moment enjoying the instant attention she commanded. Judge Winchester was a rich man who lived in a brick house down in Chattanooga—a mansion, some people would call it. His wife, herself mountain born and bred, brought their children up to Walden's Ridge in the summers occasionally, and let them attend school, because they were delicate, and it was believed that the primitive surroundings and associations would be good for them. As the little girl began to step forward mincingly toward the teacher's platform, a brown hand caught at the skirt of her dimity dress.

"Tattle-tale!" hissed Delora Glenn, staring fiercely into the supercilious countenance the town girl turned across her shoulder. "Nobody 's goin' to pay any attention to what you say."

"Well, you 'll see." Evelyn Belle freed her skirt, not without danger of a rent, that she might proceed on her mission with dignity. "I reckon Teacher's kin to my mother. If my mother tells him to do anything, he's got it to do, or my father 'll have him turned out."

Then she marched to the desk and laid her complaint before Author-

ity. A quaint little figure she stood there, with the full, sprigged dimity skirts reaching below the knee and shading lace-trimmed pantalettes which were the admiration and envy of every young feminine soul in the building. Her face was a narrow oval, colorless, fine-featured, lit by a pair of dusky, languid eyes that had usually dark circles printed beneath them. Her heavy locks, arranged in a massive "double row" of candle-mould curls around her small head, further differentiated her from the other girls, who wore their hair generally in the ugly, small knob their grandmothers affected.

"Well, Eve' Belle, what is it—what is it?" inquired the teacher, nervously. "You-all must n't come up here to me like this. You've got to sit and mind yo' books if you want to learn anything. Tell me what you want, and go right back now."

He spoke in the hasty, almost fawning tone of one who did not expect to be obeyed. The young lady whom he addressed proceeded to exploit her grievances at considerable length. It appeared from her statements that the boys of the school were extremely obnoxious to the girls.

"I would n't mind so much if they'd stay to theirselves," she concluded, "but they all the time come and break up our play, and tear up our playhouse, and my mother says I don't have to take it off of 'em. My mother says it's not proper, anyhow, for boys and girls to play together."

"Yeth Ma did," piped an urchin with a large head which looked curiously hard and solid. "Ma thaid that." This was seven-year-old Greene Winchester. His sister received his re-enforcements with complacency. Greene could always be depended upon to bring up the rear.

"Well, I reckon she's right," Mims agreed uneasily. "I reckon your mother has the rights of that, Eve' Belle. I reckon I just about have obliged to make a rule that

you-all boys and girls sha'n't play together any more. Let the boys have the one side of the house and the girls the other, and there 'll be no more trouble."

There was a gasp from the back seats, and a sudden look of dismay in the countenance of the complainant. She had not bargained for so much.

"Well, *some* of the boys is n't so feisty," she modified her statement. "If Champ Seacrest could play with us, I'd rather. Then if any wild varmints comes in from the woods he'd fight 'em. I'm terrible scared of varmints up here in the woods, and I don't like to be where it's just girls alone, 'count o' that."

"Huh!" Delora Glenn popped up from the puncheon bench on which she sat and glared, fiery-cheeked, at the informer; "Champ's the leader. He's the one that tore up your playhouse, Eve' Belle Winchester,—and served you right, too."

"Here—here—here!" remonstrated the teacher, who felt his authority slipping. "You-all girls be still a minute and let Champ tell what the trouble is. Champion Seacrest, have you been fussing with the girls?"

A boy of ten, barefooted, with a tossing mane of yellow hair above steady blue eyes, rose instantly—just the defender against varmints a dark-browed Evelyn Belle would select.

"Yes, sir," he said succinctly, "I'm a soldier, and the boys made me colonel of the regiment. That gal," pointing an accusing finger at Evelyn Belle, "keeps niggers, and we're a-breakin' hit up. She took Debby Tate's playhouse away from her and said it was nigger quarters to the big playhouse she had a'ready, where her store-bought dolls lives. And she put black rocks in for niggers. And we went over there, a—er, a-raidin' and turned 'em all a-loose; and—" For a moment he studied the puncheons at his bare toes with a slightly sheepish, reminiscent grin about his mouth, then he looked up with a flicker of laughter in his eyes,

which made them shine. "We put the Winchesters in prison—Greene took up for her—but we was playing bull-pen then, and I did n't know she 'd git mad and tell."

Evelyn's face had flushed when the boy began to speak. She stood looking straight ahead, but she did not, as one of the humbler girls would have done, flee back to her seat. She held her ground and kept her chin well in the air. As for Mims, at this mention of slaves and fighting, a curious change had gone over the teacher's face; he crouched at his desk like a stricken thing, glancing in apparent terror at the peon doorway, even at the blank walls about him.

"Hush! Hush!" he admonished. "You-all children have got no call to be namin' out such as this. Champ—I did n't expect it of you. You've always been a good boy and a help to me. Evelyn Belle, I'm a-goin' to speak to your mother concerning this matter. Delora Glenn, you can stay in at recess. If I hear any more talk like this, I'm a-goin' to go cut me a good bunch o' hickories and see what they 'll say to you-all."

The threat was an old one, and carried little terror to any of these attendants at the summer school.

"But don't you aim to let the boys and girls play together any more?" inquired Champ, as Evelyn Belle walked coldly and proudly back to her bench. "I'd rather play with the girls than the boys."

The statement was made dryly, and, strange to say, nobody giggled. Champ Seacrest had a look in his blue eyes that interfered with an appreciation of the ludicrous in any speech he might make.

"I—yes. No. I'll let you know when I've talked the matter over with some of your parents. And in the meantime, if you'll be good, you may go on as before."

When recess time came and the others passed out, Delora sitting stranded, alone, and by her isolation disgraced, staring straight before her at the puncheon desk, became finally

conscious that another figure balanced her own on the boys' side. Abel Mims too was uncomfortably aware of Champ Seacrest, very erect on his bench. It was one thing to decree punishments, and quite another, a flight beyond the country school-teacher, to say where lay the impertinence of the boy's electing to punish himself. Afraid to question the resolute soul, remembering with sudden dismay that this boy and girl always shared penances as they shared joys, Mims finally muttered an excuse and went uncertainly out to join in the sports on the playground. His shadow had barely left the doorstone when a small, flatted voice with a choke in it inquired:

"Why don't you go 'long and play with Eve' Belle? You ain't kept in. She said she wanted you to mind the varmints off 'n her."

"Am kept in too—whenever you are," Champ returned promptly. "Teacher was n't fair, anyhow. I'm the colonel. Ought to been me."

Strangely comforted, the two, who had from babyhood been comrades, sat silent in the dim, empty room listening to the shouts from outside, uttering no further word to each other till Abel Mims came back to beat on the door-jamb and call, "Books!"

The long, hot afternoon waned. Sundown always brings a chill in the mountains, a tingle in the air. The westerling shafts of gold were beginning to catch in the tree-tops, as the little band poured with shouts from the low, broad door of the log schoolhouse. Slave-holder and abolitionist, soldier and sympathizer, they dashed on to the playground, each one shouting his favorite war-cry.

The black man who always came to carry Evelyn Belle Winchester home in his arms, since her mother thought it too far for the delicate child to walk in hot weather, was there, lying half-asleep, under one of the great oaks. The boys desecrated him just as they got on their paper caps and assumed their cornstalk

muskets preparatory to an after-school drill. Zed was on his feet now, unfurling the umbrella which maternal care insisted should be carried over the child.

"Zed—Zed," appealed Champ, applying to the black as one who knew, "don't you want to be free? Don't you think niggers has as much right to freeness as white folks?"

The little girl drew haughtily back, and let the rabble of boys sweep in between her and her servitor. As they stood clamoring about him, she regarded the group with disdain. When they had done talking, she could bid all that brawn and sinew bend itself to her puny needs.

"You Champ Seacrest," she said finally, "you let my nigger alone. Unc' Zed 'll get himself into trouble if he talks about runnin' away."

"Dat's right—dat's right," agreed the black man zealously. "You-all boys better hush yo' moufs. You 'll dest about git me fawty, wid yo' fool talk—dat's what you 'll do. I ain't no run-away niggah. I 'se a Winchester. I was bawn on ole Marse's place, an' dar I 'specs to die. Dey ain't no free niggah blood in me."

"But don't you?" urged Champ, half-deceived by his own play. "We're soldiers, and we're going to have another war like we-all had down in Mexico, and we're goin' to make the folks that owns niggers turn 'em a-loose."

"Who say?" demanded the black, fear and avid interest struggling in his face. "Ef dey come a wah, ole Marse 'll 'spect me to fight for him. Dat's what he 'll have every niggah out a-doin'. I know. Dat's de way when de house catch a-fiah. Dat's de way when de bull got loose—send a niggah. Who gwine to fight de wah for de white quality?—de niggahs. Ain' anybody else to do it. What's mo'," he added hastily, "I ain't gwine have nothin' to say to sech talk as you-all is havin'."

The protesting black man, tall and round-faced, with rolling eyes, and the quaintly garbed children

about him, cornstalk muskets on their shoulders, patriotism and good-will toward his race swelling big in their crude young breasts, while the haughty, scornful little mistress stood by, made a curious picture. But now the apprehensive Abel Mims came forth in some trepidation to break up the session under the old oaks.

"You get along home now, boys and girls," he urged. "You don't want to have any such goings-on as this at Caney School."

The terror that had touched his countenance at Champ's earlier talk of war and the turning loose of slaves, showed itself as well in the dilated eye of the negro. This subject in the South of that day was pitch and pestilence. Let who would touch and handle it, the schoolmaster and black Zed meant to be safe.

"Dat's des' whut I tell 'em, Marse," the negro put in hurriedly. "You ready for me, little mistis?" and gathering up his charge on a great brawny, blue-clad arm, he turned away with her through the green aisles of the wood, her little, sickly, haughty face looking back half-taunting at them over his big, cottonade-covered shoulder, while little Greene pattered in the rear.

CHAPTER II

THUMBS DOWN

Champ Seacrest's father, Vespasian, had married, late in life, timid Miranda Fain, from a Georgia settlement below Chattanooga. The delicate, girlish wife did not live long enough to show her domineering spouse what quality was in the mild-appearing Fains. Dying, she left this one child, physically much like her. Miranda, quiet, soft-stepping, "say-nothing," as the mountain phrase goes, had been an ideal mate for heady, voluble Vespasian Seacrest; but the traits that pleased him in a wife would have seemed to him contemptible in a son; and his besetting fear was that his offspring should resemble the dead mother too greatly.

Champ, brought up by an ancient virgin of the name of Salomy Jane Partridge, one who hoped eventually to marry the widower whose house she kept, and who adored him in awe, made an all too dutiful son for such a father. He was a very godling of a baby, pink and pearl, dimpled and tyrannical, crowned with an aureole of bobbing flaxy-gold, the levin of his blue eyes beginning to show what man he was to become, and her poor denied mother heart spent itself on him in a worship of tenderness. Loving so much, even she moulded a little the plastic being in her hands, and passed on to the boy the outward form of her own slavish devotion to his father. The child grew up with a curious mixture of belief in Vespasian's high deserts, and disrelish for his society.

When he was old enough for it, school was a delight to Champ. Here he excelled in more ways than one, and made himself easily leader of his superiors in age or fortune. His father he could avoid more. He was not quarrelsome, and only took his fighting when it came properly into the game of life, though he accepted it then with zest. Oddly enough, his preferred of all companions was a girl. The Glenn farm was next the Seacrest place, and whenever he could make excuse to do so, he escaped away from his father's surveillance on Saturdays, and spent the mornings with Delora. The house was a second home to him, in many ways dearer and more familiar than his real home. The fact that inefficient Emmeline Glenn, widowed less than a year, had married idle, shiftless Clay Hickerson, made little difference to the children, except to draw them closer together; since Delora's home affairs were now on as unsatisfactory a footing as Champ's own.

The Saturday following the attempt of his regiment to liberate all the slaves in sight, animate and otherwise, found Champ at the Glenn place playing "keep house" with Delora out under a great, symmetrical white

oak beside the chip-pile that spread in the centre of that semicircular sweep in which the door-yard fences of many mountain cabins front the high-road. Tree and chip-pile were outside the hand-rived palings to facilitate the unloading of cord-wood for the winter's supply, and the sticks were cut and stacked there at convenient seasons during the summer months.

The bond between these two children was deep, strong, and unspoken. They had played together since either could remember. Delora took the feminine privilege of hectoring Champ. She ordered him about when she could, quite as the wife of old standing might have done; while the boy, two years her senior, found a way to be master of the house without too loudly proclaiming himself so.

Over beyond them lay an old hound, head on paws, asleep. Speaker had belonged to Delora's father, and when Emmeline Glenn married Hickerson, the child had given this dog to Champ. "Clay Hickerson sha'n't never hunt with him," she maintained stubbornly; and, as was usually the case when her rare temper was aroused, she had her way. The dog, though a fine one in his time, was aging, and Clay was in the early days of his marriage. He let the matter pass.

On this particular Saturday, the two, busied among the roots of the great white-oak, found that mere domestic life palled. A wilder note had been struck with that talk of war, and these intrepid spirits must needs exploit it in their game.

"If some of the boys was here, we'd play soldiers," Champ hazarded, hefting a smooth stick in his hand and trying it over his shoulder, musket-fashion.

"I would n't be the folks you fight," Delora advised him swiftly, all too well aware of the girl's usual portion in such mimic battles.

"Oh, well, I thought you could just let on to have some slaves, and we'd sort o' take 'em away from

you," Champ softened the situation as artfully as possible.

"No I would n't," Delora told him roundly. "I'd be a soldier and fight for my country, or I would n't be anything."

"Well, then, you'd not be anything," flashed the boy with a sudden bubble of laughter. He flung back his yellow curls and squared his childish shoulders. The August noon had painted big red roses below the blue eyes, which glowed almost black behind their long lashes. Such affluence of beauty and self-satisfied masculinity was exasperating; and when, still ruffling, he added, "Girls can't be soldiers. Sometimes they lets a woman be a spy," lean, brown, freckled little Delora raged out upon him.

"Spy yourself!" she screeched furiously. "I say spy! You ought to be 'shamed to name spy to me."

Champ dropped his musket with a rattle, sank to the ground, and sat there cross-legged, staring at his playmate. He had seen these sudden, rare outbursts of temper in her before.

"Hit takes a right smart of grit to be a spy," he announced thoughtfully. "My gran'pappy has told me some mighty fine tales about spies whilst the Injuns was here, and in the Mexican War. They get killed up as frequent as soldiers do—or more so."

"But they don't kill 'em the same way," countered Delora fiercely. "They hang 'em. I ain't a-goin' to be hung. I wish 't you 'd hush."

"Oh, well, let's take sticks and make us a whole passel o' soldiers," Champ advised pacifically. "You can have one passel, and I'll have t' other; and we'll fight 'em with rocks, and see which can knock down the most of t' other's men."

A battle was in full progress, long lines of twig men being deployed across the chip-pile, faced by other lines, and a withering fire of gravel passing between them, when a figure appeared down the road walking with the curious, stumbling step of a blind man. It was Abel Mims, who

always presented a suggestion of feeling his way. Opposite the white-oak he halted for greeting. Champ and Delora were prime favorites of his, though his natural preferences were always so belittled and discountenanced by his truckling deference to the opinions of others, that this might have passed unguessed. Something in his spiritual supineness divined the coming wing power of these two young hawks; secretly and timidly the feeble soul gloried in the wild strength their natures promised.

"Howdy—howdy," he made his salutations. "You-all got your play-petties fixed up mighty fine."

Informed of the battle which was going on, he looked with childish interest at the system which Champ had inaugurated, and at which Delora was holding her own with a fire and vigor that effectually answered the question as to whether a girl can throw a stone. To celebrate his coming, the twig men were all knocked flat and left lying on the field of battle, while the schoolmaster seated himself on the hickory chopping-log, and took off his hat to wipe his forehead.

"I don't know what set you-all children to namin' war and playin' at battles this a-way," Mims began musingly. "But yet I reckon it's in the air hereabouts." The Glenn place was on a gentle rise. Wooded slopes descended on one side to a creek; on the other, tilled fields lay basking. Far beyond, there was a remote glimpse of the bluff that is the Ridge's eastern escarpment. The schoolmaster's eye swept forest, field, granite cliff and the blue gulf that was the distant valley. "These mountings," he said, "has been a battle-ground since God made 'em and set the rivers to flowing through 'em. They tell me that Chattanooga and the scope o' country thereunto adjoining is like a gateway betwixt the No'th and South. I reckon it is. In the time of John Sevier, my gran'-pappy fought the Cherokees down there. An' before his day, the Cherokees fought the Chickasaws. And

people lived in this country before the time of either of 'em, and fought each other, contendin' for that great gateway at Chattanooga, and buried their dead in them there mounds. We find their bones and their arrer-heads hereabouts in 'em. Yes, hit's a mighty place for battles, this here gap in the mountains. There ain't never goin' to be war between the No'th and South, like a passel of big-mouthed folks says—I'm certain of that." He looked about him with a glance which bespoke anything but assurance. "Yet if so be there was a war, right here's where they'd be a big lot of fightin' done."

"An' I'd be in it," Champ asserted, springing up and grasping his gun once more.

"I would too," Delora followed after, regretting that she had not thought to be first with her declaration.

Champ forbore to remind her of her unfortunate estate, and that a woman counted for nothing in this, a man's affairs.

Unseen in the valley out yonder, the river sought the sea with swift, stealthy, gurgling pace, washing the feet of these mountains, the oldest on the continent, among the oldest in the world. How many times in the centuries gone had the war canoes slid down its tide with muffled paddles stealing through to surprise and overthrow some multitudinous camp at bend or shoal? And before Cherokees and Chickasaws, what shadows of elder wars went back past the traditions even of the Indians, with history beyond history impossible to recover from the age-old soil, this battle-field as ancient as time?

The two children and the schoolmaster sat silent for awhile. Then Champ got up with slow reluctance and whistled to the sleeping hound.

"Well, come on, Speaker," he said. "Hit's dinner-time. I reckon we got to be movin' towards home."

"Me too; me too," asserted Abel Mims with a curious air of timid compunction. And he hastened stumblingly down the road, Champ,

the hound at heel, going in the other direction. Half way home, an echo of yesterday's raid brought boy and hound into trouble. The Winchester brothers, Peyton and Greene, had been over to Falling Water, hunting squirrels with their dogs all morning. Peyton, the elder, had a gun, and Greene was allowed to go along. The two town lads halted Champ in a little dell where a spring branch went through. The elder had not been at school yesterday, but Greene and Evelyn Belle carried home the news of Champ Seacrest's aggression.

"Look a-here," the young aristocrat said, facing his humbler neighbor and barring the way, "my sister says that you broke up her playhouse yesterday."

Champ, looking the Winchester boys up and down, seemed in two minds about answering. Peyton was nearer his own age, but he felt able to handle them both, conscious of better muscles and a harder soul.

"We was playing soldiers," he allowed finally, in a tolerant drawl. "Eve Belle kept niggers, and we raided her and turned 'em a-loose."

"All right," agreed Peyton promptly. "We'll play war right now. I won't fight you, 'cause I don't care to get my hands dirty; but I'll set my dog on your'n and we'll see which one whips."

The Winchester hound was young, lithe, and well cared for; Speaker had seen his best days some years ago; yet Champ felt an obligation to be as game for his dog as for himself. Silently he dropped back a pace, leaving the old hound standing in the path.

"Sic 'im!" hissed Peyt, with the long whistling breaths known to the urchin who foments a dog fight. "Sic 'im! Jump on him, Ranger!"

The odds were not equal, yet Speaker's superior strategy might have saved him, had not a little fice which followed at Greene Winchester's heels felt it incumbent upon him to dash into the fray. Yapping madly on the outskirts, he finally made shift to nip Speaker so sharply

on the quarter, that the old dog turned in exasperation to free himself, and exposed the side of his throat and his shoulder to Ranger's ready fangs. It was but a moment when Champ was beating off the Winchester hound with a hastily caught up branch, and the Winchester boys, followed by the yelping fice, had taken to their heels through the bushes, rather than face the furious eyes of the boy who cried out between sobbing breaths:

"No fair! No fair! Two on one ain't fair!"

Salomy Jane Partridge, preparing the dinner for Vespasian Seacrest, getting it ready at the broad hearthstone like a humble priestess at sacred rites and incantations, turned faded eyes over her shoulder at a little whimpering, scuffling sound, as the boy half-carried, half-dragged his injured dog into the door-yard. Salomy's hands had a hovering, uncertain action which was almost like a palsy, though it was merely the result of chronic indecision. One of her pale eyes betrayed an inclination to wall outward; in moments of extreme excitement, it shot up under the brow with a curious flicker which lent an indescribable air of rakish recklessness to her sheepish, mild countenance. The thought that Champ, the darling of her days, might be in trouble sent her scuttling to the door to peer out, with the wall eye very much in the northeast corner of its orbit.

"What's the matter, honey boy?" she inquired. "Old Speaker hurt hisself?"

"Uh-huh," returned Champ, not taking the trouble to explain the nature of his dog's injuries. What was the use? Salomy Jane knew as much about flying as she did about a dog fight. The idea of a wise old hound like Speaker "hurting" himself!

The woman hung around and fussed compassionately, till a pot of beans boiled over on the hearth, sending up a flurry of ashes. Salomy hurried

in to attend to it, shouting as she went to the boy in the yard:

"I jest knowed something was goin' to happen to somebody on this here place. Last night I dreamt of snakes—and that's the worst dream you can have for injuries and enemies. There was two of 'em, in my dream—one long and one short."

"That's right—there was," corroborated Champ, unexpectedly, appearing in the kitchen to get a gourd of water. "Two of 'em. A long one and a short one. Enemies. That's what you said S'lomy. It was Peyt and Greene Winchester, and they set their hound on Speaker and tried to kill him."

"The good land!" cried Salomy Jane, throwing up her hands. "Now, that's just the way dreams comes true. I'll be out to he'p with Speaker time I get Pappy's dinner fixed up. Pappy comes first, honey boy. He works turrible hard to make money for yo' spendin'. Man persons must come first."

Vespasian Seacrest got home from a forenoon's ploughing with which he was preparing a field for fall turnips, to find his son Champ engaged in the thankless labor of ministering to the hurts of a defeated dog. Seacrest had carried a gun out with him that morning to shoot hawks, and the weapon still lay in the hollow of his arm.

"That Speaker? What hurt him?" inquired the man, regarding with no friendly eye the small boy's activities.

"He was in a fight," answered Champ, without moving.

"What dog was it he fit with?" demanded Seacrest sharply.

"Winchester's hound," said Champ, half sullen, half alarmed. "Them boys had no call to set that great big dog on Speaker—and then turn their little fice a-loose to he'p, too. Speaker he's old, and he can't fight like he used to."

"Was he whipped?" the man's inquiry came like a bullet.

The child merely nodded, shoving his gourd and rag along a bit, and

getting at another place he wished to sponge.

"Well, you get up from there till I shoot him," Vespasian ordered. "You know mighty well and good I don't let a hound live on my place that's been whipped. I feed no dog that can't lick anything in the neighborhood. That's my word. Get up."

At the loud command, Salomy Jane Partridge's face showed itself for a doubtful moment at the kitchen doorway. She gave one north-by-northeast glance toward the conjunction of bodies. It spelled bad weather to her, and hastily catching up her sunbonnet and pail, she made off down the path to the spring, a custom of hers profoundly rooted in the certainty that she was unsuited to war, and only fit for the battlefield after the combat.

Champ had never spoken disrespectfully to his father in his life, nor failed of instant obedience to any paternal behest, however harsh or unreasonable it might seem to the boy. But as Vespasian repeated his order, "Git up!" and, reaching forth a foot, stirred the boy roughly with it, Champ suddenly showed him a face red with fury.

"I'll not do it!" he blurted out. "And you shan't shoot Speaker, neither." He brought his slim little body between the big foot and the trembling hound. "He's my dog—Delora give him to me; and I'll not let you touch him."

Amazement and anger sat on Vespasian Seacrest's countenance for the space of a breath. Then he threw back his head and roared out a big, insulting laugh. Salomy Jane, coming up the spring path, trembling so that her bucket of water slopped at every step, heard that rude mirth with a mixture of relief and dismay. Herself, she was always pleased when Seacrest laughed at her; but might it not enrage Champ? She set down her bucket and ran forward to take a pacifying part.

"Now Mr. Seacrest," she gasped, "Champ aims to do whatever you tell him."

"Looks like it!" ejaculated Seacrest sarcastically, endeavoring in vain to dissemble his satisfaction. He would not have been willing, had Salomy been able to compass such a solution, for the quarrel to end here with an apology from the boy. He longed to come at grips with the fighting spirit that challenged him from his son's eyes. "Aw, you go 'long to your cookin', S'lomy," he advised her, then once more to Champ, "Git up—git up—git up!" he vociferated. "Git yo'self out of my way till I—" and he brought the gun sharply into position.

With one move, the crouching boy turned and flung himself at Seacrest, grappling the weapon and the hands that held it, till there was every danger of both child and dog being shot. Salomy shrieked and added to the confusion by dodging about the pair, ejaculating futile remonstrances, and equally vain accusations. The red of rage receded from the young face, and left it white as paper. The big blue eyes looked fiercely and steadily into Vespasian's dark, taunting ones.

"I hate you!" said Champion Seacrest to his father. "I just hate you. You're a mean man. You're mean to everything and everybody about you. You kill my dog, and I'll kill you. I'm a-goin' to quit you. I ain't a-goin' to live with you no more. I'll take Speaker and go."

The barrier was down, and it was a startling flood that poured over it.

"Now—ye see!" quavered Salomy. "Thar's a boy that never give me a sassy word in all the nine years I've tended on him—and now listen at him." But Vespasian Seacrest's hardy soul was unscared.

"Aw, git off 'n me, and turn loose my gun before you shoot your fool self!" he told the rigid little figure that was clutching him. "I've got no time to pester 'bout with you and your old whipped hound. My dinner's a-waitin', and my ploughing too. I'll put a bullet through that coward dog time I come back this evenin'."

As Champ doubtfully released him, he flung his plough-lines across the porch-rail and strode noisily past into the house, washed, and sat down to the dinner that had been cooling unheeded, or burning up, according to its situation. Salomy put it before him along with her half-scared, reproachful comments.

"You'll live to be sorry for this day," she chattered. "I dream—*The good land!* 'Course all this was my dream. Oh, I wish't I'd a warned ye."

"I say warned me!" chuckled Vespasian, looking with assumed carelessness to see that Champ was not in ear-shot. "Warned me o' what? I would n't take a farm for the little devil—I would n't take a farm for him!" he exulted, as he helped himself to string-beans, corn-pone and bacon. "Lord-a-mighty,—it appears you can't always tell. I was scared he was going to be a milksop, and he's as game as a badger. Game as a badger," he went over the phrase, looking down with reminiscent delight at his own iron wrists, where those small clutching hands had abraded the skin. "He's a Seacrest all right." Aloud he called gruffly, "Champ—you Champ! Come on in to your dinner."

The boy's face appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"I ain't coming to dinner. I ain't never goin' to set down to the table with you again."

Vespasian's eye studied the little figure against the dark of the kitchen. He could have rejoiced openly. But he merely demanded, with a sardonic grin:

"You ain't, hey? Reckon you'll eat your virtuals off 'n the floor?"

Champ's big soft eyes were like blue fire, and steady as stars. He brought forward a small paw in which was a hunk of corn-pone—cold, from the cupboard—and it appeared that he had been munching from it.

"I'll not eat them off the floor nor nowhere else in this house any longer," he told Vespasian roundly. "I'm a-goin' to quit you." Appar-

ently as a sudden bright afterthought, he added abruptly, "I wish 't now I 'd a' done it long ago."

"Oh, Lord!" spluttered the man, setting his buttermilk down with such a thump that it splashed out on the table, "*how* long ago?" And again he measured the boy's ten years' growth.

Young Champ's fixed look of bitterness never relaxed.

"You can set an' make game o' me now, like you 've always been a-doin'," he cried. "You 'll never get the chance again." And turning, he ran through the kitchen and out of the house.

In the pauses of this fierce colloquy of father and son sounded the whimpering obligato of Salomy Jane Partridge's remonstrances—poor Salomy Jane, who, between awe and admiration of the head of the house and concern for the boy, dared not put foot out of the kitchen whither she had fled on Champ's appearance, yammering from its security things which nobody noted.

Champ gone, Seacrest proceeded with his dinner, the great chuckles taking him every few moments as he ate and drank. He could hear Salomy sniffing among her pots and pans. He made a comfortable meal; then, still in high good humor, he gathered up his plough-lines; and, with them across his arm, and carrying the gun once more, took his way back to the field.

In the middle of the afternoon, a slat sunbonnet came bobbing over the rise, and Salomy Partridge waded laboriously across the broad stretch of ploughed land to where Vespasian stood leaning on the fence at the far side of the field, smiling once more over the remembrance of the recent scene.

"Mr. Seacrest," she hailed him as she appeared, "that there chap was plumb in earnest in what he said to you. You can laugh," as she caught sight of her employer's face, "but I tell you something ought to be did about it."

"About what?" said Seacrest. "I

reckon the little dickens is just doing like any other boy. I 'll settle it when I get home. I aimed to, without you werryin' yo'self over it."

"No, he ain't a-doin' like ary other boy," Salomy protested, half in tears. "You better tend to this business, Mr. Seacrest. Champ ain't like ary other chap I ever seed, anyhow. You think he 's scared o' you."

Vespasian had thought so. He knew better now. But it was not necessary to enter into explanations with Salomy. He simply nodded, remarking:

"I aim he shall be. Children ort to fear their parents."

"Well, he ain't scared of anything top side o' this green earth, an' that 's the fact," said Salomy. "I 've nussed that chap an' took care o' him from the time he was born, mighty nigh; and he ain't never saw the day sence I 've knew him that he was what you might call scared o' you. Yo' boy is a good boy. He ain't ever give me a word o' sass in his life. Hit was his notion that he ort not to sass his pappy; but now lemme tell ye, hit was n't becaze he was scared to do it. You better come back to the house along o' me and look what he 's up to."

"Aw, S'lomy, you talk right foolish. What in the world—! You reckon I 've got nothin' to do but track around after a ten-year-old chap bekaze he 's mad and sassy? What 's Champ doin', to concern you so mightily?"

"He 's got old Speaker all doctored up, and he 's a sortin' out his clothes an' his little plunder. He come into the kitchen where I was a-scourin', an' got him some victuals in a poke. I tell you that chap 's a-goin' to run away, as sure as you stand there a-laughin'. He aims to quit the mountings."

"You go along and cook supper, S'lomy," Vespasian Seacrest advised the woman tolerantly. "I 've got my ploughin' to finish. I 'll tend to Champ when I git home. Go on, now, and don't be foolish."

She hung a moment on one foot,

then, seeing him turn to his work with an air of finality, went reluctantly back as she had come.

Up and down the long field Vespasian guided the plough, stopping every time he turned a row to delight afresh in the assurance that, after all, and despite his Fain maternity, his boy was going to be a son to be proud of. He resolutely stuck by the ploughing till he had finished the field, and it was dark before he went home. He assured himself with one swift glance that neither boy nor dog was about. While he went to the bench and began washing, Salomy dished up his supper and put it on the table. He was aware that, as she moved in and out, she sniffed and looked at him with the superior expression that weak women affect when they know something of which one is ignorant. He seated himself at the board, glanced around, and then, as though he had but now noted Champ's absence, demanded gruffly:

"Where 's that chap?"

"He's went up to his bed," answered Salomy Jane, as she set a dish in place before him.

"Huh!" was Seacrest's sole comment. His mind ran on the things he would do for this son who was to be a man after his own heart; and old ambition started up afresh at thought of such an ally to help him realize them. But he would not seem to soften before the woman. So when he rose from table, he stopped and called up the ladder that went to the loft where the boy slept:

"You Champ!"

No answer. Dead silence, save for a loud sniff from the kitchen.

"You have that hound ready for me to shoot before I go to the field in the morning," said Vespasian Seacrest to the silent loft above his head. Then he tramped out to smoke a pipe and plan for Champ's future. Presently he rose and went to his own bed, where he lay awake half the night, his mind busy with ambitious schemes.

He never heard the big clumsy wooden latch on the house door rattle,

nor caught the sound of careful feet crossing the porch; but the midnight stars saw a little figure with a limping something at heel slipping under the trees up to the log house where Delora Glenn lived. It passed the white-oak by the chip-pile, hesitated, went back, bent down and picked up a small shining object from the little shelves of the playhouse. Then Champ made for the window of that room where he knew Delora slept, and rapped cautiously upon its shutter—three raps, a pause, three more, a pause, then a single rap. Old Speaker drooped at his young master's side, too dignified to whine. Champ had laid in a stock of patience, knowing well how he himself slept, and what the task of rousing him. But the window shutter of hand-rived clapboards promptly swung wide, and a startled, childish voice asked, in a carefully lowered tone:

"That you, Champ?" Delora had recognized their signal.

"Yep, hit's me and Speaker," Champ began, when the more impulsive Delora broke in:

"What is it, Champ? Is something the matter? It—it ain't some sort o' game, is it?"

"No; hit ain't no game," answered the visitor. He swallowed something that tried to choke him. "Delora, I 'm runnin' away—me and Speaker. I allowed maybe—do you want to say farewell to us?"

For answer there was a patter of bare feet on the puncheons inside, the pole-bolt that held the door was removed with such caution as small hands could manage, and Delora in her coarse little white nightgown, stepped out on the door-stone, a dimly conjectured shape in the dark, and made her way toward the fugitives.

"Where you goin' at, Champ?" she inquired in an awe-struck tone.

"To my Ma's kin in Georgia," returned Champ. "Gid Fain's my uncle; he lives right down in Mc-Lemore's Cove, and he's a good man and got a plenty. I can walk there easy. He'll take me in, I'm certain.

I can work right smart, and ef they won't have me, others will; but I ain't never comin' back here to live no more. I've fussed with Pap, and I've quit him."

Delora regarded her comrade enviously as, in the short elliptical sentences of childhood, he told her the story of Speaker's lost battle, the sentence of death, and his own defiance of lifelong authority.

"I ain't got no use for that man," he said finally. "I told him so, and I took my money that I'd saved—it's a dollar and thirty-five cents—and Speaker and me is a-goin'."

Delora looked at him, this brave young male who dared resist his home tyrant, then turn and dive headlong into an unknown outer world. She would be dreadfully lonely when Champ was gone into the Ultima Thule of McLemore's Cove, fifteen or twenty miles away, across the Tennessee, and beyond Chattanooga Valley. Her dark eyes slowly filled. Her lips trembled. She longed to ask him if she might join the expedition. She groaned under the rule of a step-father as little loved as Vespasian Seacrest was by his son. But Champ's next words forestalled her.

"When we get us a place fixed, me and Speaker is a-comin' back for you, Delora," said the boy, a bit huskily. "We'll have a sure-enough house 'stead of one under a tree; but I took the white arrow-head from there—you know that 'un I found in Toler's cave last Saturday and gave to you—and I'm a-goin' to keep it till I come back."

He brought the small, translucent, shining something from his pocket and showed it to her in his palm. Delora was struggling with her own somewhat bewildering emotions.

"Uh-huh," she agreed with some embarrassment. "I—" she choked, recovered herself and went on: "I do despise them Winchesters. Had n't a been for them you would n't be goin' away."

"I don't care—much," the boy declared. "I always wanted to go, anyhow. I 'spect I would have gone. But me and Speaker will come back for you, Delora. Farewell."

"Farewell," echoed the little white shape standing with cold bare feet among the rank door-yard grass.

"Farewell." But he was really going. He would not be at school on Monday morning—nor the next day—nor ever again. Her heart failed. "Oh, Champ!" she wailed. "I'll miss you turrible. Will you shore come back?"

He was at the gate now, but he turned resolutely and made his way down the path. The man in his heart was shaken, brought to the surface by that dependent cry.

"I'll shore come back for you, Delora," he reassured her, putting out an uncertain hand. "Don't you never forget me. I'll be—"

Somebody moved inside the house. With a smothered cry, the little girl turned and fled swiftly to the door, while the boy and dog melted away into the dark like phantoms of the night.

(To be continued)

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

IS CHRIST'S IDEAL A PRACTICAL ONE 'TO-DAY'?

By JOSEPH GILPIN PYLE



ARE the explicit commands and the hardly less imperative promises of Christ's Sermon on the Mount to be taken literally, or are they a mere counsel of perfection, indicating an ideal way of life which we must worship afar off, with due regard for human imperfection and social limitations? Although the question is one of the most important that can be asked, and although life forces it daily upon every man, it is seldom faced squarely. The alternatives of confessing that practically all organized Christianity is deliberately unfaithful to the fundamentals of its own faith, and interpreting figuratively language so plain and positive that if it can be so explained away everything else in the New Testament dissolves into misty platitude, are not pleasant to choose from. But there they are.

Most persons who call themselves Christians take refuge in the plea, untenable for any candid and thoroughgoing mind, that the rule of life prescribed by Christ is inapplicable to modern conditions; that is to say, that He and His doctrine are less than universal. The more critically minded reject coldly the whole body of the Sermon on the Mount, not merely as impracticable but as unworthy. It is significant, both of the prevalence of this attitude and of the insistence with which the disowned tradition nevertheless keeps

presenting itself after rebuff to the subconscious moral sense, that nobody can let the Sermon on the Mount alone. They who scorn it cannot permit it to die of its own inanity. It has to be crucified anew in every discussion of the past or prophecy of the future. Even then the tomb does not hold it. The practical basis of a code apparently so unreasoning, yet in fact so persistent, must be considered.

Two articles in the *Hibbert Journal* of January, 1909, illustrate the point. Widely sundered in idea and purpose as the writers are, they coincide in relegating the Sermon on the Mount to the region of the unpractical. Miss V. Scudder, tracing the development of a "Conscience of the Future," as part of the ethics of Socialism, says:

The passivity of the non-resistant has been recognized by the thinker as a peril to social advance, or at best as innocuous only because so safely rare. A man who carried to their logical extreme the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount would, as it has frequently been pointed out, bear no relation whatever to the social Whole, or at least have no productive function in regard to it. Mercy, humility, poverty of spirit, are indeed endearing traits for the parasite and weakling; they may also be permitted to the strong man as a decorative adjunct when the serious business of life has been attended to. But that serious business means the watchful nurture of one's own interests, since by the sum total of such devotions equilibrium and progress are alike secured.

In an article entitled "Jesus or Christ?" the Rev. R. Roberts expresses the same idea at too great length for quotation entire. The following sentences are not changed in meaning by separation from their context, and contain the gist of his argument and his conclusion:

Matthew's version of the Sermon on the Mount is regarded as the high-water mark of Christian ethics. Yet if we are to regard these "sayings" as regulative words for the guidance of personal character or social order we cannot help being embarrassed. Almsgiving implies a failure of social justice. . . . On non-resistance and oath-taking the rule attributed to Jesus is absolute. . . . Provident regard for the future is utterly condemned. . . . The principle of some of these instructions may have its value as an ideal. But as regulative ideas for the government of personal conduct and associated life they have been useless and they have been mischievous.

The last sentence expresses with force and clearness the opinion of both writers. But before accepting it as part of a true system of ethics, the theory should be confronted and compared with the fact, if facts bearing upon the subject there be. What, if anything, has history to say about it?

There is much interesting evidence in biography, if that could be held at all conclusive. The most striking instance, perhaps, is the life of Abraham Lincoln. The American people think of him as the man of greatest practical achievement since Washington, as our most successful practical statesman when our national problems were most difficult; but the mention of his name also thrills them as no other can with the reverent tenderness that so near approach to human perfection inspires. The law of conduct that he laid down for himself and by which he lived was modelled closely upon that reported by Matthew. But the parallel is not complete; nor can any illustration from individual life reply satisfactorily to objections directed against a policy

as applied to collective action. Is there authentic record of any community so testing life in the world with the Sermon on the Mount as its accepted guide that an answer to the question raised may be found in the event? Three times, at least, it has encountered life with great literalness. To all who believe in scientific method, what actually happened will carry greater weight than any conclusion of abstract criticism or philosophy.

The Christians of the first century after Christ, and in great measure of the next two centuries, did accept and act upon the Sermon on the Mount as a rule of daily conduct. They followed its precepts literally and unto death. Were they overwhelmed by demands which were much more destructive of both the individual and the association in that age than they could possibly be in this? On the contrary, their example proved both so contagious and so conquering that it beat down the mightiest power on earth. The established social order saved itself from being swept away by the innovation and lost in it, only by accepting it nominally. It professed the doctrine in order that it might not be compelled to adopt the practice. In the time of Constantine, it was the World that conquered the Church under pretence of submission, not the Church that conquered the World. The Sermon on the Mount passed from an article of life to an empty profession, because those who hated and feared it found in this their only escape from its universal sway. Culture and wealth escaped from it then as they escape from it now, because of its too great practical potency. To that change are due sixteen centuries of evil life as well as of incredible misfaiths.

For the second time, in the Middle Ages, arose those who would restore the Sermon on the Mount to the place where Jesus enthroned it. The monastic system, in its purity, was not a complete separation, as Miss Scudder conceives it, of the religious

and contemplative mind from the world's activities. It was a deliberate attempt to reinstate in life the practices as well as the virtues to which beatitudes had been attached. At their best, the members of these orders were not exoterically withdrawn from the world. They worked, they taught, they healed, they relieved distress by physical ministrations as well as by spiritual consolation. They also made such headway that even supreme pontifical authority, hostile as it was, dared not deny recognition to Francis of Assisi. His life and others actually realized in flesh the Sermon on the Mount. And again it was success and not failure that interfered. The selfish, the ease-loving, all the powers against which the Sermon on the Mount was directed, invaded, corrupted, destroyed. The monastic system fell not because it was unequal to contact with practical life, but because the World again conquered the Spirit.

In our own times, under the competitive and individualistic system, the experiment was tried. No thinker and no critic should be ignorant of the history of the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers. These were a body of people pledged to carry out literally the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. And they did it. In the midst of great wars, they paid every penalty rather than bear arms. In private life they resisted no man. In a time when no right could be asserted or maintained without the aid of the courts, they refused to be a party to a legal action. They would not, to escape any evil, take an oath. Within their fellowship property served poverty. Never have ideals had a trial more severely practical. The Quakers did not withdraw themselves into any sheltered or isolated community. They lived in modern society, under modern conditions, accepted persecution cheerfully and stood upon their high hazard that the words of Jesus meant what they said. That they matured noble types in personal

character and sustained an admirable conduct of morals is indisputable. That they flourished and found themselves a useful and, in the end, a happy portion of "the Whole" in both England and America is a matter to which many pages of history bear ample witness. They have fared ill and lost ground precisely in as far as they yielded to casuistry, and moderated the stern simplicity of their doctrine to suit the desire for wealth, for conformity, for the very thing which, in their own language, they call "the World."

In these three instances the World was stronger than the Sermon on the Mount; not because the latter was impracticable, for in each case it triumphed fully over the practical objection, but because human nature did not maintain itself in hours of ease at its high level, and dissembled the very severity of the mandate in which lay not its weakness but its strength. The sword is not dulled because the hand grows too weak to wield it. And there is no practical demonstration in history apparently more complete than the established efficacy of the system of conduct prescribed in the Sermon on the Mount to satisfy the individual life, to mould character into beautiful forms and to cut a path through the jungle of the brutal qualities that survive in man. It may be added, as a possibly illuminating conclusion, that the only hope for Socialism is built upon the same foundation. Whatever in that is inspiring, true, practical, convincing, is the child of a conception of human brotherhood derived from centuries of human acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount, however partial, dishonest and insincere that acceptance has been. The conception has at least preserved an immortal ideal; and, by one path or another, humanity will realize it or perish. But it can no more be realized by something imposed from the outside, by Marx or Wells or Bernard Shaw or another, than it could be by Constantine.

The point here, however, is to

put an end if possible to the shallow and astounding assumption that the Sermon on the Mount is a mere counsel of perfection, a verbal paradox, a mystic's dream. It is not only the most practical and practicable code of personal conduct extant to-day, completely vindicated by human history through two thousand years, but it is the touchstone by which all systems of political economy will eventually be tried. A competitive state in which the incentive to success should be acquisition for the purpose of benefiting others—not by a gift of millions after years

of ruthlessness, but in the course of the day's occupation and the hour's delight—is a conception quite in harmony with human nature as we have faith in it and as it is daily becoming. However far in the future that may be, it is time now to cease regarding the Sermon on the Mount as something to be apologized for or explained away, as something inapplicable to the general, social and political life of man, just as we have ceased to believe that truth and beauty must remain forever the exclusive possession of a chosen few.

JOHN BROWN—MODERN HEBREW PROPHET

By E. N. VALLANDIGHAM



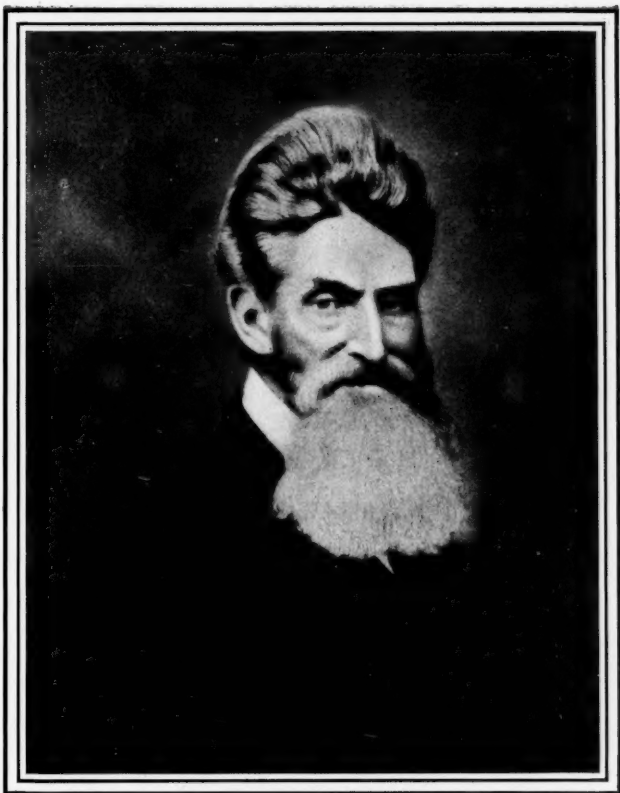
FIFTY years ago, on the night of October 16, 1859, John Brown of Ossawatimie set himself to fight a nation of more than thirty millions of people, while all the world wondered. The men of the time called him hero, madman and almost everything between: it remained for an intelligent and highly trained historian, not of Southern blood, a full generation after the fact, when unmoved by the passions of the Civil War period, to class him as a common criminal.

That judgment of John Brown is perhaps further from the truth than any opinion entertained of him fifty years ago by intelligent and educated men of whatever political faith. Almost thirty years after the raid at Harper's Ferry, Eli Thayer, who did much to further the free-state movement in Kansas, bitterly denounced John Brown as an anarchist, and held him and his admirers responsible for the growth of anarchic sentiment in the United States. This latter

judgment is far nearer the truth than that of the grave historian. Brown was an anarchist toward a single group of unjust human laws because he felt so acutely their conflict with what he deemed divine law. This attitude toward statutes and constitutional compromises led him into acts, vain if you will, and those of a monomaniac, but not those of a common criminal.

Of a truth, John Brown, citizen of this Republic founded upon compromise with what he felt to be a denial of primal human right and a violation of a just God's decrees, was living in the fifties of the last century as a subject of the old Hebrew theocracy, which had its nearest modern counterpart in the Colonial theocracy of New England. How then could he be aught but an anarchist toward the constitutional compromise with slavery?

All men of nice conscience cease after a while to compromise with evil. Brown, though his early and inexorable purpose seems at times to have slept, never in his heart of hearts began such compromise. Hence



CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN

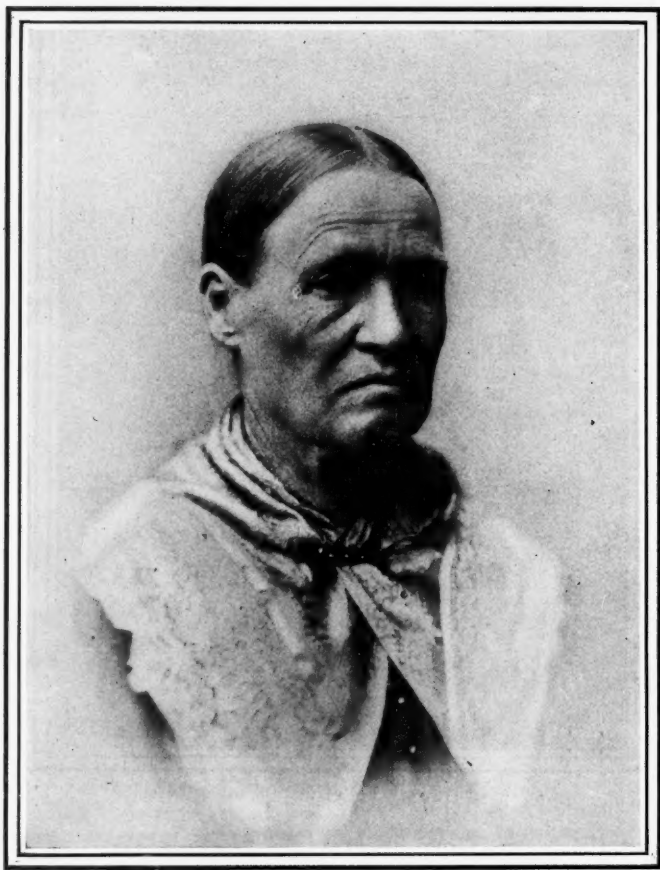
the drama of Harper's Ferry, the most picturesque and moving incident in American history. Lincoln coldly compared it to the assassination of monarchs by brooding enthusiasts maddened at the sight of political and social wrongs; but Lincoln, and all other generous men of that time, whether North or South, must have felt in some measure the essential heroism of Brown's attempt, and the flight of half a century has not served to dim the lustrous aspect of that desperate adventure.

Even Governor Wise, slaveholder and Virginian, felt after his interview with John Brown that Virginia had in him no common criminal to deal with. "They are mistaken," said Wise, "who take Brown to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best

nerves I ever saw,—cut, and thrust, and bleeding, and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, of fortitude . . . and he inspires one with a great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous, but firm, truthful and intelligent."

A conspicuous Northern Democratic leader, always a stickler for the constitutional guarantees as to slavery, and soon after an uncompromising critic of Lincoln's administration, questioned Brown a few hours after his capture, with the hope of implicating the Republican party in the attempt at Harper's Ferry, and while it was yet supposed that Brown's wounds were mortal, wrote this of the captive:

Captain John Brown is as brave and



MRS. JOHN BROWN

resolute a man as ever headed an insurrection and in a good cause and with sufficient force would have been a consummate partisan commander. He has coolness, daring, persistency, stoic faith and patience and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable. He is tall, wiry, muscular, but with little flesh—with a cold gray eye, gray hair, beard and mustache, compressed lips and sharp aquiline nose—of cast-iron frame and with powers of endurance equal to anything needed to be done or suffered in any cause. Though engaged in a wicked, mad and fanatical enterprise, he is the furthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic or madman; but his powers are rather executory than

inventive, and he never had the breadth of mind to originate and contrive himself the plan of insurrection which he undertook to carry out. . . . The conspiracy was the natural and necessary consequence of the doctrines proclaimed every day, year in and year out, by the apostles of abolition. But Brown was sincere, earnest, practical: he proposed to add works to faith, reckless of murder, treason and every other crime. This was his madness and folly. He perished justly and miserably—an insurgent and felon; but guiltier than he, and with his blood upon their heads and the blood of all whom he caused to be slain, are the false and cowardly prophets of abolition.

It is not difficult to read between the lines of this unwilling tribute its author's dim recognition of the moral sanction upon which John Brown based even the maddest of his acts, and instances of such recognition by slaveholders and apologists of slavery might be multiplied. The light of Brown's consuming zeal, concentrated in his one tremendous deed, lit up for all with eyes to see the gloom of slavery's night, and revealed seeing eyes in unexpected places.

Brown in his closing years had the faculty of making men trust and follow him even when he kept them in the dark, a sort of hypnotic power wrought of his own unconquerable will, his faith, simplicity, sincerity and self-forgetting devotion. He spoke as one who felt himself the mouthpiece of Jehovah, and men heard him with awe. His strongly emotional friends in New York and New England, already wrought to mental anguish by the evils of the day, yielded to him at length against

their own better judgment, when a residence of three or four weeks in the region selected for his operations would have convinced almost any one of them that the undertaking, even as they understood it, was doomed to instant failure. We may be pretty sure, too, that hardly one of them could have lived in close contact with the people of Harper's Ferry and its environs without revising their opinion of slave-holders, if not to some extent even of slavery itself as there exemplified.

Nothing so well illustrates the failure of Brown's New England friends to plumb his depths than their unwillingness to credit the story that he was the relentless contriver of the midnight murder of the Doyles and others on the Pottawatomie, and he could never bring himself to be entirely frank with those men upon that bloody subject. Only the maddening situation of that anarchic time in Kansas could have roused John Brown to the momentary temper of an implacable avenger. In the presence



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN BROWN, TORRINGTON, CONN.

of the New England abolitionists he seems indeed like some fierce wild creature of the forest brought indoors, and for the moment rendered harmless by mesmerism or anodynes.

To his friends in and about Boston the Hebrew and Colonial theocracies were almost as things of an equally distant past, and they did not quite guess that this quiet man of the stark visage and inspired eye felt himself one with Elijah and the elder dispensation. They ought to have read the truth in his face if they did not gather it from his talk. Even in portraiture that hawk-like countenance suggests nothing so much as a "live wire." This tall spare man of many unsuccessful occupations had the quick, commanding face of a leader and enthusiast. His dense gray hair rose in an uncompromising shock above a forehead not high but sufficiently broad. His heavy gray mustache and the vast beard, both of which he wore only in the last years of his life, did not suffice to hide the wide, firm slit that was his mouth. His keen blue-gray eyes were wide-set above a powerful nose. It was one of the most distinguished American heads of the time. The dry, dour countenance of Thaddeus Stevens had not more concentrated power; and Sumner's face must have looked almost flabby beside Brown's. In the abolitionist homes of Boston and Concord this intense and narrow man of action flashed out as something apart from the agitators of thought and theory. In truth, the men of thought and theory had nothing to teach Brown; rather they learned of him.

Of the four or five men who supplied Brown with money for his undertaking in Virginia, most of them believing that it was to be an attempt to run off slaves into the mountains and there to establish the more serviceable and energetic of them in a sort of fortified camp under a fantastic insurrectionary government until help should come from the North, Frank B. Sanborn, to whom alone

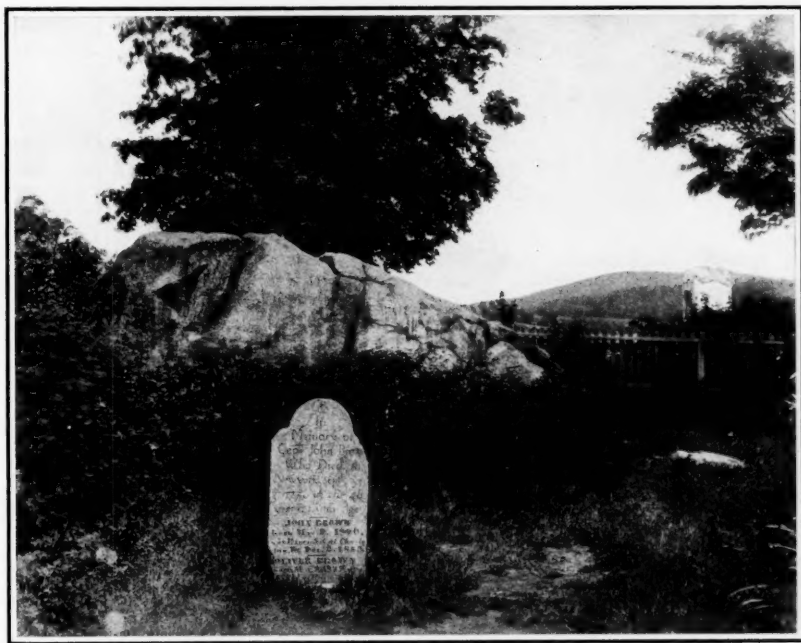
of the New England group he intimated his full design, was the only one who seems to have thought of sharing the immediate physical dangers of the enterprise. Perhaps most of the others were unfitted by age or habit for such an undertaking. Brown himself seems to have invited only Sanborn to accompany him, and Sanborn, after consulting his dæmon, felt that his duty lay elsewhere. One young New Englander of gentle breeding joined him late, and escaped North a mental wreck. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who has published a frank and fascinating account of his dealings with Brown, owns that his first feeling when he read of the disastrous failure at Harper's Ferry "was one of remorse that the men who had given him money and arms should not actually have been by his side," but he felt also that the delay of a year had disturbed Brown's mental balance. Dr. S. G. Howe, who had been cognizant of Brown's earlier plans, withdrew from the enterprise in 1858.*

Perhaps Brown was thinking of collectively intellectual New England when he said in the spring of 1859, on coming out of a fervent abolitionist meeting at Boston: "These men are all talk; what we need is action, action, action!" The Brahmin New Englanders of that generation had begun to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," which, though it did not rob them of courage, either moral or physical, in some measure unfitted them for desperate adventure and gave them in the eyes of such men as Brown a somewhat dilettante air. Perhaps this Hamlet-like mental attitude of many intellectual New Englanders accounts for the fact that New England, which generously shed her best blood to preserve the Union, did not contribute to the cause a single soldier that history ranks as great. Hooker, Banks, Burnside, the most conspicuous New Englanders

*T. W. Higginson (in "Cheerful Yesterdays") says that he actually sallied forth to help rescue one of Brown's companions in jail awaiting death, but abandoned a vain and fatal enterprise with the note in his diary: "Returned to life."

of the army, are associated with disastrous defeats of the Union forces. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Meade, Hancock, and many heroic admirals of the fleet, were not of New England birth, and if of New England blood, as most of them were, they drew their inspiration from an earlier generation and, like Brown

revolutionist in the light of his economic failure in the ordinary gainful occupations of life. He worked hard, shared with his own his usually small earnings, denied himself personal indulgence, and was often concerned for the needs of his wife and children; but much of the time in the first thirty years of his married life



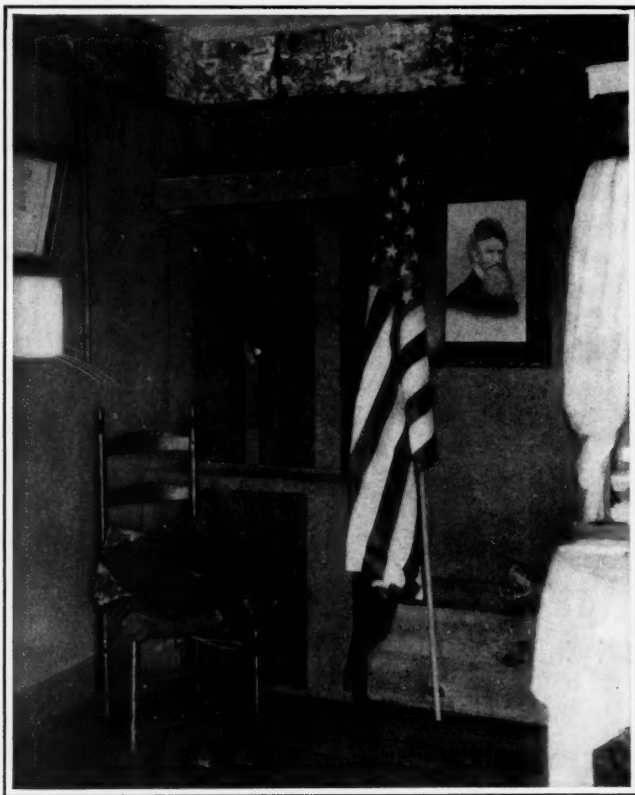
WHERE JOHN BROWN IS BURIED, NORTH ELBA, N. Y.

himself, had acquired their practical training elsewhere. New England gave to the cause such modest heroes as Colonel Shaw, and a host of courageous, willing and efficient men both above and below him in rank; but she furnished no great directing military mind to the armies of the Union, no dogged Grant, no dashing Sheridan, no romantic Kearny or Custer.

The attempt to judge John Brown by conventional standards can result in naught but absurdity. Vain has been the effort to read Brown's acts as bushwhacker, insurgent leader and

spiritual preoccupations called him away from business or usurped his thoughts, while the great political and social drama of the later fifties absorbed all his energies of mind and body. It is not necessary, however, to accept without reserve the theory of Brown's most sympathetic biographer, that the attack upon Harper's Ferry was the outcome of a definite scheme born of his youthful anti-slavery sentiment, and cherished without respite for more than thirty years. It required apparently the later abolition movement, the consequent arrogance and aggression of

the slaveholders in the late forties, with the question of slavery, and of the drawn battle over the Wilmot its obsessive frequency in his thoughts Proviso, the Mexican War, which for more than thirty years, and in



INTERIOR OF JOHN BROWN'S OFFICE, NORTH ELBA

inspired that measure, the Compromise of 1850 with its fugitive slave law and the harrying of Northern blacks that followed, the insolent and essentially lawless attempt of two administrations at Washington to force slavery upon unwilling Kansas, the brutalities of the anarchic period in that territory, and the sweeping implications of the Dred Scott decision, to urge Brown onward to the execution of a purpose long in his mind, but perhaps seldom contemplated as an immediate actuality.

In spite of his early preoccupation

spite of his habitual interpretation of the Hebrew Scriptures, his lifelong daily reading, in the Puritanic spirit, John Brown was not in ordinary matters a typical fanatic. He manufactured wine, and bred race-horses. He engaged in land speculation, although he dimly anticipated Henry George's notions as to the morality of such speculation, and he might have been a land reformer had he not turned to practical abolition. In business affairs he was scrupulously honest and a man of comprehensive grasp. He failed of success partly

because his plans were ahead of the times.

Brown in the late forties established his wife and younger children in the Adirondacks upon a farm bought of Gerrit Smith with the intent to be part of a colony of freedmen planned by Smith upon his large holdings of wild land. Behind this move lay no doubt his (Brown's) old scheme of assailing slavery in its stronghold, but the plan was apparently still nebulous. When his sons made ready to go to Kansas, he felt that his duty lay "in another part of the field." He went, however, looking backward with regret to the Adirondacks, and after months of warfare in the Territory, under conditions that seem to have unbalanced that mental poise which had been the odd characteristic of this enthusiast, he was ready for his long-contemplated continental assault upon slavery.

The story of that strange warfare upon Virginia, slavery and the nation at large in its federal relation is too

by turning over with him the files of contemporary newspapers just before the event. At that very time the Episcopal Convention, with delegates from all parts of the United States, was in session at Richmond, Virginia. The best trotting mile at the National Horse Show just closed at Boston was made in 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$. Details were at hand of the duel in California over the slavery issue, in which Senator Broderick lost his life. Italian unity was marching on with great strides. A newspaper of October 14th reported the sale in Virginia of twenty-five negroes, men, women and children, at an average price of \$800. United States 6's of 1868 were quoted at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$, Massachusetts 5's at 101-103. Mrs. Stowe's new novel, "The Minister's Wooing," was reviewed. Then suddenly, amid all these matters significant or trivial, flash out the old-fashioned headlines: "Fearful and Exciting: Large Band of Armed Men in Possession of the Bridge and Arsenal at Harper's Ferry."



BOULDER AT THE FOOT OF JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE

familiar to be recounted in detail here, but it is worth while to give the reader a living glimpse of those times

The early reports were confused and misleading. A train-hand, captured and shortly released by the

insurgents, thought he had seen at the Arsenal "Bill Smith" with an invading army of 500 or 600 whites and 200 negroes. In the end it turned out that the attacking party of that Sunday night numbered about a score of men. The little band had easily seized the ill-guarded Arsenal, and the sleeping town, had "liberated" a handful of wondering slaves, captured a few slaveholders as hostages, and then unaccountably abandoning the original plan of hastily retreating to the mountains with the arms and their colored recruits, had delayed until they were trapped, besieged, more than half their number killed and wounded, and the living, except four who escaped,* taken by a skilfully and humanely managed little squad of regulars under Colonel Robert E. Lee. Popular condemnation of the attempt all over the North was general and unmistakable, and some of Brown's intimates were for the moment dismayed and daunted in part because the actual attack upon Federal property came to most of them with the shock of surprise. Gerrit Smith went mad; Dr. Howe, Frederick Douglass and at least one other fled to Canada; Higginson and Sanborn stood their ground, and the latter, after successfully resisting an arrest that resembled kidnapping, was protected by the Massachusetts courts.

Brown, though ably defended, was easily convicted of treason, conspiracy to promote rebellion, and murder. On December 2, 1859, he was hanged amid an overwhelming display of the Virginia militia, while many church bells in New England tolled for the martyr. Brown's bearing from the moment of his capture to the end, perfect in its heroic and unassuming dignity, early re-inspired the courage of his more timid admirers. A rescue was proposed by Alcott, Higginson and others, but Brown, unwilling to endanger the life of his humane jailer, forbade the attempt; besides, he said, he was

worth more to hang than for any other purpose. He refused to see his faithful, much enduring wife, lest she shake his firmness. After the hanging the body of the worn old hero was given over to his family for burial beneath the serene Adirondack skies, within sight of Whiteface, rising in noble cone above Lake Placid, name of peaceful omen, and close beside the huge boulder now his material monument.

It is by no means certain that the attack on Harper's Ferry hastened the Civil War, and the consequent abolition of slavery. John Brown's sheer heroism, however, inclined men's hearts toward the cause for which he and his little band so valiantly gave themselves, and the spectacle of that fervent old man, of nobly antique face and figure, one with his sternly righteous spirit of the elder dispensation, suffering death upon the gallows for his mad but heroic and purely conscientious endeavor to right the most monstrous wrong of the century, served to emphasize the crime of lending a great people's sovereignty to the continuance of an anachronistic evil, and to furnish lovers of justice with an inspiration so long as legalized wrong shall survive in human affairs.

John Brown told the truth when he professed to have wrought in pure love of humanity, and under stress of what he felt to be a divinely imposed duty. He made this profession as he lay red-handed in a simple and kindly community which he had threatened with the most terrifying of social calamities, where he had undertaken to promote a social revolution in essential ignorance of the elements with which he had to deal. Tried by all conventional standards, John Brown's attempt was, as the conservative historian has said, "crime and nothing but crime," crime against both constitutional and statute law then acquiesced in by the great majority of his countrymen; and viewed with dispassionate criticism, his must probably be acknowledged to have been as to its

* Two were afterward captured. Major Israel C. Greene, the actual captor of Brown, died in South Dakota late in May, 1909, at the age of eighty-five.

immediate practical results a vain adventure; yet something within us that is better than bad laws and base compromises must always cry out

in irrepressible admiration of one who "gave the last full measure of devotion" to a despised cause that for a lifetime he had held sacred.



THE BENCH OF DESOLATION

By HENRY JAMES

V

Nothing in the world, on the Sunday afternoon, could have prevented him from going; he was not after all destitute of three or four such articles of clothing as, if they would n't particularly grace the occasion, would n't positively dishonor it. That deficiency might have kept him away, but no voice of the spirit, no consideration of pride. It sweetened his impatience in fact—for he fairly felt it a long time to wait—that his pride would really most find its account in his acceptance of these conciliatory steps. From the moment he could put it in that way—that he could n't refuse to hear what she might have, so very elaborately, to say for herself—he ought certainly to be at his ease; in illustration of which he whistled odd snatches to himself as he hung about on that cloud-dappled autumn Sunday, a mild private minstrelsy that his lips had n't known since when? The interval of the twenty-four hours, made longer by a night of many more revivals than oblivions, had in fact dragged not a little; in spite of which, however, our extremely brushed-up and trimmed and polished friend knew an unprecedented flutter as he was ushered, at the Royal Hotel, into Miss Cookham's sitting-room. Yes, it was an adventure, and he had never had an adventure in his life; the term, for him, was essentially a term of high appreciation—such as disqualified for that figure, under due criticism,

every single passage of his past career.

What struck him at the moment as qualifying in the highest degree this actual passage was the fact that at no great distance from his hostess in the luxurious room, as he apprehended it, in which the close of day had begun to hang a few shadows, sat a gentleman who rose as she rose, and whose name she at once mentioned to him. He had for Herbert Dodd all the air of a swell, the gentleman—rather red-faced and bald-headed, but moustachioed, waistcoated, neck-tied, to the highest pitch, with an effect of chains and rings, of shining teeth in a glassily monocular smile; a wondrous apparition to have been asked to "meet" him, as in contemporary fiction, or for him to have been asked to meet. "Captain Roper, Mr. Herbert Dodd"—their entertainer introduced them, yes; but with a sequel immediately afterwards more disconcerting apparently to Captain Roper himself even than to her second and more breathless visitor; a "Well then, good-bye till the next time," with a hand thrust straight out, which allowed the personage so addressed no alternative but to lay aside his tea-cup, even though Herbert saw there was a good deal left in it, and glare about him for his hat. Miss Cookham had had her tea-tray on a small table before her, she had served Captain Roper while waiting for Mr. Dodd; but she simply dismissed him now, with a high sweet unmistakable

decision, a knowledge of what she was about, as our hero would have called it, which enlarged at a stroke the latter's view of the number of different things and sorts of things, in the sphere of the manners and ways of those living at their ease, that a social relation would put before one. Captain Roper would have liked to remain, would have liked more tea, but Kate signified in this direct fashion that she had had enough of him. Herbert had seen things, in his walk of life—rough things, plenty; but never things smoothed with that especial smoothness, carried out as it were by the fine form of Captain Roper's own retreat, which included even a bright convulsed leave-taking cognisance of the plain, vague individual, of no lustre at all and with the very low-class guard of an old silver watch buttoned away under an ill-made coat, to whom he was sacrificed.

It came to Herbert as he left the place a shade less remarkable—though there was still wonder enough and to spare—that he had been even publicly and designedly sacrificed; exactly so that, as the door closed behind him, Kate Cookham, standing there to wait for it, could seem to say, across the room, to the friend of her youth, only by the expression of her fine eyes: "There—see what I do for you!" "For" him—that was the extraordinary thing, and not less so that he was already, within three minutes, after this fashion, taking it in as by the intensity of a new light; a light that was one somehow with this rich inner air of the plush-draped and much-mirrored hotel, where the firelight and the approach of evening confirmed together the privacy, and the loose curtains at the wide window were parted for a command of his old lifelong Parade—the field of life so familiar to him from below and in the wind and the wet, but which he had never in all the long years hung over at this vantage.

"He's an acquaintance, but a bore," his hostess explained in respect to Captain Roper. "He turned

up yesterday, but I did n't invite him, and I had said to him before you came in that I was expecting a gentleman with whom I should wish to be alone. I go quite straight at my idea that way, as a rule; but you know," she now strikingly went on, "how straight I go. And he had had," she added, "his tea."

Dodd had been looking all round—had taken in, with the rest, the brightness, the distinguished elegance, as he supposed it, of the tea-service with which she was dealing and the variously tinted appeal of certain savory edibles on plates. "Oh but he *had n't* had his tea!" he heard himself the next moment earnestly reply; which speech had at once betrayed, he was then quickly aware, the candor of his interest, the unsophisticated state that had survived so many troubles. If he was so interested how could he be proud, and if he was proud how could he be so interested?

He had made her at any rate laugh outright, and was further conscious, for this, both that it was the first time of that since their new meeting, and that it did n't affect him as harsh. It affected him, however, as free, for she replied at once, still smiling and as a part of it: "Oh, I think we shall get on!"

This told him he had made some difference for her, shown her the way, or something like it, that she had n't been sure of yesterday; which moreover was n't what he had intended—he had come armed for showing her nothing; so that after she had gone on with the same gain of gaiety, "You must at any rate comfortably have yours," there was but one answer for him to make.

His eyes played again over the tea-things—they seemed strangely to help him; but he did n't sit down. "I've come, as you see—but I've come, please, to understand; and if you require to be alone with me, and if I break bread with you, it seems to me I should first know exactly where I am and to what you suppose I so commit myself." He had thought it

out and over and over, particularly the turn about breaking bread; though perhaps he did n't give it, in her presence—this was impossible, her presence altered so many things—quite the full sound or the weight he had planned.

But it had none the less come to his aid—it had made her perfectly grave. "You commit yourself to nothing. You're perfectly free. It's only I who commit myself."

On which, while she stood there as if all handsomely and deferentially waiting for him to consider and decide, he would have been naturally moved to ask her what she committed herself then *to*—so moved, that is, if he had n't, before saying it, thought more sharply still of something better. "Oh, that's another thing."

"Yes, that's another thing," Kate Cookham returned. To which she added "So *now* won't you sit down?" He sank with deliberation into the seat from which Captain Roper had risen; she went back to her own and while she did so spoke again. "I'm *not* free. At least," she said over her tea-tray, "I'm free only for this."

Everything was there before them and around them, everything massive and shining, so that he had instinctively fallen back in his chair as for the wondering, the resigned acceptance of it; where her last words stirred in him a sense of odd depreciation. Only for "that"? "That" was everything, at this moment, to his long inanition, and the effect, as if she had suddenly and perversely mocked him, was to press the spring of a protest. "Is n't 'this' then riches?"

"Riches?" she smiled over, handing him his cup—for she had triumphed in having struck from him a question.

"I mean have n't you a lot of money?" He did n't care now that it was out; his cup was in his hand, and what was that but proved interest? He had succumbed to the social relation.

"Yes, I've money. Of course you wonder—but I've wanted you to wonder. It was to make you take

that in that I came. So now you know," she said, leaning back where she faced him, but in a straighter chair and with her arms closely folded, after a fashion characteristic of her, as for some control of her nerves.

"You came to show you've money?"

"That's one of the things. Not a lot—not even very much. But enough," said Kate Cookham.

"Enough? I should think so!" he again could n't help a bit crudely exhaling.

"Enough for what I wanted. I don't always live like this—not at all. But I came to the best hotel on purpose. I wanted to show you I could. Now," she asked, "do you understand?"

"Understand?" He only gaped.

She threw up her loosed arms which dropped again beside her. "I did it *for* you—I did it *for* you!"

"For me—?"

"What I did—what I did here of old."

He stared, trying to see it. "When you made me pay you?"

"The Two Hundred and Seventy—all I could get from you, as you reminded me yesterday, so that I had to give up the rest. It was my idea," she went on—"it was my idea."

"To bleed me quite to death?" Oh, his ice was broken now!

"To make you raise money—since you could, you *could*. You did, you did—so what better proof?"

His hands fell from what he had touched; he could only stare—her own manner for it was different now too. "I did. I did indeed—!" And the woeful weak simplicity of it, which seemed somehow all that was left him, fell even on his own ear.

"Well then, here it is—it is n't lost!" she returned with a graver face.

"Here it is," he gasped, "my poor old money—my blood?"

"Oh, it's *my* blood too, you must know now!" She held up her head as not before—as for her right to speak of the thing to-day most precious to her. "I took it, but this—my being

here this way—is what I've made of it! That was the idea I had!"

Her "ideas," as things to boast of, staggered him. "To have everything in the world, like this, at my wretched expense?"

She had folded her arms back again—grasping each elbow she sat firm; she knew he could see, and had known well from the first, what she had wanted to say, difficult, monstrous though it might be. "No more than at my own—but to do something with your money that you'd never do yourself."

"Myself, myself?" he wonderingly wailed. "Do you know—or don't you?—what my life has been?"

She waited, and for an instant, though the light in the room had failed a little more and would soon be mainly that of the flaring lamps on the windy Parade, he caught from her dark eye a silver gleam of impatience. "You've suffered and you've worked—which, God knows, is what I've done! *Of course* you've suffered," she said—"you inevitably had to! We have to," she went on, "to do or to be or to get anything."

"And pray what have I done or been or got?" Herbert Dodd found it almost desolately natural to demand.

It made her cover him again as with all she was thinking of. "Can you imagine nothing, or can't you conceive—?" And then as her challenge struck deeper in, deeper down than it had yet reached, and with the effect of a rush of the blood to his face, "It was *for* you, it was *for* you!" she again broke out—"and for what or whom else could it have been?"

He saw things to a tune now that made him answer straight: "I thought at one time it might be for Bill Frankle."

"Yes—that was the way you treated me," Miss Cookham as plainly replied.

But he let this pass; his thought had already got away from it. "What good then—it's having been for me—has that ever done me?"

"Does n't it do you any good *now*?" his friend returned. To which she added, with another dim play of her tormented brightness, before he could speak: "But if you won't even have your tea——!"

He had in fact touched nothing and, if he could have explained, would have pleaded very veraciously that his appetite, keen when he came in, had somehow suddenly failed. It was beyond eating or drinking, what she seemed to want him to take from her. So if he looked, before him, over the array, it was to say, very grave and graceless: "Am I to understand that you offer to repay me?"

"I offer to repay you with interest, Herbert Dodd"—and her emphasis of the great word was wonderful.

It held him in his place a minute, and held his eyes upon her; after which, agitated too sharply to sit still, he pushed back his chair and stood up. It was as if mere distress or dismay at first worked in him, and was in fact a wave of deep and irresistible emotion which made him, on his feet, sway as in a great trouble and then, to correct it, throw himself stiffly toward the window, where he stood and looked out unseeing. The road, the wide terrace beyond, the seats, the eternal sea beyond that, the lighted lamps now flaring in the October night-wind, with the few dispersed people abroad at the tea-hour; these things, meeting and melting into the firelit hospitality at his elbow—or was it that portentous amenity that melted into *them*?—seemed to form round him and to put before him, all together, the strangest of circles and the newest of experiences, in which the unforgettable and the unimaginable were confoundingly mixed. "Oh, oh, oh!"—he could only almost howl for it.

And then, while a thick blur for some moments mantled everything, he knew she had got up, that she stood watching him, allowing for everything, again all "cleverly" patient with him, and he heard her speak again as with studied quietness and clearness. "I wanted to take

care of you—it was what I first wanted—and what you first consented to. I'd have done it, oh I'd have done it, I'd have loved you and helped you and guarded you, and you'd have had no trouble, no bad blighting ruin, in all your easy, yes, just your quite jolly and comfortable life. I showed you and proved to you this—I brought it home to you, as I fondly fancied, and it made me briefly happy. You swore you cared for me, you wrote it and made me believe it—you pledged me your honor and your faith. Then you turned and changed suddenly from one day to another; everything altered, you broke your vows, you as good as told me you only wanted it off. You faced me with dislike, and in fact tried not to face me at all; you behaved as if you hated me—you had seen a girl, of great beauty, I admit, who made me a fright and a bore."

This brought him straight round. "No, Kate Cookham."

"Yes, Herbert Dodd." She but shook her head, calmly and nobly, in the now gathered dusk, and her memories and her cause and her character—or was it only her arch-subtlety, her line and her "idea"?—gave her an extraordinary large assurance.

She had touched, however, the treasure of his own case—his terrible own case that began to live again at once by the force of her talking of hers, and which could always all cluster about his great asseveration. "No, no, never, never; I had never seen her then and did n't dream of her; so that when you yourself began to be harsh and sharp with me, and to seem to want to quarrel, I could have but one idea—which was an appearance you did n't in the least, as I saw it then, account for or disprove."

"An appearance—?" Kate desired, as with high astonishment, to know which one.

"How *should n't* I have supposed you really to care for Bill Frankle?—as, thoroughly believing the motive of your claim for my money to be its help to your marrying him, since

you could n't marry me. I was only surprised when, time passing, I made out that that had n't happened; and perhaps," he added the next instant with something of a conscious lapse from the finer style, "had n't been in question."

She had listened to this only staring, and she was silent after he had said it, so silent for some instants that while he considered her something seemed to fail him, much as if he had thrown out his foot for a step and not found the place to rest it. He jerked round to the window again, and then she answered, but without passion unless it was that of her weariness for something stupid and forgiven in him, "Oh, the blind, the pitiful folly!"—to which, as it might perfectly have applied to her own behavior, he returned nothing. She had moreover at once gone on. "Put it then that there was n't much to do—between your finding that you loathed me for another woman, or discovering only, when it came to the point, that you loathed me quite enough for myself."

Which, as she put it in that immensely effective fashion, he recognized that he must just unprotestingly and not so very awkwardly—not so *very*!—take from her; since, whatever he had thus come to her for, it was n't to perjure himself with any pretence that, "another woman" or no other woman, he had n't, for years and years, abhorred her. Now he was taking tea with her—or rather, literally, seemed not to be; but this made no difference, and he let her express it as she would while he distinguished a man he knew, Charley Coote, outside on the Parade, under favor of the empty hour and one of the flaring lamps, making up to a young woman with whom (it stuck out grotesquely in his manner) he had never before conversed. Dodd's own position was that of acquiescing in this recall of what had so bitterly been—but he had n't come back to her, of himself, to stir up, to recall or to recriminate, and for *her* it could but be the very lesson of her whole present act that if she touched any-

thing she touched everything. Soon enough she *was* indeed, and all overwhelmingly, touching everything—with a hand of which the boldness grew.

"But I did n't let *that*, even, make a difference in what I wanted—which was all," she said, "and had only and passionately been, to take care of you. I had *no* money whatever—nothing then of my own, not a penny to come by anyhow; so it was n't with mine I could do it. But I could do it with yours," she amazingly wound up—"if I could once get yours out of you."

He faced straight about again—his eyebrows higher than they had ever been in his life. "Mine? What penny of it was mine? What scrap beyond a living had I ever pretended to have?"

She held herself still a minute, visibly with force; only her eyes consciously attached to the seat of a chair the back of which her hands, making it tilt toward her a little, grasped as for support. "You pretended to have enough to marry me—and that was all I afterwards claimed of you when you would n't." He was on the point of retorting that he had absolutely pretended to nothing—least of all to the primary desire that such a way of putting it fastened on him; he was on the point for ten seconds of giving her full in the face: "I never *had* any such dream till you yourself—infatuated with me as, frankly, you on the whole appeared to be—got round me and muddled me up and made me behave as if in a way that went against the evidence of my senses." But he was to feel as quickly that, whatever the ugly, the spent, the irrecoverable truth, he might better have bitten his tongue off: there beat on him there this strange and other, this so prodigiously different beautiful and dreadful truth that no far remembrance and no abiding ache of his own could wholly falsify, and that was indeed all out with her next words. "That—*using* it for you and using you yourself for your own future—was my motive.

I've led my life, which has been an affair, I assure you; and, as I've told you without your quite seeming to understand—I've brought everything fivefold back to you."

The perspiration broke out on his forehead. "Everything's mine?" he quavered as for the deep piercing pain of it.

"Everything!" said Kate Cookham.

So it told him how she had loved him—but with the tremendous effect at once of its only glaring out at him from the whole thing that it was verily she, a thousand times over, who, in the exposure of his youth and his vanity, had, on the bench of desolation, the scene of yesterday's own renewal, left for him no forward steps to take. It hung there for him tragically vivid again, the hour she had first found him sequestered and accessible after making his acquaintance at his shop. And from this, by a succession of links that fairly clicked to his ear as with their perfect fitting, the fate and the pain and the payment of others stood together in a great grim order. Everything there then was *his*—to make him ask what had been Nan's, poor Nan's of the constant question of whether he need have collapsed. She was before him, she was between them, his little dead dissatisfied wife; across all whose final woe and whose lowly grave he was to reach out, it appeared, to take gifts. He saw them too, the gifts; saw them—she bristled with them—in his actual companion's brave and sincere and authoritative figure, her strangest of demonstrations. But the other appearance was intenser, as if their ghost had waved wild arms; so that half a minute had n't passed before the one poor thing that remained of Nan, and that yet thus became a quite mighty and momentous poor thing, was sitting on his lips as for its sole opportunity.

"Can you give me your word of honor that I might n't, under decent advice, have defied you?"

It made her turn very white; but now that she had said what she *had* said she could still hold up her

head. "Certainly you might have defied me, Herbert Dodd."

"They would have told me you had no legal case?"

Well, if she was pale she was bold. "You talk of decent advice—!" She broke off, there was too much to say, and all needless. What she said instead was: "They would have told you I had nothing."

"I did n't so much as ask," her sad visitor remarked.

"Of course you did n't so much as ask."

"I could n't be so outrageously vulgar," he went on.

"I could, by God's help!" said Kate Cookham.

"Thank you." He had found at his command a tone that made him feel more gentlemanlike than he had ever felt in his life or should doubtless ever feel again. It might have been enough—but somehow as they stood there with this immense clearance between them it was n't. The clearance was like a sudden gap or great bleak opening through which there

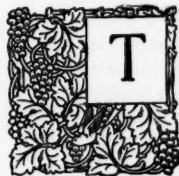
blew upon them a deadly chill. Too many things had fallen away, too many new rolled up and over him, and they made something within shake him to his base. It upset the full vessel, and though she kept her eyes on him he let that consequence come, bursting into tears, weakly crying there before her even as he had cried to himself in the hour of his youth when she had made him groundlessly fear. She turned away then—that she could n't watch, and had presently flung herself on the sofa and, all responsively wailing, buried her own face on the cushioned arm. So for a minute their smothered sobs only filled the room. But he made out, through this disorder, where he had put down his hat; his stick and his new tan-colored gloves—they had cost two-and-thruppence and would have represented sacrifices—were on the chair beside it. He picked these articles up and all silently and softly—gasping, that is, but quite on tiptoe—reached the door and let himself out.

(To be continued)

AN OPPORTUNITY AND THE MAN

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHER WHO HAS MADE MILLIONS

By WALTER B. STEVENS



THIS is the true story of an Opportunity, a Man and a Plan. The Opportunity came a decade ago in the beginning of new conditions of American rural life. The Man is the son of a Connecticut clergyman, descendant of a line of New Englanders eminent in the church. Coming to St. Louis with pockets empty of cash, with the intense shrewdness of the Yankee for his inheritance, with a genius for great schemes as

his capital, the Man recognized and advanced to meet the Opportunity before it knocked at his door. The Plan is the present-day evolution of ten years' association of the Man and the Opportunity.

With rural free delivery, the mail-order business, the interurban trolley and the farmhouse telephone dawned an era in the country life of the Mississippi Valley. The glimmer was coincident with the century's birth. First to awaken was the farmer's wife. There was the Opportunity.

Without capital, with the credit which secured a cheap printing outfit

on a back street, the Man sent north, east, south and west the taking prospectus of a monthly magazine for women, to be mailed one year for ten cents. The subscriptions rolled in. They came from the farms, the villages, the towns—dimes by the peck, postage-stamps by the bushel. This was not a city or town proposition in its incipency. It was directed to the masses of the rural districts, the people to whom the word "magazine" was attractive, those who had ten cents to satisfy their interest in the announcement. Before the first issue came from the press there had been received one hundred thousand names and dimes. The magazine advertised itself. Then the current of small coins boomed.

Before the end of the fourth year the Man boldly asserted that the magazine went into every tenth home in the nation; that there was not a United States post-office with fifty English-speaking patrons which was without at least one subscriber. The governor of a western State, visiting the office of the magazine, heard this assertion. He named a post-office on the range where the only residents were the postmaster and his wife and where the patrons were limited to three or four scattered ranches. The Man sent for his card index and showed that the wife of the postmaster, known to the governor by name, was a subscriber.

The publishing plant expanded until it occupied half a dozen store lofts at cheap rent. To the magazine was added a second monthly periodical, also for women, devoted to the garden, the flowers, the poultry, the domestic life of the farms. This, also, was issued at the subscription rate of ten cents a year. Its circulation grew into 600,000; while the first monthly attained an issue of 1,600,000 and was widely proclaimed through its own columns the periodical of largest circulation in the world. The two monthlies, one issued on the first, the other at the middle of the month, reached

a joint circulation of 2,200,000 copies twelve times a year.

From the back street and the store lofts and cheap rents, the publishing plant was moved to the western edge of the city limits of St. Louis. The Man bought forty-five acres in the midst of farms and truck gardens and dairies. On a foothill of the Ozarks, two hundred feet above the Mississippi, was reared an octagonal building seven stories high, an imposing landmark on the border between city and country. That was the new home of the two monthly publications. Toward the tower the dimes of subscribers rolled faster than ever. Advertising at six dollars a line, a rate almost without precedent, disputed space in the columns of stories, fashion articles, domestic recipes, household hints, but was never allowed to encroach on the "heart-to-heart talk with the editor."

Opportunity came with the tendency of the publishing world toward cheapening of subscription rates, swelling circulation and increasing advertising volume. This St. Louis experiment took fullest possible advantage of the tendency. "A bonafide circulation" of 1,600,000 did not mean 1,600,000 dimes. It did not have to. Those were the days of loose and ill-defined latitude in the policy of the Post Office Department toward periodical circulation. "Sample copies" were permitted to equal the paid circulation. And paid circulation included subscriptions overdue and carried in anticipation of renewal. With such latitude the circulation of 1,600,000 required only 800,000 actual subscribers, and some of these might be delinquent. As a matter of fact, demonstrated first by an investigation of experts, and second by the exhaustive examination of a Post Office Department commission, the subscribers paid in advance and carried in anticipation of renewals were about 900,000. But from various sources the Man secured lists of names and maintained his circulation at 1,600,000, sending

out "sample copies" to those who were not subscribers and keeping his list full at 1,600,000. These tons of magazines were carried monthly at the one-cent pound rate established by the Government to "encourage the distribution of good literature and instruction to the mass of the people at low cost." To advertisers the circulation appealed strongly. They paid the six dollars a line readily. The faker and the imposter sought this medium to reach the farms and villages. Then appeared in bold type:

To any reader of this paper who is defrauded through any advertisement in this paper, the publisher will make good the loss in cash.

Of the advertising business offered, sixty per cent. was rejected, and the widest possible publicity of the right intention of the Man was given in the magazine. The country constituency warmed in loyalty to an institution which offered such protection.

A bank was started. The central idea was banking by mail. Of the 84,000,000 Americans 53,000,000 live on farms or in villages and towns of fewer than 3000 population. Of the post-offices in this country three fifths do not issue money-orders. This bank offered an ingenious system of certified checks to be used by the people who were without local banking facilities. These checks, limited to \$10, were payable at New York, San Francisco, Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, the clearing centres. There were no exchange charges. The checks were to take the place of the hoarded currency, dollar for dollar. They were money-orders issued without cost to the amount of deposits. Profit in this banking scheme lay in the use of the currency brought out of hiding-places and held by the bank while the certified checks took the place of it. Stock in the bank was sold to people whose needs suggested the scheme. No individual was allowed to subscribe for more than \$500 in shares. Profit-

sharing certificates of deposit were issued to those who preferred the savings provision to the stock investment. The scheme was explained and exploited at great length in the two monthly publications. The prospect of profitable returns was presented elaborately. Within six months there was received \$2,500,000 from more than 50,000 purchasers of stock. Families subscribed, stock being taken in the names of father, mother and children. At the same time the sum of \$300,000 was sent in for certificates of deposit.

In July, 1905, National and State governments took notice of this banking scheme. The Post Office Department issued a fraud order stopping all correspondence with the bank, sending back every letter addressed to the institution or to its head personally. Representing the State, a receiver stepped in and the banking business was liquidated. Depositors were paid in full. Stockholders received eighty-seven per cent. of the amount invested. The Supreme Court of the State annulled the receivership. Many of the subscribers to the bank stock immediately reinvested in the publishing plant.

Three months after the closing of the bank by the fraud order, the Post Office Department held up 300,000 copies of the two monthly publications. Then followed indictments by the Federal Grand Jury for alleged violations of the mailing laws, in that the affidavits of circulation included more copies under the pound rate than were justified by the actual subscriptions. The controversy which ensued extended through a period of three years. Inquiry after inquiry was made by the department. The reports divided the head officials of that department and an assistant postmaster-general resigned. By departmental order both publications were forced to suspend during several months. Trial after trial was conducted in the Federal Courts at St. Louis without conviction. The two publications were restored to the second-class

privilege. The Post Office Department revised previous rulings and announced a new policy toward cheap publications, more clearly defining the limitations of second-class postage.

In the midst of the bank wreckage, with the presses which had turned out the 2,200,000 monthly circulation standing idle, the publication of a daily paper for women began. Across the boulevard from the octagonal tower, the walls of masonry, six feet thick, of an Egyptian temple arose as steadily as if there had been no stoppage of revenue at the rate of six dollars a line. For the interior decoration were copied studies of Karnak made by an artist sent on a six months' commission to Thebes. In the midst of the hieroglyphic designs and oriental coloring was set up a press to run by electricity, printing every minute 5000 complete copies of the daily for women. Telegraph wires run into this temple of the new journalism. The tabloid principle is applied to the news of the world. But always the idea that this is a newspaper for women governs. At 2 P.M. the great press starts. At 6.30 P.M. the last electric vanload of mail in sacks has rolled away to the stations. The next morning this daily paper is being dropped into the mail boxes on thousands of rural free delivery routes within a long radius of St. Louis. The subscription price is one dollar a year for 313 issues delivered at the subscriber's door. There are six issues weekly. Rural free delivery does not operate on Sunday. This daily paper, with market reports, the telegraph news of the whole world, with its own Washington service from high salaried correspondents, is carried to the farmhouses for one cent a pound. It has comparatively few city subscribers. It is almost unknown to St. Louis readers. Local information of the paper's existence and circulation is based on the daily view of the vanloads of mail-sacks.

Perhaps no more difficult postal

problem confronted Postmaster-General Cortelyou during his term of office than that which was encountered in this St. Louis situation. The bank had been suppressed. The two magazines had been deprived of the cheap mailing privilege. The postmaster-general's reason for the suspension was that the magazines were published at "a nominal rate" and "primarily for advertising." Special counsel, inspectors, the machinery of the Post Office Department were enlisted to solve the problem. Indictments by the Federal Grand Jury were returned against the officers of the publishing company. In the midst of all the turmoil came the demand for admission of the daily paper at the pound rate. It was in due form. It was presented by a former justice of the Supreme Court of Missouri. It could not be refused. Thenceforward, day after day, week after week, the daily conveyed to all parts of the country the appeal for justice. It kept up through an entire congress demands for reform of the postal laws, for regulation of the post-office inspection system. It prompted letters and petitions from countless signers to their respective Senators and Representatives. Correspondence in behalf of the Man burdened the White House mail. The courage, not to say audacity of the Man, inspired sympathy and then sentiment in his favor. At Washington the administration slowly recognized the possibility that there had been misjudgment. The bank, relieved of ignominy by the decision of the highest court of Missouri, was of the past. The prosecutions brought for alleged violation of the postal laws failed of conviction in test cases and were indefinitely postponed in others. The two suspended magazines were restored to the second-class privilege, with conditions. The chief publication was enlarged, given covers in colors, and increased in price to twenty-five cents a year. Its circulation policy was reformed to meet the new rulings of the depart-

ment. "Bona-fide subscribers" included only those who had paid in advance. Then followed an addition to the publications—another monthly, —devoted to the architecture and embellishment of the home. For the magazine is no longer claimed the greatest circulation in the world. Quality is considered, and a steadfast constituency is deemed desirable. Conforming to the postal regulations, and enjoying the advantage of the pound rate, this publication now claims 460,000 paid-in-advance subscriptions.

From 1905 to 1908,* the struggle with the Post Office Department continued. When recognition had been won, the Plan was launched. Banking by mail, magazines at ten cents a year, the octagonal tower and the Egyptian temple, viewed as conceptions or realities, are overshadowed by the Plan. To bring women and their clubs into mutually profitable relationship with the circulation of periodicals is the basis of the Plan. Co-operation means subscriptions to the publications, revenue to women's organizations. A league of American women is the form of national organization. Its primary work is to secure subscriptions. Half of the amount obtained under the Plan passes into the treasury of the league and the other half goes to the publisher. Individual membership in the league requires subscriptions at the rate of one dollar a week, for fifty-two weeks. This cannot be a matter of cash contribution. Actual subscriptions to periodicals to the amount mentioned are required. The members of the league in a town or village organize as a chapter. When a chapter has established the necessary membership and has performed the requisite amount of work as shown by subscriptions, the Plan provides a chapter-house, or club-house, with assembly-room, library and offices. The Plan was launched a year ago. Within less than a year seven hundred chapter houses have been established. The building of chapter-

houses has begun. Several of these structures have been dedicated. The Plan is that these chapter houses shall become so many centres of culture for communities too small to sustain public libraries or club-houses for women. The chapter's activities do not cease with the completion of the organization and with the building of the chapter-house. Each chapter is bound by ties, financial, educational and altruistic, to the central organization, to the league. It maintains and increases the subscription lists of periodicals. It canvasses through its members, for other publications and obtains the usual percentages allowed agents. During the period between December and June members of the league sent in \$239,000 in subscriptions.

The Plan comprehends more than the swelling of subscription lists of periodicals, more than the building of chapter-houses. A considerable percentage of the sum received from subscriptions passes to the hands of trustees to carry out the purposes of the league. These purposes, as at present defined, are seven. They are:

1. To pay mortgages and to acquire title to and control of unsold portions of the university city.
2. To acquire the capital stock of the publishing company.
3. To found a postal library, the books of which are to be drawn, sent and returned through the mails free to the families of league members.
4. To conduct a correspondence university carrying on courses of study of all grades by mail, free to the members of the league and their families.
5. To establish a central fiscal company which shall handle all of the funds and endowments of the league.
6. To build a retreat or home where any member of the league bereaved and destitute may take up her abode for the remainder of her life.
7. To provide an orphanage to care for minor children of members.

As his part of the Plan, the Man who conceived it pledges himself to

turn over to the league his equities in the real estate, his holdings in the publishing company. He lists these at appraised valuations and states the incumbrances. He asks to be made the president of the league and to be given absolute control for five years, within which time the league, he asserts, can be firmly established and its purposes shall have made great progress toward accomplishment.

Something more than the New England shrewdness, than the quick appreciation of new conditions, entered into this evolution of a \$1,500,000 publishing business out of the Opportunity. Otherwise the crisis which came would have wrecked all. Four years the phenomenal Man wrote his altruism into the minds of his readers. He did not hold out the hope of something for nothing, but he did reach his constituency far and wide with the expectation of more for a little than had ever been held out before. When the Universal Exposition of 1904 was held at St. Louis, 80,000 subscribers to the two publications visited the tall tower and marvelled at the imposing home of their little magazine; these visitors were entertained at an expense of \$60,000, to which full publicity was given in the pages of the magazine.

A strange mixture of the philanthropic and the practical is the Man's conversation. It runs:

The publishers of periodicals, monthly and weekly, are selling the cheapest thing on earth. Subscribers, not dealers, pay yearly \$75,000,000 for magazines and literary weeklies. The publishers do not get one dollar net of that. To maintain the general circulation of these publications more is spent than is received. This class of journalism is now on a commercial basis. All over America, in the smallest hamlets, have come into existence women's clubs. Ninety per cent. of them are on a begging basis to sustain themselves. We realized that if these clubs could be brought into a co-operative movement with the publishers of magazines and weeklies,

the results might be of mutual advantage. On that idea we started the league. To become a member of the league, the club member does a certain amount of work in securing subscriptions to periodicals. She is n't asked to do anything that can't be done on a strictly business, profitable basis. To become a member the woman obtains subscriptions to the amount of one dollar each week for fifty-two weeks. The league treasury receives \$26 of that amount. The publisher nets one-half on the subscriptions, which is a good deal better than he has ever done with the system of commissions and premiums and other agencies to maintain circulation. The sum of \$52 contributed in cash will not do. It must be in actual subscriptions.

The Man knows his constituency. Without a full stop, the talk passes to the glorious possibilities of the league in the betterment of woman-kind primarily and the world in general:

The half of this subscription money, \$26 a year from each member, passes into the hands of trustees to execute the purposes of the league. We have killed the buffalo. We have corralled the Indian. The dominating note in our civilization until now has been commercialism. But the country has reached the craving for the beautiful, the *beaux arts*. Education, culture, refinement are the desirables. Only the few can be wealthy. Culture is open to all. It is proposed to found here a great educational institution of the broadest scope, from elementary courses to the trades and professions, conducting its courses by mail so that its benefits shall be freely accessible to every member of the league and her family, no matter how remote her residence or how poor her circumstances. A great postal library is to be conducted entirely by mail, its books delivered and called for by the postman in the cities and by the rural carrier to the most remote farm homes. Its illustrated lecture courses will be sent out to the humblest homes. The league will undertake to provide here, in the most beautiful city of the world, a capitol of the womanhood of the land, owned by them, shared in equality, the centre of their sympathies, love and blessings, a

pride to all women, and a crystallizing into one compact organization of all that goes toward improving, bettering and making more happy the home life.

Six structures, each unique in itself but conforming to general plans, are to be grouped about the seven-story tower, the Egyptian temple, the gateway of lions and the model press-room. They are the art school (now approaching completion), the musical conservatory, the dramatic academy, the agricultural experiment station, the educational centre and the executive headquarters. When all of these buildings are finished the Court of Honor will represent an expenditure of \$1,000,000.

The spare build of New England descent, laughing eyes, a gentle manner, musical tones of speech, sense of humor never failing—these characterize the Man. Evidences of extraordinary qualities, physical or mental, are not at once apparent. Before he was thirty, the Man moved about the world restlessly, looking for Opportunity, but failing to discover it in various queer enterprises, such as an anti-mosquito remedy for the lowlands of the Mississippi. The Man advertises, he does not parade, his altruism. Here is his philosophy, his inspiration, summed up in his own words:

I would rather spend each day every dollar of profit or income which all of my energies and ability can bring me in the erection of these beautiful institutions, the development of these great industries, than to accumulate a fortune of a billion dollars and become the centre of the envy, malice, intrigue and conspiracy of my fellow-men. It is a matter of common sense, personal knowledge and experience of every human being, that the good will, the confidence expressed from the hearts of one's fellow-men is the greatest possible reward that can come for the largest possible effort. If, then, in the creation of these great institutions, in their organization and their administration, so long as I shall have the strength to conduct them, I am receiving each hour and each

minute a greater happiness, a greater benefit, a larger mental and character development, a national good will,—I am purchasing, dollar for dollar, a thousand times greater value than can be bought in any other way.

The fourth city of the United States is conservative. It has never started a panic. It has been the last community in and the first out of all financial maelstroms. It has never had a boom in real estate or business. Its evolution has been slow but sure. The Man met the Opportunity in an atmosphere which has usually proven stifling for intent to defraud. For the get-rich-quicker, the descent to the penitentiary has been easy in St. Louis. Money masters of the city looked on doubtfully as the Man availed himself of the Opportunity. They waited for the expected to happen to the enterprise on the Ozark foothill. When National and State governments descended with inspectors, fraud orders and receivers, the complete collapse was commonly considered inevitable. But when the Opportunity survived liquidation and indictments, when tribulation and trial were followed by the development of old and the creation of new enterprises, local public sentiment underwent a radical change. Not all of St. Louis has been converted to belief in the Opportunity, to confidence in the Man. There are the sceptical who liken the situation to that of the individual who, brought to book for overdrawing his account, replied cheerfully to his banker:

"All right. How much is it? I'll give you my check for it."

But the local public generally looks on with admiring enthusiasm at the evidences of success, as the stream of currency and checks from investors flows in, as the cheap-priced periodicals increase in size and attractiveness, as the westward trend of the great city encompasses the four hundred acres of the little university city, as the imposing buildings of the correspondence college rise, as the chapter-houses for

the clubs are dedicated, as scheme after scheme combining the betterment of life with the prospect of profit to the pocket come from the fertile mind of the Man.

The faith of multitudes of women has been unwavering. When the darkest clouds obscured the Opportunity, it has shown itself in messages of encouragement, in the acceptance of the Plan with a fine show of co-operation.

The masculine mind has oscillated between almost unanimous doubt of the altruism, and frank indorsement of the business sense of the Man. Before the vision of the community has occurred the development of the most comprehensive real-estate speculation in the history of St. Louis—in conception and execution the work of the Man. While he was building up the magazine of greatest circulation, he rode the suburbs of St. Louis looking for the site for a model settlement. Road after road, lane after lane he traversed. From height after height he studied the topography and the residential movement. A park two miles long and one mile wide divides the western part of St. Louis. Beyond extends, for three quarters of a mile, the new campus of Washington University. The Man foresaw more clearly than his fellows the movement of the city. He went far in advance of it and bought his first tract of forty-five acres as farm property, two miles beyond the ragged fringe of the finest homes of St. Louis. Before he had finished the tower and the hundred horse-power press-room he had bought other farms. While he was fighting hardest for the life of his publications he was buying more land, until his holdings reached four hundred acres of ridges and slopes due west of the heart of St. Louis. Then on a gigantic scale began the grading and sewerage, the making of boulevards, the improvements which culminated in a massive gateway of lions, costing \$40,000. People began to buy lots and build. They caught the spirit of the Man and joined him in the

incorporation of a little city, joining St. Louis on its central line west and extending two miles into the country. As the builder of a city the Man seemed to be twenty-five years ahead of his time; he was wiser than his generation of real-estate men. The growth of St. Louis overtook him before his improvements were finished. It has carried the residence building and all attendant utilities to the boundary between the great city and the little city. When the future of the publishing business seemed most discouraging, a New York insurance company sent experts to St. Louis and lent \$400,000 on a small part of this land. Three of the leading experts in values, one of them the president of the Real Estate Exchange, have appraised five of the tracts within the four hundred acres at over \$2,000,000. The masculine mind cannot appreciate the altruism of the Plan. It can look with respect upon the Man whose acumen developed this probability of great profits from real estate.

This trying out of the Opportunity, the Man and the Plan has demonstrated some generalities. The field of periodical literature is enlarging rapidly. The growth in circulation of magazines is enormous. This is a natural development of periodical literature, encouraged by all of the conditions which created the Opportunity. The monthly magazine at ten cents a year was a pioneer; it was primitive; it awakened the desire in farmhouse and village; it has fulfilled its mission in a decade. The desire it created has demanded and has obtained already something better. The subscription price has advanced, the amount of reading matter has increased and its quality has been improved. Significant is the activity of women's clubs in neighborhoods and villages in stimulating subscriptions to monthly and weekly publications of the higher price and better quality. Since the development of the Plan, within the past twelve months, six eastern magazines

and literary weeklies have sought the organization of the league to increase their subscription lists, allowing to the league the liberal percentages heretofore given to individual agents. The stimulus to the spread of magazine literature through organized effort is already felt. The growth of the daily press of the country is steady but slow. It has not realized

the benefits anticipated from rural free delivery. Extension of the carrier service to the farmers' doors has worked wonders in the inspiration of new needs of mind and body of millions. Among the quickest and most notable results are the spread of the magazines and the growth of the mail-order business. The woman of the farm is arriving.

THE CHANGING ROAD

BENEATH the softly falling snow
The wood whose shy anemones
We plucked such little while ago
Becomes a wood of Christmas trees.

Our paths of rustling silken grass
Will soon be ermine bands of white
Spotted with tiny steps that pass
On silent errands in the night.

The river will be locked in hush,
But frosted like a fairy lawn
With knots of crystal flowers that flush
By moonlight, blanching in the dawn.

Flown are our minstrels, golden-wing
And rosy-breast and ruby-throat,
But all the pines are murmuring
A sweet, orchestral under-note.

So trustfully our hands we lay
Within the old, kind hands of Time,
Who holds on his mysterious way
From rime to bloom, from bloom to rime,

And lets us run beside his knee
O'er rough and smooth, and touch his load,
And play we bear the burden, we,
And revel in the changing road,

Till ivory dawn and purple noon
 And dove-gray eve have one by one
 Traced on the skies their ancient rune,
 And all our little strength is done.

Then Time shall lift a starry torch
 In signal to his gentle Twin,
 Who, stooping from a shining porch,
 Gathers the drowsy children in.

I wonder if, through that strange sleep,
 Unstirred by clock or silver chime,
 Our dreams will not the cadence keep
 Of those unresting feet of Time,

And follow on his beauteous path
 From snow to flowers, from flowers to snow,
 And marvel what high charge he hath,
 Whither the fearless footsteps go.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

JERRY

By RUTH M. HARRISON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN P. PEMBERTON

A SLIM black paw was extended,
 and a soiled card bearing this
 legend was deposited on my
 desk:

*Lore mich Scott
 late Residence is
 2235 S. Rampton
 bet Philip & Jackson*

I looked up quickly, and Jerry
 stood revealed in all his smiling
 graciousness.

"Why, hello, Jerry," I exclaimed.
 "And how are you to-day?"

Jerry smiled even more blandly:

"Poahly, tank God. Jes' poahly,

sah. Mars George,—dere now, ef I
 ain't dun call yo' 'Mars George' agin!
 I tell yo', Mars Doctor, dis nigga ain't
 got no mannah o' recommention, no
 how——"

Then, glancing around at my
 pills and powders, he lowered his
 voice to a tragic earnestness:

"Say, Boss—ain't yo' got no
 Doctor stuff fo' to keep me f'm
 fo'gettin'? No mo' 'an las' week
 I dun happen tuh er misconflic-
 tion wid ma, ole ooman,—jes' er-
 bout er slip o' my mind. Yo' knows
 Mandy, doan' yo', Mars George?—
 I begs yo' pahdon, Doc George."

I confessed to a more than pass-
 ing acquaintance with the said
 "Mandy" as I glanced down on my
 admirably laundered shirt.

"What about Mandy, Jerry?" I
 asked.

"Well, yo' knows dat Mandy is ma

fift', Mars George. And I doan' know as I jes' orter mention it, Mars George, but she doan' allers 'tend tuh her bizness, like dem dat went befoh. She's allers puttin' her mouf in, when I mos' wants her tuh keep it shet. It sho' am a bad failin'," said Jerry, wagging his head. "Well, sah, it dun happen dis erway. Big John Lewis, what use tuh belong tuh Mars Ben Harrison, hez got er yard full o' dem speckle chickens, wat Mars Ben dun brought frum sumwhah in de Spanish country. Big John Lewis, he sots er heap o' stoah by dem chickens, he do fo' er fac'. Well, one ole speckle hen, she's dun been actin' powahful disergreeable heah lately—in ma goober patch. So, las' week, I lay fo' tuh teach her er lesson. Fo' God, Mars George, I ain't nebber had no notion fo' tuh hurt dat ole speckle hen; but when I made er pass at her wid ma' han'—bless Pete, sumhow her tail fedders jes' cum out natch'ul like; and dey wuz jes' er stickin' tuh ma' fingers."

And Jerry contemplated his long slim fingers with a mild surprise.

I was becoming vastly interested, so I pushed a chair over to him, suggesting that he had better rest awhile. Jerry creakily disposed his rheumatic bones to his comfort, and shrewdly searching my face, felt emboldened to continue:

"Powahful dry day, doan' yo' think, Doctor George? And thuhs a sight er grit dun got down ma' win'-pipe."

He paused suggestively; so I reached over to my case, took therefrom a tumbler and a bottle of prime cognac, and poured out a generous portion for the old darky—enough to warm the cockles of the heart of a dead man. Jerry rose and took the tumbler from my hand with becoming respect,—held it to the light,—sniffed of its fragrance,—brought it slowly to his lips,—took a mouthful and rolled it round about his tongue, —and casting his eyes ceiling-wards with genuine emotion, murmured:

"Lord, Lord! doan' let dis nigga

die 's long as Mars George is in de land ub de livin'."

"And what happened to big John Lewis's speckled hen, Jerry, when her tail feathers came out?" I prompted.

Slowly disposing of the balance of his cognac, Jerry resumed his seat, his thoughts seeming to gather strength. Gazing on me benignly, a broad smile spread in ripples over his ebony countenance.

"Hit wah de funniest thing, Mars George. Dat speckle hen began fo' tuh squawk and squawk, jes' like er fool female wen dey loses dey finery. I jes' leaves it tuh yo', Mars George—could I erlow dat hen tuh keep on making er clatter fo' tuh raise de daid, and big John Lewis sech er powahful light sleeper, and warn't nebber in no good humor when he's 'sturbed in his fust sleep?"

Another pause; and Jerry brought the empty tumbler meditatively to his nose and sniffed of it delicately.

"I made ernuther pass at dat hen, and ma' han' jes' close over her haid, easy-like; and befo' I knowed it, ef dat good-fo'-nuttin' chicken ain't fo'git tuh draw er long breff!"

Another pause, and another whiff at the tumbler.

"Mandy's er tol'uble good cook; and I dun foun' sum pertty sizeable sweet pertaters out in de patch by de woodshed."

I could no longer help laughing; and Jerry, placidly chuckling, and sniffing at his empty tumbler, seemed pleased to afford me some amusement. When I could catch my breath I exclaimed:

"Well, Jerry, you did n't forget to eat that chicken; where does the 'forgettin' part come in?"

"Dat cum in de nex' day, Boss. Hit war Sunday—Communion Sunday at de Red Church o' Jerusalem, out near Lee Station, on Gentilly Road. Mandy, she ain't passin' no remarks 'bout dat speckle hen; but I tuk notis' dat she dun berry de fedders under de eaves ub de woodshed. Well, we hitches up de sorrel mare tuh de spring wagon, and we gets on our bes' clothes, and we lites out likkety-

split tuh de meetin' house. Big John Lewis, he passes us on dat ole bay mule o' hisn. He kinder maunders 'round in de church yard till we cum up, and den he gin me er powahful sarchin' look, and sez he, he sez: 'Look a-heah, Jerry, is yo' gwine tuh 'proach de table o' de Lord to-day?' And I answers him sof'-like. Sez I: 'Brer Lewis, I 'se gwine tuh do myself de compement tuh sit at de table o' de Lord, 'long o' de uder poah sinners.' He sniff kinder cuhious, and hunch up his shoulder, and he passes intuh de church. Mandy she hol' her breff, and she sez: 'Look a-heah, Jerry Muih, is yo' gwine tuh set and feast at de table o' de Lord, so soon arter yisterday?' 'What yo' talkin' 'bout, ooman?' I sez, plum fo'gettin'. 'What's I talkin' 'bout? Yo' fool nigga, is yo' dun fo'got erbout dat speckle hen?' 'Shoo, shoo, ooman,' I sez, 'yo' talkin' too loud. Tuh be sho—er,— Look heah, ooman,' sez I, gettin' mad, 'düz yo' s'pose dat I'se gwine tuh let a ole speckle hen stan' buhtween me and de Lord?'"

"Jerry, Jerry," I cried, "I'm afraid you are a hardened sinner."

Jerry had the grace to look sheepish for half a minute; then he said:

"Yas, sah; and Mandy, she ain't dun spoke tuh me sence! I tell yo' Mars George, hit all cum erlong o' fo'gettin'. I plum' hav' fo'got how many speckle hens dat makes dat big John Lewis sez he dun missed. But Lawzee, chile, I kin swah on de Bible, dis heah pullet am de onliest one I eber had any impelcation wid. And dat's de Lord's truff!"

"But, Jerry, what's the meaning of this card?" I said, holding up his soiled pasteboard. "I thought that you and Mandy lived out on Gentilly Road."

"Yas, sah, dat's right, Boss; and Mandy's out dere now. But seein' 's dat big John Lewis was ilin' up his Betsy-Ann dis mohnin', and loadin' her up wid buckshot, I jes' thought maybe I'd step intuh town fo' er short spell."

I heartily indorsed his wisdom in

"steppin' intuh town," and then asked:

"What are you going to do to kill time while you're here, Jerry?"

"Well yo' see, Boss, I 'se perposin' tuh do day's work. Dat little piece o' property I 'se got on Rampart Street has sho'ly been mistreated by de poah white trash dat's been livin' dere. So I jes' turned 'em out, bag and baggage. I doan' jes' feel ez ef Mandy gwine tuh be 'proach'ble fo' some days yet, and dis nigga's got tuh live. So dat's huccum I step in tuh pass de time o' day, and ax yo' is yo' got any reddin' up yo' wants me tuh do fo' you."

"All right, Jerry," I said; "I'm going out of town for a few days, so I'll leave you the keys of the office, and you can set things to rights here while I'm away. And here's a little change to buy you some greens and salt meat, till you and Mandy make up again."

"Oh, go on, Mars George, yo' is allers jokin'; an' yo' sho' do favoh yo' Pa. I allers takes mah hat off tuh de ole Doctor ev'ry time I thinks erbout him."

And a look of love and tender reverence crept into the old darky's face.

Jerry was a good specimen of a type that is all but extinct—ignorant, superstitious, loyal to the core and honest as the day is long. He had two great failings: an inordinate love for sweets, and an equally inordinate love for his neighbors' chickens. Money, jewelry, valuables of all kinds, were to Jerry as if they did not exist; but let the jam pot be left open, or a stray chicken so much as cross the boundary-line, and it was all up with Jerry's moral code.

"I sho' is got a mouf full of sweet tooxies," he would say, with a conscious grin; "and ef a fool pullet cums mah way, why, et mus' be dat de Lord dun sont 'em."

He was a little past the medium height, bow-legged and long-armed, with muscles as tough and as flexible as seasoned deer-thongs. His favor-

ite headgear was an old army hat of my father's, that to our wondering childsheyes seemed perennial. His greatest ambition was to be rich enough to own a gold watch with his "ernitials on de kiver:—de 'J' in rubies, de 'M' in diamuns, an' de 'S' in snaffires."

As the old darky was leaving the office, John Phelps came rushing upstairs to tell me of a big order for illustrations he had just received from some Eastern publishing house. "And by the way, George, do tell me who is that wonderful old specimen I met in the hall. My hat! but he'd make a dandy study."

"Do you think you could do him justice, my boy?" I queried. "Just say the word, and I'll get him to sit for you, and clinch it with an order into the bargain."

"Done!" said John Phelps with enthusiasm. "I've been dying for just such a model ever since I came South."

"So it's a go," I said. "To-day week, I'll take you over to his place, and then you can get 'environment' and 'atmosphere,' and all that sort of thing that you artists rave about."

Just eight days after, we started across country to Jerry's "late residence, at Rampart Street." John P.'s Yankee nose went up in all manner of curves, as the Peter's Avenue car ricocheted toward our destination along through that Ghetto of New Orleans. We got off at the indicated corner, and carefully threaded our way across the grass-



"JERRY BROUGHT THE EMPTY TUMBLER TO HIS NOSE"

grown neutral ground. We were just going to knock at "2235" when the soft *plunk, plunk* of a banjo caused us to pause.

"Oh jiminy," said John P. arresting my hand, "don't knock yet; let's listen."

Softly, fitfully, the fingers of the player wandered over the strings; then some chords were smartly twanged, and Jerry's melodious bass broke out into the old song I had known since I was knee-high to a grasshopper:

An' I 'se got but one sweetheart in town,
'T is de one dat wears de black silk gown.
An' de way she walks de street o' round,
De holler ob her feet makes er hole in de groun'!

So, clar de kitchin, ole folks, young folks,
Clar de kitchin, ole folks, young folks,—
Ole Virginia nigga never tire.

I'se Got but One Sweetheart

Arranged by RUTH M. HARRISON

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with the lyrics 'I. An' I'se got but 'one sweet-heart in town, 'Tis de one dat wears de'. The second system continues with 'black silk gown' An' de way she walks de street o' round, De'. The third system has the lyrics 'hol-ler ob her feet makes a hole in de groun', So clar de kitch-in ole folks, young folks'. The fourth system concludes with 'Clar de kitch-in ole folks, young folks, Old Virgin-in nig-ga nev-er tire!'. The piano accompaniment features a steady, rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand.

John P. at the conclusion of the song clapped his hands with such enthusiasm that it evoked a cry of astonishment from the player, and Jerry's startled voice sharply demanded:

"Who's dat?"

Banging on the old-time knocker, I cried out:

"Get a move on you, Jerry, and let us in. I've come to see how busy you are."

The big old key turned in the rusty lock, and Jerry threw wide the portals of his residence. With a mighty bowing and scraping he ushered us into the most wonderful room, I'll wager, that John P. had ever had the luck to set shoe-leather in, in spite of his years of artistic wandering. I could trace within its four walls every house-cleaning our

old plantation home had known since the days when I was a kid.

"Jerry," I said, "here's a friend of mine from away up North. He wants to know if he can make a picture of you."

"A pictchur o' me! Huc-cum?" said Jerry, stiffening in a minute.

"Because, old man," I said persuasively, "I want to send a picture of you to Mother in Monterey. She says that she never had any one to wait on her as Jerry did, and she's just honing for the sight of a for-true Southern face."

Jerry beamed in a minute.

"Ef it 's fuh yo' Ma, Mars George—I mean Doc George,—Mistah Pictchur-man kin jus' go o' haid wid his rat-killin'."

John P. and I sat out on the little back porch, and Jerry ensconced himself on a box under the one tree the little backyard boasted—a Pride of Virginia, Mother always called it, heavy with its beautiful, changeful blossoms. Jerry sat awkwardly for a while, thumbing his beloved banjo; but I soon got him going, and he forgot all about John P.,

who blissfully sketched away, while Jerry became reminiscent.

"Jerry," I said after a while, "is that the same banjo that you fooled the Yankees with, away back in the 60's?"

"Now, Mars George, jus' lissen tuh yo' a-talkin'!" chuckled Jerry. "Doan' yo' kno' yo' Ma's got dat ole banjo wid her jes' dis livin' minit? I 'low yo' Ma'd jes' as soon paht wid her bes' black silk josie as to paht wid dat ole ruhliable."

"Guess she would, Jerry," I laughed. "Tell me about it again, old man; I have n't heard that yarn since I've come home and settled."

Jerry stood his banjo against the trunk of the tree, and pulling out his old cob pipe, slowly filled it. Having lit it, he puffed away in silence for a space; and then:

"Well, you warn't but a few weeks old, when ole Ben Butler cum er marchin' tuh town; and yo' Ma was mighty poahly and peeked; and Cindy (she wuz mah fust) jus' had her hands full er tryin' to nuss yo' bofe, and get on wid de chores and de washin'. Yo' Pa, he wuz sont fo' in de middle ub de night, one day, fuh tuh go down to Foaht Saint Phillip, tuh help plaster up some o' de prisoners down dere. Dey did n't ax him perlite-like ef he want to go, but dey jus' cum and fatched him, 'long to'ards daylight, and dey jes' gin him time tuh get his needles and his

saws, and tuh kiss yo' Ma, and say: 'Jerry Miuh, yo' keep yo' eye on mah ole lady, and doan' let no harm cum tuh mah boy.' Dat wuz yo', Mars George. Well, cum a couple er weeks, and yo' Ma she sez tuh me one mohnin', she sez:

"Jerry, yo'se all I'se got tuh depend on in de wurld; and de time has cum when yo' kin help me.'

"Jes' speak yo' min', Miss Fanny,' sez I; 'I'low az yo' ain't dependin' on no broken reed.'

"Well, it's dis erway, Jerry,' she sez, settin' in her little low sewing chair. 'When de Doctor wuz called



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" 'JOHN LEWIS, HE PASS US ON DAT OLE BAY MULE O' HISN' "



"SHOO, SHOO, OOMAN, YO' TALKIN' TOO LOUD"

erway, dat night, he slip me er paper what holds de life and death o' many er man in dis town. I dun heard fuh sho' tuh-day dat Ben Butler's gwine tuh make er search fuh jus' such papers. Dere's gwine tuh be er house-tuh-house expectation, and dis place is so small, I skercely knowse wha tuh hide it; and I 'se dat nervous and poahly, dat ef I *did* kno' wha it wuz hid, my very eyes 'ud betray me. I 'se puttin' er mighty trus' in yo', Jerry, coz I 'se skairt plum' nigh tuh death.'

"Miss Fanny,' I sez, 'I 'se knowed yo' sense de time when yo' wuz a teensy girl, and yo' Ma dun trus' me befo' yo' wuz married tuh de Doctor, and I 'lows as yo' kin trus' me too.'

"I do, Jerry,' she said, and she bus' out cryin'—she wuz dat sick and poahly. When she dun ease up er bit, she went tuh her armo, and frum

betwixt yo' baby clothes she tuk out er long slim paper what she gin tuh me, and she sez: 'Hide it, Jerry; but doan' tell me wha yo' put it.'"

Jerry reached over for his banjo, and softly drummed on the parchment.

"Yes, sah; when yo' Ma gin me dat paper, I wuz plum flusticated fuh er little while, and it felt ez heavy ez ef it wer' lead, and I wuz 'mos' sorry I had it tuh take care of, 'case I did n't kno' wha I could put it in dat little four-room cottage, with Cindy, what never could keep er secret, no how. All day long I kep' hittin' on plans, till I seen Cindy pick up one o' dem new-fangled darnin'-eggs, fo' tuh men' de week's stockin's. She on-screwed de handle, and er sheef o' needles drops outen de hollow; and den, bless God, Mars George, I seen ez plain ez daylight wha I could hide

dat paper. When all de folks dun gone tuh bed, I sets in de kitchen, and takes down dat ole banjo and onstrings it. I gets one o' dem long skewers, and sticks it in de coals o' de furnace, what sets in de big fire-place, till it gits red hot. Den I begins bo'in' er hole in de neck o' dat banjo, wha it is de thickes'. By-im-by, when de hole is big enough, I wrops de paper in er piece er ole silk han'cher o' yo' Ma's and ef it did n't fit intuh dat hole ez slick ez er tic! In de draw' o' de safe, I foun' some ole sealin'-wax what we use tuh seal de corks intuh de Jimmie-Johns, an' I seals dat hole up good and tight. A spec' o' soot frum de chimbley place dun finish up de job.

"Sho' nuf, denex' " 'I DOAN' JES FEEL EZ EF MANDY GWINE TUH BE 'PROACH'BLE FO' SOME DAYS YET'"

day er squad o' sol-jers cum marchin' out frum Bayou Road Street wid er sassy looken' ossifer at dey haid. Dey bangs ontuh de doah o' de cottage an' Cindy was 'bleejeed tuh let 'em in. A big redfaced liftinant cum trompin' in an' his breff dun smell o' gin. Yo' Ma dung i' me one look o' mis'ry, but I dun smile back at her like dere wuz no sech thing as impelcatin' papers dis side o' Jordan.

"Madam, Carlton's my name, sez de liftinant in er o'streperous voice, 'and I'se got er warrant tuh search dis house fo' papers as is supposed tuh be perdisious.'

"Very well,' sez yo' Ma, 'my butler will sho' yo' thro.' I bows an' scrapes tuh him an' I sez, sez I:



"'I'se at yo' service, sah.'
" 'Butler, indeed!' he sniffs (an' I got one whiff o' dat breff). 'Doan' yo' know yo' s er free nigga? Doan' yo' kno' as how Abe Linkum dun sot yo' free?'

" 'Beggin' yo' mos' 'umblest pah-don, cap'un,' I sez, 'de Doctor dun sot me an' Cindy free sum time befo' Mars Linkum cum erlong.'

" 'The devil he did!' he bus' out; 'well, yo' jus' hump yo'self, yo' black ape, an' if yo' knows what's good fo' yo' hide, yo' better perduse dem papers.'

"And den 'twix' his mannahts an' his breff I calkerlates he's jus' low-down an' warn't use' tuh quality folks



"JERRY'S MELODIOUS BASS BROKE INTO THE OLD SONG"

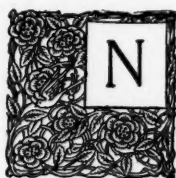
no how. I follows him an' his men
erroun' de foah rooms; an' yo' kin
take dis nigga's word fuh it, if dey
did n't pull dem rooms tuh tatters!
Gol er Mighty, I wuz dat ershamed
when I seed 'em pull yo' Ma's close
outer de armo an' shake 'em piece
by piece. Dey took up de rugs an'
looks intuh de pots an' de pans, an'
dey puts dat house in er upset, tell
it look like all de ten plagues o'
Egypt dun pass over it. But dey

never once thunk o' de ole banjo!

"Cindy, she wuz er wailin', an' yo'
Ma she wuz er tremblin' an' feahin'
what dey would fin' next. Dat limb o'
Satan he keeps er swoopin' roun',
an' he wuz jus' plum' super-cum-
bustikatin'. But at las' he gin up in
disgus', an' lef' as he cum. Yo' Ma,
she fell in er dead faint, but Cindy
brung her 'round alright. And dere's
many er night I dun sung yo' tuh
sleep, tuh de music o' dat same banjo."

TEN MILLION A YEAR

By MAARTEN MAARTENS



NOT pounds, you greedies. Not even dollars. Pills.

In the funny pretty little town of Alkmaar, where they run about in colored hats, with all those piles of golden cheeses, life knows, even to-day, a sort of picturesque calm. But it's going. Excitable things happen visibly, from time to time, in Alkmaar. And ugliness is pulling down beauty and substituting up-to-date artistry as fast as ever it can. If you want to see Alkmaar, or any other town in Holland, before the last little bit of itself has been knocked out of it, you had better take to-night's boat.

In one of the quaintest, quietest little houses, down a sleepy side-street under the tall church-spire, dwelt not more than a dozen years ago Mejuffrouw Deborah Varelkamp, a cousin of that Suzanna Varelkamp whose name has become so prominent in the literature of our day. Mejuffrouw Deborah had no connection with literature, excepting the Bible and the *Alkmaar Gazette*. She approved of the former and was interested in the latter. And the curious thing was that she believed both.

Up to her sixty-third year her life was an unbroken smoothness—that is, speaking, of course, as far as the outer world can judge. No canal could have flowed more placidly along green but unflowered banks. If her placid soul ever reflected the face of man, no ripple betrayed the fact to idlers along the road. Wind and rain must have come and gone, for such is nature's decree, but the

current swelled gently onwards, with a constant heaven above it, from its source.

She had lived with her parents, after the other children married, until the old couple quietly tottered into one grave. By the time that happened Deborah herself was past fifty. She then went on living without her parents in the same methodical way. She had a hundred and eighty pounds a year to spend, which was quite as much as she needed, or wanted, in Alkmaar. More would have rendered her ostentatious, and nobody, least of all herself, could have wished her to be that!

In fact she was possessed of a beautiful humility and self-effacement which all her early care of everyone in the household—she being the eldest child—had developed like a hot-house plant. She had never come in contact with unkindness, inside or out. Undeniably, of late years, her father, and especially her mother, had rather bored, and even worried, her, but that is a prerogative of aged parents with an only daughter, towards the end. If you had asked Deborah, before that sixty-third year, what her chief grievance in life had been, she would have answered, more or less laughingly, the trouble about her name. For everybody called her Deborah, and she wanted the accent thrown back. Her brothers were to blame, who, in childhood, had discovered this method of teasing her, by a fluke.

To describe her existence, in her sleepy little circle of acquaintances and duties, with a kindness here and a scolding there, and discussions about food and clothes—to describe this were to speak of things which are

dull and dead to all the world but one human being, like so much that palpitates with interest for you and me. There is nothing to describe, only everything to experience.

Deborah had lived alone for several years, when her god-mother (and aunt) died in Utrecht, aged over ninety. This old lady had succeeded in living through nearly a century without ever thinking or doing anything at all. Twice a year, on birthday and Epiphany (this for the New Year), young Deborah travelled all the long distance, as she reckoned it, with a basket of oranges or a basket of plums. Old Deborah was neither grateful nor ungracious. Also, year by year, for the birthday, young Deborah brought a written poem; she continued to do this after she was fifty. Aunt Deborah said: "Thank you, child," and put it away. The poem was copied out of a "Manual" on to a sheet of shiny paper with rosebuds or doves in the top-corner.

A month or two after the nonagenarian's demise her executor sent the god-child two old-fashioned *cassettes*—old-fashioned even to "young Deborah"—and a written recommendation to be good to Jessie Bell. One of the *cassettes* was carefully sealed up and inscribed "For Jessie Bell, when she comes of age." The other was open, and intended for the god-child.

The god-child (aged close on sixty) had never seen anything of, but heard more than enough about, Jessie Bell. Unlike the niece, the old aunt had filled her little world with the story of her loves. In her gray old age she had lost her heart finally to a young grocer's assistant, who had laughed at her and married her servant girl. The offspring of this union was Jessie Bell, whose mother had died at the child's birth, and whose father had disappeared, with a brandy-bottle, into the South African Veldt. Jessie was at a boarding-school, paid for by old Deborah. Young Deborah sent her a gingerbread figure for Santa Claus. It is

customary to send "sweethearts," varying the sexes, but Deborah, disapproving of sweethearts, sent Jessie a female shape. Otherwise she took no notice of the girl.

She opened the *cassette* intended for herself, and, seeing that it contained her own birthday verses, neatly piled up, she put it away upstairs in a cupboard along with the sealed one for Jessie, and tried to think kindly of her aunt.

Thereupon she continued to live quietly in her native town, ignored, but esteemed when remembered. Her minister came to see her, and she had a missionary working-party once a week. She would never have been noticed by anybody, had she not suddenly become notable to all.

The pastor's sermon began it. His sermon there was such a fuss about, because he said faith was no good without works. Miss Varelkamp disapproved of the sermon, but she went home and wrote to Jessie Bell, who was leaving school to earn a livelihood, that she had better come to Alkmaar a little first. Jessie Bell wrote a grateful reply, and Deborah, for the first time in many years, opened the gloomy green chamber where her parents had died. This obliged her to remove the *cassettes* out of a cupboard there and, in "cleaning out" her own (a perpetual madness of hers) she found under the letters some forgotten recipes over which she pulled up a highly contemptuous nose. One she put away unread; it was marked "For people who feel ill." She never felt ill.

Jessie Bell occasionally did. The old woman's heart smote her to see how pale the girl looked. Deborah had a home medicine chest of family ointments and old-fashioned household remedies; these she now tried, with uncertain success, on the non-reluctant *protégée*. Jessie would have been too dull in the dark little linden-shaded house at Alkmaar if she had not realized friendliness in the shape of unpalatable powders. And also if her cousin had not come to see her—

oftener than he dared—the medical student, Frank Bell, from Amsterdam.

A freak of fate had willed that Frank Bell should be in the same medical "club" at the University with Miss Deborah's nephew, Chris Varelkamp. The two youths did not care for each other, but that was no reason for Chris Varelkamp to fall in love with Frank's private property, Jessie. Miss Deborah voted the whole complication a nuisance; she repented of her good works; the dominie's preaching reached further than His Reverence could know!

Jessie Bell, also, a penniless girl who ought to go out at once and earn a living, felt the incongruity of being made love to by two impecunious students who would n't be able, for many a year, to do even that. She was so conscious of the impropriety—though neither ever mentioned the subject—that Miss Varelkamp forgave her. And as the girl had frequent headaches, Miss Varelkamp, with her own hands, prepared a complicated herb-tea, such as her own dear mother used to take for "a chill." Miss Varelkamp believed everything to be "a chill" which was not "a stroke." All infectious diseases were "a chill," all sudden demises "a stroke." As for doctors, Miss Varelkamp would never have dreamed of consulting one, unless you were what she called "at death's door." You had to be pretty well on the threshold before she saw that you had reached it.

"I feel quite ill," said poor Jessie at last, setting down the tepid tea.

The complaint was a novel one; Miss Varelkamp dropped her work into her lap and gazed pityingly over her spectacles.

Suddenly the old lady gave a little cry of relief; her face cleared; she rose with hasty interest, and trotted out of the room.

As soon as Jessie was alone she drew a crumpled note from her pocket. The note said a lot of foolish things that would have made a young girl's cheeks turn pink, not pale, but for the closing sentence: "It is no use. I cannot condemn you to pov-

erty.—FRANK." Under this note in the same pocket was another, still more crumpled. "I shall marry you, whether you want to or not.—CHRIS." She re-read them both for the tenth time. "I wish Frank had written Chris's," she said half aloud. And then she felt bad.

Miss Deborah, returning with her old cassette, recognized the fact. "I have something here for you," she said. "From your old benefactress." She unpacked the papers—all the musty birthday wishes—and dug out the faded prescription. She spread it before her, with a sudden scent of lavender. "For those who feel ill!" she said, and commenced reading: "Pills, to be taken three times a day." Soon both ladies were engrossed in the concoction of this novel yet ancient remedy. The ingredients were easily obtained, the usual combination of aloe and steel, with a herb—the most efficacious—whose name must remain a secret. When ready, the pills, bright scarlet, presented a most attractive appearance. Frank Bell arrived just after Jessie had taken her first. He stayed all the evening, till Miss Deborah drove him away. In going he found opportunity for whispering to his cousin: "Forgive my note! Believe in me!" Jessie, coming down next morning, said she had slept like a top.

Miss Varelkamp, obliged to go for her district-visiting, took a number of the pills with her. She instructed Jessie to mix some more. "So many people say they feel ill," remarked Miss Varelkamp. "I thought it was a habit. I had no idea anything could make you feel better." "I certainly do feel a different creature," said Jessie.

The poor worn-out mother of seven whom Deborah found hanging over a wash-tub had the same story for the kind lady a couple of days later. The boy with consumption coughed his way to the little house to express his thanks. The poor clerk who had discussed with the pastor the necessity of resigning his situation wrote to his employer to say

he was coming back next Monday. The employer's mother "felt ill." So did the pastor's wife, the pastor himself, and all their eleven children. It was astonishing to realize how many of the population of the little town "felt ill"—alas, about seventeen-twentieths! The post began to work; demands arrived per letter. Long before that Juffrouw Deborah had found it quite impossible to meet all appeals; distracted, she most naturally took her medical nephew into her confidence, and that was the, by this time perhaps inevitable, beginning of her misfortunes. Chris at once showed her how to work the thing; he raised ten thousand florins at ten per cent. on his aunt's little property; he advertised, without her knowledge, and, after having thoroughly scared her with stories of "snow-balls," he induced her to charge a guilder a box. Before she had the faintest conception of what had really befallen her, red posters heralded, in the great cities of Holland: "Aunt Deborah's Pills. For All Who Feel Ill."

But, after the stupor of the first fortnight, her hard common-sense reasserted itself. She understood that her old aunt's remedy somehow cured "nerves." She had never given the entire secret of the recipe into her nephew's hands, mistrusting his use of it; Jessie was bound over to eternal secrecy. Juffrouw Varelkamp faced the avalanche of orders, and, using that gift which had long made her invaluable to the Local Charity Organization, she quite naturally developed into the Manager of a rapidly growing business concern. The small garden at the back of the house and the space behind it were built over with a laboratory and offices. Jessie Bell found herself "earning a living," at a modest salary, in the mixing room; Miss Varelkamp personally superintended the weekly increasing staff of clerks. She largely employed women, for men, she said, are so feckless. Her nephew she sent back to his studies. The concoction of patent medicine is incredibly uncomplicated: all the

work is done in the advertising office and the correspondence room.

For advertisement Miss Varelkamp manifested an aptitude little short of genius; she seemed to hit the wide middle-class to which she herself belonged straight in the heart. Her homely little story of "Pills and Prayers" was reprinted in a thousand newspapers without its costing her a cent. And she was the first to send little Christmas trees with gilt pill-boxes to the asylums. By the time the doctors started their Anti-pill Society, her success was complete. "Aunt Deborah's Pills for All Human Ills" were scattered over the world like pebbles on the shore of ocean, like plums on a German plum-tart, like stars in the vault of heaven. The jingle was her improvement. "Small Pills All Ills" were the enigmatic words which accompanied your railway-journey, in an uninterrupted sequence, and five languages, from St. Petersburg to Rome. The international bureaux were organized like the great Dutch cocoa-businesses: Juffrouw Varelkamp's chief talent proved to be her judgment in the selection of men.

On Aunt Deborah's sixty-fifth birthday (the 29th of December) the "certified" sale for the last year was declared to be ten millions. After all, that is less than two hundred and seventy-five boxes of a hundred per diem. The price of the boxes had been raised to three guilders—three Dutch cents, or a little more than a halfpenny, per pill. The profit thus made was very modest, in comparison with most similar properties, only five hundred per cent., or a quarter of a million guilders net, which sounds very humble when reduced to English currency. Only twenty thousand pounds sterling. That is all.

But to Meffrouw Varelkamp, living in her little house and spending a hundred and eighty a year (including charities), twenty thousand pounds sterling was a sum to make you weep. Only, Meffrouw Varelkamp had resolved not to weep. Every morning, first thing on rising, she read to

herself aloud, in the silence of her bedroom, the "Parable of the Talents"; then she went for the day's work tooth and nail. That work in itself she liked more and more, the quiet little black-robed creature, knitting in her central office with an eagle eye for a loose stitch, but the inevitable financial result was a growing burden and a pitiless unrest. With all her organizing genius she remained a stranger to money. She did n't care about it; she did n't spend it; she did n't know what to do with it. She was far too conscientious to "give away" a quarter of a million. The horrible thought oppressed her, like a nightmare, that the sum was doubling all the time. "Money is talents," she repeated to herself, perturbed. She continued to live in her little house with the single servant and Jessie. But she had bought herself a fur cloak, price twelve pounds.

If hard work and poor living agreed with Miss Varelkamp, poor living and hard work played the mischief with Miss Bell. The generation of the Deborahs is easily fatal to that of the Jessies: one kills the other off, like plants. Jessie Bell spent her days in the "laboratory." She visibly drooped.

Miss Varelkamp had forbidden her nephew the house out of fear that he would appropriate her secret. Great power and great wealth were the ruin of young people, she said. She quoted a well-known case in point, the young heir of "Hollands."

But Jessie's cousin Frank she had no heart to drive away. Although she never noticed droopings, she had an uncomfortable feeling that she might be kinder to Jessie, whom she did n't understand simply because Jessie was a modern girl with a liking for blouses, lawn-tennis and occasional distractions, while Miss Deborah thought life ought to be all duty and alpaca. And Miss Deborah had another uncomfortable feeling, at which she rebelled, that Frank was "a better boy" than her own nephew. So she let Frank come of

evenings and play the violin (badly, but she deemed it most wonderful) to Jessie's middling piano performances on an instrument bought cheap at a sale. Miss Deborah was far too 'cute for the hire-system.

If she went out to see why the maid-of-all-work did n't bring up the "Aniseed-milk" or the "Bishop," Frank would say to Jessie:

"When you're of age, you must come out of this," and Jessie would reply demurely,

"Miss Deborah is very good to me. I shall be of age in eight—or six—or four—months."

"I can't bear to think of your taking part in this huge swindle," was the medical student's refrain.

"It is n't a swindle. It's a cure."

Frank frowned.

"And Miss Deborah does n't do it for the money," pleaded Jessie.

"No, what can she do with her millions? She does n't even pay you enough."

"She pays good salaries, from her point of view. She can't imagine that a young girl could have any use for money."

"Well, when you're of age and I'm ready, you must come away. We shall marry and be very happy and very poor."

Then Jessie would smile as some girls still can smile, even in our day, thank Heaven! at that suggestion and, if feeling courageous, she would boldly answer "Yes."

Then Miss Deborah would come back and say servants were not what they used to be, and Frank would compute moodily, quite at haphazard, how many thousands Miss Deborah had "earned" that day.

At last he could stand the strain no longer. Jessie was upstairs in bed, with one of her bad headaches, the result of ever increasing "business." "She'd be all right," said Miss Deborah, unsympathetically, "if she'd only take my pills." Miss Deborah now always spoke of "My pills."

"I forbade her," Frank hastened to avow.

"Ah well!" said Miss Deborah snorting slightly. "If she prefers to be ill for your sake!"

"Miss Varelkamp, I—I—you must forgive me; to me, as a medical man, this trade in quack pills is—is——"

"What?" asked Miss Deborah quietly knitting.

"A swindle! Worse than a swindle, a crime! It is responsible for the death of thousands. You—you, Miss Varelkamp, are killing people daily in—in Ispahan and Timbuctoo!" His cheeks burned; now he had done it!

The little old lady laid down her work. "These are serious charges," she said. "Can you prove them?"

"Any medical man can prove them."

"Very well. I will ask my nephew. And now let us talk of something else. The new minister, they say, is an Armenian."

All the same, she was more upset than she cared to show, suddenly distraught by a novel idea. In her uncertainty she drew closer to her nephew and, Frank being thrown into opposition and posing as Secretary of the Medical Anti-pill Society, Miss Deborah felt compelled to forbid "that invidious young man" the house. Frank had burnt his ships; he wrote to Jessie that, as soon as he was able to support a wife, he would come and carry her by force out of what he called the "Swindle-shop." "Fourteen Kerke-sstraat, Alkmaar, a Swindle-shop!" Chris explained to his aunt that Frank had always been devoured by futile covetousness. He could n't stand anyone else having money, Chris explained. Miss Deborah sighed and presented her nephew, who tried not to make a grimace, with the sum of one hundred florins. "I must get more out of the old screw, when I marry Jessie," reflected Chris. He told the girl that he would marry her, when he chose. "Well, don't choose just yet," smiled Jessie.

Testimonials and photographs were of course a daily feature of the business. Chris Varelkamp, having

been plucked for his medical exam. and needing money more than ever, got his aunt to appoint him Manager of this Department. He was thus able ceaselessly to prove to her the enormous benefit her pills conferred on the human race, while, at the same time, he found an unique opportunity for large speculations in the amount allowed for payment of such letters and photos from all parts of the world. "No wonder you could n't learn for a doctor! Useless lumber!" said Miss Deborah. She told Jessie plainly that the girl, on her twenty-first birthday, must either accept the hand of Chris ("whom I, from a dread of partiality, have hitherto misjudged") or else "fend for herself." Occasionally now Jessie, slaving on her pittance, at the head of the immense laboratories, was nearer crying than laughing, when Chris threatened her with his love.

Thus the twenty-first birthday came and with it the crisis in the Pill Business. Miss Deborah descended to breakfast with an air of extra decision. "Chris will look in on his way to the office," she remarked, and she kissed the orphan, to whom she had promised to be kind. She would allow them a "sufficient" income to marry on. "The sale will reach fifteen millions this year," she said, nodding her head. And she thought, with the familiar tightening at her heart, of the useless mountains of gold piling up at the National Bank. Day and night she meditated the pros and cons of some huge charity. Sometimes it was home missions and sometimes foreign. A charity, of course, it would ultimately be; but the charity, she felt, would become a greater responsibility even than the pills.

After breakfast she solemnly brought down the sealed *cassette* and placed it in front of Jessie Bell.

"This," she said, "is from your benefactress, my aunt. To be given you on your twenty-first birthday."

"Do you know the contents?" asked Jessie,

"How should I? It is sealed. You

must break the seals, child. But I know it does not contain anything of value."

Thus forewarned, Miss Bell slowly undid the fastenings and threw back the lid. And the first thing both ladies saw was that the box contained two envelopes only, a thin one a-top and a thicker one underneath, addressed to Mejjuffrouw Deborah Varelkamp.

Deborah opened the thin one and silently read:

"My dear niece, I leave you this old *cassette* of your grandmother's, and two thousand guilders, which I hereby place inside. Also I once more recommend to you my *protégée*, Jessie Bell. I bequeath her no money, for that would be unfair to my relations, but on her twenty-first birthday I request you to give to her my own *cassette* (the rosewood one) with the birthday wishes and old recipes it contains. These are to be hers. The birthday wishes will teach her to love you as you loved me. From the recipes she may derive whatever profit she can, when she marries, as I hope she will, the husband of her choice."

Mejjuffrouw Varelkamp snatched the other envelope out of the now empty box. "These are for me," she said, hurrying out of the room.

She sat down in her own bed-chamber and drew short quick breaths. The fool of an executor had muddled up the boxes. Probably the half crazy old maid was as much to blame for the confusion as he. No matter now; they had been interchanged. The recipe of "My Aunt's Pills," by a blunder of fortune, was the property of young Jessie Bell.

Yes, it belonged to her. And so the whole business Miss Varelkamp had built up on it—fortuitously as she deemed—belonged, not to Miss Varelkamp, but to Jessie. The old maid spent an hour fighting it out, such an hour as rarely befalls a quiet spinster in sleepy cheese-selling Alkmaar. Then she went downstairs, prepared to give up everything, as Providence thus willed it, even all the

good she was doing for the sick and suffering—but, then, Frank and Jessie could do that perhaps better than she!

She opened the parlor door to hear Jessie say: "Never."

"Yes, you will," replied Chris, "or Aunt Deborah here'll turn you out."

"You had better marry him," put in Aunt Deborah, bitterly, with a sudden resolve to "get through." "I will give you two thousand florins, and that is all either of you will ever get from me."

"A year!" cried Chris.

Aunt Deborah laughed aloud. That was just the amount of her own unaided income. "Once for all," she said, shutting her lips with a snap.

Chris flung out of the room with an excuse about "business hours," but it was always his policy to "return and win." He flung up against Frank who said: "Yes, I'm coming to fetch her," so Chris followed him in.

"She is twenty-one to-day, Miss Varelkamp," explained Frank, "and I passed my last examination a week ago. I've got an appointment at the hospital; we can marry on that."

"And starve," remarked Chris.

Frank Bell turned to gaze at him. "Of course," said Frank, "you don't understand about honestly earning enough to live on."

"Talking of honest earnings," burst in Juffrouw Varelkamp, "you and Jessie can begin when you choose! I have just discovered, an hour ago, that 'My Aunt's Pills' belong to Jessie!" Her eyes twinkled; she was beginning to feel happier. "Yes, Chris, they belong to Jessie; is n't that a joke?"

Chris did n't see the joke, unless Jessie belonged to him.

"I don't understand what you mean," protested Miss Bell.

"I mean this—there's your property!" Miss Varelkamp dimly cast the famous recipe on the table, the faded yellow paper, a hundred years old. Chris snatched at it, but Frank was too quick for him. The young doctor stood rolling the document

between his fingers, and staring inquiry at Miss Deborah.

"Yes, the whole thing—the recipe, the works, the piles of money at the bankers—are yours to do what you like with!" explained Miss Deborah, enjoying the prospective inconsistency of "the most covetous young man in Holland." "Yes, Jessie is the richest heiress in the country, and her means of making half a million a year are yours!"

"Is that quite true?" inquired Frank.

Miss Varelkamp nodded vigorously.

"I can tear this up, Jessie?" continued Frank, turning to his future wife. "We can stop the pill-business. Stop it!"

"*Jessie* can stop it," corrected Juffrouw Varelkamp, with flushing cheeks.

"Don't be a fool, Jessie," suggested Chris. "Marry me, and have the

finest motor-car in Holland."

"But what have you got, then, Miss Deborah?" inquired Jessie.

"My house here, and two thousand guilders per annum, and peace, as before," replied Miss Deborah promptly. "Don't mind me; I feel as happy as—I used to."

"I think, if the pill-business is really mine, I would rather—stop it," said Jessie, thinking the matter out.

"But the money in the Bank is Aunt Deborah's," protested Chris Varelkamp furiously.

"It is *not*," declared Juffrouw Varelkamp, and looked daggers at a nephew she scorned.

"We can give it to the Cancer Research Fund," decided the doctor, "as the Anti-pill Society ceases to exist."

Very slowly Jessie tore the prescription into very tiny pieces whilst the others stood silently watching her.

OMAR AND REASON

[FROM A POEM IN THE PERSIAN ATTRIBUTED TO OMAR KHAYYAM]

OLD Reason dined with me,—a seldom guest;
We passed a pleasant noon in idle jest.

Said I, "Thou Font of Knowledge, pray impart
The truth of many things that vex my heart:

"First tell me, what is life when rightly weighed?"
"A sleep," said he, "with dreams that glow and fade."

"And canst thou name the fruits thereof?" I said.
He nodded: "Sundry aches of heart and head."

Then, "What is Marriage?" next I sought to know.
"An hour's joy," he scoffed, "and years of woe."

"Define," said I, "the breed that prey on me."
"A pack of jackals, wolves and dogs!" growled he.

"Can aught subdue the soul of man?" I cried.
"The world hath whips," quoth he, "and chains beside."

"What works are old Khayyam's?" I asked betimes.
"False figuring," he laughed, "and crazy rhymes!"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE AMERICAN OPIUM PERIL

GROWING USE IN THIS COUNTRY OF A DRUG THAT
ELSEWHERE HAS SLAIN ITS MILLIONS

By HUGH C. WEIR



THE slaves of opium comprise an army more than twice as large as the population of the United States and four times as large as the combined populations of Spain, Portugal, Greece, Denmark, Switzerland, Scotland, Sweden, Norway and Canada. Over 160,000,000 men, women and children are as helpless under the sway of the poppy as a chained slave under the lash of the task driver. During the year 1908, the drug claimed more than one million lives, nine tenths of which were contributed by the nations of China, Burma and India. The significant fact, however, which is calling the world to arms, is that the opium curse is sweeping westward.

In the United States the drug has gathered more than twice as many victims as in any other English-speaking country. This is why, besides sending a delegation to the recent international opium conference at Shanghai, President Roosevelt appointed a commission which is to probe the peril of the poppy in American territory.

Mention opium to your neighbor and he will shrug indifferent shoulders as he pictures, perhaps, a vague scene of Chinatown. Opium and the Chinese, to the mind of your average newspaper reader, are inseparable. He has never considered the poppy except as a factor that is ridding

the world of coolies, or which perhaps can quiet the man suffering from a broken limb or broken sleep. It is because this is so that we are facing to-day a series of disagreeable facts. For the shadow of the opium curse has reached across the seas, from the oldest civilization to one of the newest, and is striking at our sinews with a force and a cunning which only those who have made a first-hand study of the problem can appreciate.

At the beginning of the year 1908, there were more than one million drug-consumers in the United States, including the victims of opium, morphine, cocaine, heroin and chloral hydrate. At the beginning of the year 1909, the number had increased by over two hundred thousand. Last year more than \$1,000,000 worth of smuggled opium was sold on American soil. We spent over \$1,000,000 in duties alone on the opium which we imported through legal channels during the twelve months. A leading expert recently told me that by the beginning of the year 1910 the American drug slaves will number 1,500,000 people. And yet opium-smoking in this country dates back only to 1868. It needed more than six centuries for the blight to blacken China. Yet in less than half a century it has reached proportions in the United States so alarming as at last to compel action from the National Government. Assuredly we learn fast—the evil with the good!

The first American definitely known to have smoked opium was one Clendemyn, a Californian of the later sixties. Against even the background of straggling mining camps and frontier revelry and cow-boy justice, Clendemyn and his pipe were thrown into sharp prominence. Opium "joints" appeared as an adjunct to the more disreputable saloons, until, in 1875, San Francisco was forced in self-defence to pass stringent anti-opium laws, reinforced by a State statute in 1881. The latter struck hard. It included not only the person who sold opium but the person who smoked opium. A fine of fifty dollars was imposed for the first offence, and a sentence of five hundred dollars and six months' imprisonment for the second offence.

In the meantime, the clutch of the drug had spread to Nevada, attaining such a point in Carson City that the authorities in desperation passed a law punishing not only the opium-dealer and the opium-smoker, but also the person who carried opium on his person, and the owner of the premises where the poppy was sold! Nevada was determined to break up the opium traffic without delay and without argument.

From coast to coast the grim shadow of the poppy had begun to show itself. Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and New York all considered the problem at length, adopting more or less active laws in this connection, which, however, like many of our saloon-statutes, soon found their way to the dust of convenient pigeon-holes. The opium peril grew so pronounced in Hot Springs, Arkansas, that the citizens held mass meetings of protest and compelled the authorities to adopt drastic measures to check the menace.

This was the condition twenty years ago. It was with a shock that the average American learned a few months ago, that to-day there are one million two hundred thousand drug victims in this country, embracing one person in every sixty-five of all our men, women and children.

San Francisco has the blight of its underground Chinatown,—and where there are coolies there is always opium,—but New York also gives us some of the worst of our poppy dens. In Mott, Pell and Park Streets one can find them by the dozens—masked by a tawdry, ill-smelling Chinese laundry. On Second and Fourth Avenues also they abound, with the same flapping lines of clothes facing the street and the stare of the uninitiated. I was told, not a great while ago, that an American woman, assisted by her two daughters, is maintaining on West Twenty-third Street one of the most thoroughly equipped and widely patronized "dens" in the city.

A startling detail of the drug situation is the fact that from fifty to sixty percent of the habitual consumers are said to be physicians. This statement is made by a group of from twenty to twenty-five of the leading medical men of the country in a report on drug conditions transmitted to the United States Bureau of Chemistry. Another surprising detail of their reports, each contributor making his statement without knowledge of the other statements submitted, is the large percentage of women among the victims. They are from the two social extremes, the leaders of society being almost as numerous as the outcasts of the streets.

The astonishing number of drug "fiends" among the physicians is attributed to the fact that the average doctor, while condemning the use of stimulants by his patients, is apt to think himself of superior will power, and to feel that he can throw off, whenever he wishes 'to, a habit that would drag a weaker man to the grave. The result is that he is unable to lift his burned fingers from the fire at the critical moment, when his medical training and commonsense tell him it is a question of life and death.

There are forty institutions in this country advertising a cure for the

drug habit, and all of them are largely patronized. One such institution at Atlanta, Georgia, has the names of over 100,000 patients whom it has treated, and there are several others that can show 50,000. While it is true that many patients patronize two and three and even four of these dispensaries, and their names are thus duplicated in a combined report from the institutions, these statistics furnish a startling revelation of the ravages of the drug evil.

The number of drug consumers may be estimated from the quantity of opium received in this country in the course of a year. During 1908, 444,121 pounds of crude opium passed through the American Customs office. It is estimated by officials of the National Government that from 50 to 75 percent of this quantity was used for improper purposes. Computing at two ounces, the quantity of morphine in each pound of opium, this gives some 445,000 to 665,000 ounces of the drug consumed to satisfy the cravings of its victims. I am told by the drug officials at Washington that one consumer will use on an average of from one to twelve ounces of morphine annually; and this amount occasionally has been consumed by a single user within one or two months. Of smoking opium, 151,916 pounds were received in the United States in 1908. While it is impossible to estimate with any accuracy the amount of opium which one smoker will use in a stated period, these statistics bear out with startling force the cry that the drug peril has reached menacing proportions in this country.

Our great cities, of course, are the leading opium centres. The drug, however, is pushing its sway farther and farther into the rural districts.

As a matter of fact, it is largely our success in throwing off the yoke of the liquor traffic that has given us the burden of the opium evil—its threatened substitute. It is in those localities, where the greatest

temperance victories have been recorded, that the opium-agents are pushing the drug most strenuously. Because ninety percent of Ohio has lately voted "dry," the Buckeye State has become one of the centres where the opium vendors have been particularly active. The law has taken away the Ohio man's ability to satisfy his alcoholic thirst. Now the peddlers, who are selling opium pellets—it is alleged on the street corner—offer him a substitute more deadly than whiskey. This is true elsewhere. In the prohibition State of Maine the consumption of opium has increased 150 percent in the past ten years.

The situation is not a new one. We have confronted the same facts in our great prisons where a thousand convicts, barred from their accustomed stimulants by the walls of the penitentiary, have given all of their hoardings for smuggled opium pellets, slipped to their cells often by the guards of the institution. Some one has said that two thirds of our convicts are opium or morphine fiends, who have become so since their imprisonment. And the statement is probably true. Also, it shows why the drunkard in the prohibition territory springs at the bait of the travelling opium agent. His mental, moral and physical stamina have become so decayed that his horizon is bounded only by the cravings of his appetite. But this is not the worst. Like the small-pox victim he exposes the whole community to the plague.

What is opium? Nine persons out of ten have taken the drug in some form or other, and not one person in this ratio could tell what it is, nor even distinguish it were it placed before him. This is largely true because the average man who is given opium receives it under another name.

Do you know that when you are swallowing a Dover's powder you are taking a large percentage of opium? Do you know that the "stomach-ache" remedy of paregoric

contains opium? Do you know that until recently the average catarrh medicine held a substantial percentage of opium or cocaine? Do you know that the majority of children's remedies contain opium? Do you know that many of the consumption, rheumatism, and asthma "cures" are deluged with opium or one of its compounds?

Opium is the dried juice of the unripe poppy. It can be gathered in all countries of a semi-tropical or even temperate climate.

In Macedonia, the crop is computed at 140,000 pounds annually. In Bengal, the British Government has a monopoly, and the annual yield is estimated at 100,000 chests, which means a value of from \$10,000,000 to \$60,000,000. Persia and Egypt contribute perhaps a fifth as much to the world's opium market, Mozambique has over 60,000 acres under opium cultivation, while China has been literally drugged for half a century by the poppy.

The harvesting of opium presents a study of curious contrasts. It is much as though the ban of Nature had been placed on the poppy, and that those conditions which would favor almost any other plant had been arrayed *against* its cultivation. Nature, unassisted, would decrease the yield of the poppy to almost nothing. The opium farmer must build an ingenious system of irrigating dykes for his fields. He can depend on no water from the clouds, for the cultivation of the poppy is confined to the dry season. Even under these conditions there is but one short period of the year when he may expect success. His seed must be sown in the latter part of November and he must gather the harvest in February. He is given only a small fraction of the twelve months in which to work, and if he seeks to go beyond it his failure is complete.

Your opium farmer, as a rule, begins his operations by dividing his field into two beds by a central dyke. From this he extends branches on both sides until he has separated his

plot of ground into small, square sections. But he is not through. At one end he must build a tank for his water at least ten feet in depth. When he has driven the last nail and turned the last spadeful of dirt, he has constructed an irrigating system that has required weeks of labor; and he has only reached the commencement of his real task.

He must know to a nicety the quantity of water which his soil will need; he must study its temperament as a doctor watches the pulse of his patient. The slightest misstep will end in disaster. If he be wise in the art of the planter, his weary days of watching will at length bring him to the point when the seed may be opened.

The process reminds one vividly of the tapping of our own maples. The slow drip of the "sugar water" from the severed veins of our great trees is not more tedious than the flow of the milk-like juice of the poppy. The farmer rises early these mornings. He must scrape the sticky whitish substance into his bucket at once or it is lost to him. He spends hours on his hands and knees, filling his pail with the care and eagerness of a miner sifting gold from the sand.

Gradually the juice turns to a faint-pinkish tint, and when it is transferred to another receptacle, it leaves in the bottom of the pail a dark-brown scum, much resembling coffee. For three weeks the juice is exposed to the air—the period occasionally extending to a month or more—until the moisture begins to disappear. In India, the government limits the proportion of moisture to thirty percent, and the farmer must pass his product before the critical eye of an alert inspector before he can sell it to the government factory. The opium at this point is usually rolled into rough balls, held together by a thin crust of dried poppy petals and smeared with the "washings" of the various bowls and buckets in which the drug has been held. In native parlance this fluid is called

lewa. It is as sticky as ordinary glue and if applied to metallic iron will turn it to a heavy black.

The ball of opium generally measures six inches in diameter, and weighs from two pounds to two pounds and a half when ready for shipment. At the factory, another process of exposure takes place and the opium is placed under the sun, and turned carefully so that all sides may be equally affected. If it becomes inflated, it is opened and the gas within allowed to escape. The process is not complete until the ball resists the sun's rays successfully and the inspector is convinced that it is of the right degree of hardness. Even when this test is finished, the cake is placed for three days in a long framework and watched carefully for possible signs of mildew. If evidences of this condition appear, it is recovered with a new coating of "poppy trash," as the dried petals are called, before the opium manufacture is complete and the product is placed in cases for shipment. The latter are made to hold forty balls or "cakes." It is nothing unusual for Bengal to export 100,000 of these chests in a single year.

There is a wide difference in the opium product of various climates and countries. The yield of France is the richest in the world if we view it from its proportion of morphine, often amounting to 22 percent. The opium of Egypt contains only five percent of morphine, while the yield of India drops as low as two and a half percent, the Turkish opium which we receive being even lower.

As a medicinal remedy, opium is one of the most valuable discoveries ever made. You will find it in the drug case of practically every physician. The poppy relieves pain, produces sleep, allays nervous irritation. In throat and lung diseases it is used frequently to check an aggravated cough. In cases of diarrhoea, dysentery and diabetes its value is unquestioned. As a remedy in catarrh it is almost unsurpassed, checking the excessive secretions of

the nostrils and stimulating the general system. And as compounds of opium we find the great drugs of morphine, narcotine, narceine, codeine, apomorphine and more than a dozen others which have produced many of the revolutions of medical science.

So much for the usefulness of the poppy. Its peril is the fact that in curing the patient of one disease it may infect him with another just as deadly and infinitely more degrading. It may cure and in the process it may kindle an appetite that will kill. Opium has been at once the blessing and the curse of the human race. It has lessened suffering and has saved countless thousands from a needless grave. And we are just realizing that it has driven countless millions to an equally needless grave.

The drug above all else is a poison. It can be harnessed as other poisons are, but there is always the weak link in the chain which snaps without warning and without mercy. There are men who can take opium without danger, just as there are men who can take whiskey without danger. Indeed, recent Chinese statistics prove that vigorous exercise often overbalances the effect of the poppy and that men who lead strenuous lives have used the drug for a lifetime without ill effect. But the one exception is contrasted always with a thousand victims.

Most of us know in a vague way that there are several forms of opium consumption. We can smoke the drug or we can eat it. Also we can inject it in the form of morphine. For years, the opium-eaters of India were licensed, and the government fees amounted to \$19,000,000 annually.

An opium victim may live twenty years, consuming from three to twelve grains daily. But the chances are that he will not live ten years. Michigan authorities estimate that the opium-eaters of that State consume an average of one ounce avoirdupois weekly. There are those who have

taken thirty grains as a day's regular diet. (That most famous of opium-eaters, Thomas de Quincey, boasts of having *reduced* his daily allowance to forty grains, his previous consumption having been 320.) When the confirmed opium-eater reaches the advanced stages, he seeks to add to the effect of the drug with chloral, chloroform or ether. At the other extreme, four or five grains at a single dose may kill a man.

This brings us to the consideration of the smoker and the outfit necessary for the indulgence of his habit. There is as great a difference between opium pipes as there is between the various forms of opium. The most common material is bamboo, and, like an ordinary tobacco pipe, the longer it is used the sweeter becomes its flavor. There are opium pipes of ivory or porcelain, heavily embossed with gold or silver, but these are more for display than for use. Even a man who can afford such an extravagance seldom smokes a pipe of this character. If he doesn't fall back on the favored bamboo he uses a "lemon pipe"—made of rings of lemon peel. Old smokers declare that the blending of the lemon and the opium flavors produces the most satisfying combination that has yet been discovered.

The pipe bowl (*yen tsian*, in Chinese) is familiarly dubbed the "opium pistol," and is fashioned usually of hard red clay. The remainder of the smoker's outfit consists of the *hop-toy*, a small case of buffalo horn for holding his opium supply; the *yen hauck*, or needle, with which he balances his pellets; a small glass lamp over which he heats his opium to the proper degree, generally burning sweet oil; a pair of scissors (*kow ten*) for trimming the wick; a knife for removing the *yen tshi* or ash from his pipe; a saucer for the ash; a soft sponge for cooling the bowl when overheated; and finally a case, perhaps twelve inches long and nine inches wide, in which the outfit is deposited when not in use. From which it may be seen

that the operation of opium-smoking is a cumbersome and difficult one. Indeed, many confirmed victims are unable to "cook" their own opium or prepare their own pipes for use.

Opium must first be heated to a certain degree before it can be smoked, and if this heat be too great or too little, the consumer and his outfit will be spattered and his performance end in a fiasco. As a rule, it requires from eight to ten minutes to heat opium properly, the smoker balancing his pellet over his lamp and turning it at intervals to make sure that all portions are given an equal share of the flame. When the "cooking" is complete, the opium is dropped into the "pistol" or bowl, and the latter is held over the lamp, while the smoker, reclining contentedly on his side, draws deep whiffs of the poisonous fumes. His total preparation requires, perhaps, fifteen minutes—and yet within four or five minutes, and often much less, his pipe is emptied, and he must begin again the laborious task of filling it.

For twenty-five cents one may secure from six to ten *fan*—thirty-five to sixty grains—of first-class opium. If indifferent to the quality, one may buy for the same sum from twelve to twenty *fan* of the second class, which means from seventy to 120 grains. Often the ashes left by the first-class opium are made into a lower grade of the drug, which in its turn is sold to the poorer class of smokers, often with the most disastrous effects, for of all forms of the drug this is the most deadly.

As a point of history, the world has known almost from the first the peril of the poppy. Even while administering it in its crude stages, the turbanned physicians of Arabia realized that they were playing with fire. And, as might be expected, the world has burned its hands. In view of the present opium rally of the nations, it is interesting to note how frequent and how deep those burns have been.

History associates the first mention of the drug with Arabia. It

was as early as 77 A.D. that Dioscorides wrote a treatise on the uses and possibilities of the poppy, which commands the profound respect of even the twentieth-century surgeon. China has always been associated with the growth of the opium industry, but in reality for more than thirteen hundred years after her neighbors had realized both the benefit and the menace of the drug, the poppy was unknown in the Celestial Empire. It is also a fact that, from the first years of opium importation China has battled with the drug as no other nation in history has done. Opium has conquered China, but she has fought with a martyr's heroism for her freedom. And the victory of the drug is due not so much to the weakness of the nation as to the hostility of her neighbors. It was the foreigner who brought opium to China and it was the foreigner who kept it there.

Indeed, it was the greed of the gentlemen who composed the British East India Company that gave the drug its last, sweeping victory, which has made the past century in Chinese history almost a blot. To attain a fortune, a dozen Englishmen literally drugged a nation, and it is something of a poetic reparation that China is to-day helping to throw back on the English-speaking world the curse which she received from it.

In the year 1839, British opium agents, defying the Chinese Government, unloaded 30,000 chests of the drug in the Empire. Rising with a vigor which an American finds it difficult to reconcile with his conception of the Flowery Kingdom, the Chinese officers applied the torch to the heaped-up cases—and \$10,000,000 worth of opium vanished in smoke. War with England followed, and in the end this action of national heroism counted for nothing, except the deaths of tens of thousands on unnamed battle-fields.

A prominent historian computes the total death roll of the Civil War in battle and hospital at 1,000,000 lives. There have been years in Chi-

nese history when opium has claimed as many victims in a single year.

At one period, Japan was a close rival of the Chinese Empire in the smoking of the poppy. When the victims, however, began to mount into the realm of millions, three or four years ago, Japan not only prohibited the importation and manufacture of the drug, but placed a heavy fine on its use.

New Zealand, Australia and the Philippines have all recorded an opium death-roll of hundreds of thousands. India still numbers its victims at the rate of thousands a month. Big figures these—and true. *Opium slays its millions.* This is the peril which the Western continent is importing from the Eastern.

It is not with China, however, that American opium history is most closely related. We import from Turkey the bulk of the drug which we consume, whether for legitimate or illegitimate purposes. How much this is, we find emphasized in the statement that last year we received over 400,000 pounds of crude opium—in addition to the harvest of the smugglers. One hundred thousand pounds would have been more than enough for all medicinal purposes, which means that probably three times as much went to satisfy the slaves of the drug.

There are those who associate the opium peril with the yellow peril and wrongly so. Much of our opium has been brought here by coolies, but just as much has been brought by Americans. Like the drink evil, it is the white man who is preying on the white man. It is the druggist, the patent-medicine proprietor, the chemist and the physician who kindle the appetite—and too often keep it alive. It is from them that the victim turns to the opium "joint." Our drug-stores sell as much of the poppy and its compounds as our Chinese "dens." The patent-medicine factories are sending out as much opium, morphine and cocaine in the guise of rheumatism and consumption "cures" as is distributed

by all of our coolies, east and west. We need laws that will strike at the white man as well as the yellow man. If the Chinese are numbered among our opium smugglers, it is in the capacity of the roustabout. The American furnishes the brains and the market. In the meantime, our opium "dens" are increasing. The police of every city testify to this fact in startling figures. And the "dens" are being established by white men, on property owned by white men.

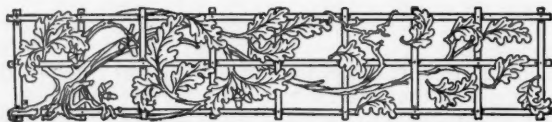
Glance through the daily newspaper and you will find seven out of ten of the announcements which offer an asthmatic remedy are but thinly veiled opium advertisements. Go to your confirmed drug fiend. He will give you a list of the drug-stores in your town that will sell you opium—without disagreeable questions. The list will astonish you. It is from these sources that our "dens" are supplied. Banish our Chinese entirely and we would not banish the opium. The drug came before the Chinese, and it would remain after they *had* gone. This is why the opium commission appointed by President Roosevelt is facing a task whose true magnitude is not realized by the country it would serve.

One of the greatest difficulties in the path of anti-drug legislation is the unwieldy nature of the interstate commerce laws, which makes it possible, for example, to ship harmful drugs from Virginia into the District of Columbia, in spite of the fact that in the latter place there is stringent local legislation against their sale. To accomplish any wide and effective reformation, it will be necessary first to rectify the defects of these laws.

On the 1st of April, 1909, a new opium law went into effect prohibiting entirely the importation of smoking opium into the United States, and restricting the receipt of crude opium to persons or firms able to give a satisfactory account of the use to which it is to be put. This law, it is to be feared, will be something of a dead letter, as no provision is made to trace the shipments of opium after they leave the hands of the original consignee. In other words, he may dispose of the drug almost as he sees fit, without the Government's attempting to secure and verify his report. As for the importation of smoking opium, it is freely admitted that, unless vigorous steps are taken, smugglers will keep the "dens" fully supplied in spite of the law.

Opium is not a foe to be conquered by halfway measures. Either its illegal use must be checked entirely or not at all. We have prohibited it absolutely in our Philippine territory. We must also prohibit it in our American territory. Australia, New Zealand and Japan have barred the drug entirely except for legitimate medicinal purposes. China has issued the most remarkable edict in all its history, declaring that within ten years opium must go.

The Eastern continent is waking up. Has it been inspired by our campaign to shake off the drink evil? Certainly this campaign has shown us, for the first time, behind the red shadow of Whiskey the growing menace of Opium—not tens of thousands of miles away, but at our doors. Unless we strike first and strike well, it will strike at us, even as it has struck at Japan and India and Burma and China.



THE RIVER AND I

By JOHN G. NEIHARDT

I

THE RIVER OF AN UNWRITTEN EPIC



It was Carlyle—was it not?—who said that all great works produce an unpleasant impression on first acquaintance. It is so with the Missouri River. Carlyle was not, I think, speaking of rivers; but he was speaking of masterpieces—and so am I.

I remember well the first time I looked upon my turbulent friend, who has since become as a brother to me. It was from a bluff at Kansas City. I know I must have been a very little boy, for the terror I felt made me reach up to the saving forefinger of my father, lest that this insane devil-thing before me should suddenly develop an unreasoning hunger for little boys. My father seemed as tall as Alexander—and quite as courageous. He seemed to fear it almost not at all. And I should have felt little surprise had he taken me in his arms and stepped easily over that mile or so of liquid madness. He talked calmly about it—quite calmly. He explained at what angle one should hold one's body in the current, and how one should conduct one's legs and arms in the whirlpools, providing one should swim across.

Swim across! Why, it took a giant even to talk that way! For the summer had smitten the distant mountains, and the June floods ran. Far across the yellow swirl that spread out into the wooded bottom-lands,

we watched the demolition of a little town. The siege had reached the proper stage for a sally, and the attacking forces were howling over the walls. The sacking was in progress. Shacks, stores, outhouses suddenly developed a frantic desire to go to St. Louis. It was a weird retreat in very bad order. A cottage with a garret window that glared like the eye of a Cyclops trembled, rocked with the athletic lift of the flood, made a panicky plunge into a convenient tree; groaned, dodged and took off through the brush like a scared cottontail. I felt a boy's pity and sympathy for those houses that got up and took to their legs across the yellow waste. It did n't seem fair. I have since experienced the same feeling for a jack-rabbit with the hounds a-yelp at its heels.

But—to *swim* this thing! To fight this cruel, invulnerable, resistless giant that went roaring down the world with a huge uprooted oak tree in its mouth for a toothpick! This yellow, sinuous beast with hell-broth slaverling from its jaws! This dare-devil Boy-God that sauntered along with a town in its pocket, and a steepled church under its arm for a moment's toy! *Swim this?*

For days I marvelled at the magnificence of being a full-grown man, unafraid of big rivers.

But the first sight of the Missouri River was not enough for me. There was a dreadful fascination about it—the fascination of all huge and irresistible things. I had caught my first wee glimpse into the Infinite; I was six years old.

Many a lazy Sunday stroll took us back to the river; and little by little

the dread became less, and the wonder grew—and a little love crept in. In my boy heart I condoned its treachery and its giant sins. For, after all, it sinned through excess of strength, not through weakness. And that is the eternal way of virile things. We watched the steamboats loading for what seemed far distant ports to me. (How the world shrinks!) A double stream of "roosters" coming and going at a dog-trot rushed the freight aboard; and at the foot of the gang-plank the mate swore masterfully while the perspiration dripped from the point of his nose.

And then—the raucous whistles blew. They reminded me of the lions

herself to it, already dwindled to half her size. The pilot turns his wheel—he looks very big and quiet and masterful up there. The boat veers round; bells jangle. And now the engine wakens in earnest. She breathes with spurts of vapor.

Breathes? No, it is sighing; for about it all clung an inexplicable sadness for me—the sadness that clings about all strong and beautiful things that must leave their moorings and go very, very far away. (I have since heard it said that river boats are not beautiful!) My throat felt as though it had smoke in it. I felt that this queenly thing really wanted to stay; for far down the muddy swirl where



CROOKED FALLS (IN FOREGROUND) AND RAINBOW FALLS, MISSOURI RIVER, MONTANA

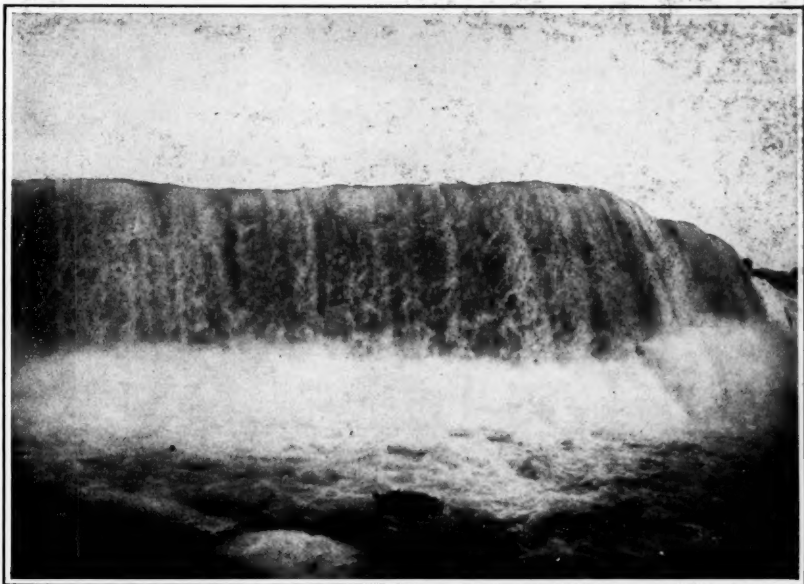
roaring at the circus. The gang-plank went up, the hawsers went in. The snub nose of the steamer swung out with a quiet majesty. Now she feels the urge of the flood, and yields

she dwindled, dwindled, I heard her sobbing hoarsely.

Off on the perilous flood for "faërie lands forlorn"! It made the world seem almost empty and very lonesome.

And then the dog-days came, and I saw my river tawny, sinewy, gaunt—a half-starved lion. The long dry bars were like the protruding ribs of the beast when the prey is scarce, and the ropy main current was like the lean, terrible muscles of its back.

mendous personality. It slept, but sleeping it was still a giant. It seemed that at any moment the Sleeper might turn over, toss the white cover aside, and, yawning, saunter down the valley with its thunderous seven-league boots. And



Photographed 18 December 1908

RAINBOW FALLS, SOUTHERN SIDE

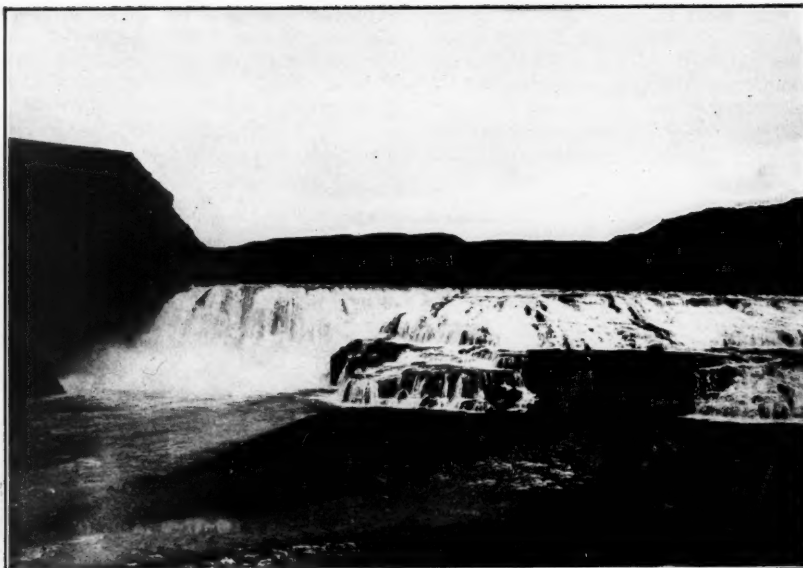
In the spring it had roared; now it only purred. But all the while I felt in it a dreadful economy of force, just as I have since felt it in the presence of a great lean jungle-cat at the zoo. Here was a thing that crouched and purred—a mewling but terrific thing. Give it an obstacle to overcome—fling it something to devour; and lo! the crushing impact of its leap!

And then again I saw it lying very quietly in the clutch of a bitter winter—an awful hush upon it, and the white cerement of the snow flung across its face. And yet, this did not seem like death; for still one felt in it the subtle influence of a tre-

still, back and forth across this heavy sleeper went the pigmy wagons of the farmers taking corn to market!

But one day in March the far-flung arrows of the geese went over. *Honk! honk!* A vague, prophetic sense crept into the world out of nowhere—part sound, part scent, and yet too vague for either. Sap seeped from the maples. Weird mist-things went moaning through the night. And then, for the first time, I saw my big brother win a fight!

For days, strange premonitory noises had run across the shivering surface of the ice. Through the foggy nights, a muffled intermittent booming went on under the wild



Photographed 17 July 1908

THE GREAT FALLS

scurrying stars. Now and then a staccato crackling ran up the icy reaches of the river, like the sequent bickering of Kraggs down a firing line. Long seams opened in the disturbed surface, and from them came a harsh sibilance as of a line of cavalry unsheathing sabres.

But all the while, no show of violence—only the awful quietness with deluge potential in it. The lion was crouching for the leap.

Then one day under the warm sun a booming as of distant big guns began. Faster and louder came the dull shaking thunders, and passed swiftly up and down, drawing into the distance. Fissures yawned, and the sound of the grumbling black water beneath came up. Here and there the surface lifted—bent—broke with shriekings, groanings, thunderings. And then—

The Giant turned over, yawned and got to his feet, flinging his arms about him! Barriers formed before him. Confidently he set his massive shoulders against them—smashed them into little blocks, and went on

singing, shouting toward the Sea. It was a glorious victory. It made me very proud of my big brother. And yet all the while I dreaded him—just as I dread the caged tiger that I long to caress because he is so strong and so beautiful.

Since then I have changed somewhat, though I am hardly as tall, and certainly not so courageous as Alexander. But I have felt the sinews of the old yellow giant tighten about my naked body. I have been bent upon his hip. I have presumed to throw against his Titan strength the craft of man. I have often swum in what seemed liquid madness to my boyhood. And we have become acquainted through battle. No friends like fair foes reconciled!

And I have lain panting on his bars, while all about me went the lisping laughter of my brother. For he has the strength of a god, the headlong temper of a comet; but along with these he has the glad, mad, irresponsible spirit of a boy. Thus ever are the epic things.



OF THE MISSOURI

The Missouri is unique among rivers. I think God wished to teach the beauty of a virile soul fighting its way toward peace—and His precept was the Missouri. To me, the Amazon is a basking alligator; the Tiber is a dream of dead glory; the Rhine is a fantastic fairy-tale; the Nile, a mummy, periodically resurrected; the Mississippi, a convenient geographical boundary line; the Hudson, an epicurean philosopher.

But the Missouri—my brother—is the eternal Fighting Man!

Not only in its physical aspect does the Missouri appeal to the imagination. From Three Forks to its mouth—a distance of three thousand miles—this zigzag watercourse is haunted with great memories. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has a river been the thoroughfare of a movement so tremendously epic in its human appeal, so vastly significant in its relation to the development of man. And in the building of the continent, Nature fashioned well the scenery for the great human story

that was to be enacted here in the fulness of years. She built her stage on a large scale, taking no account of miles; for the coming actors were to be big men, mighty travellers, intrepid fighters, laughers at time and space. Plains, limited only by the rim of sky; mountains, severe, huge, tragic as fate; deserts for the trying of strong spirits; grotesque volcanic lands—dead, utterly ultra-human—where athletic souls might struggle with despair; impetuous streams with their rapids terrible as Scylla, where men might go down fighting: thus Nature built the stage and set the scenes. And that the arrangements might be complete, she left a vast tract unfinished, where still the building of the world goes on—a place of awe in which to feel the mighty Doer of Things at work.

Indeed, a setting vast and weird enough for the coming epic. And as the essence of all story is struggle, tribes of wild fighting men grew up in the land to oppose the coming masters; and over the limitless wastes swept the blizzards.

II—SIXTEEN MILES OF AWE

Our party of three left the railroad at Great Falls, a good two-days' walk up river from Benton, the head of Missouri River navigation, to which point our boat material had been shipped and our baggage checked.

story told without the "vital impulse." Always had these plains blistered under this July sun; always had the spots of alkali made the only whiteness; and the dry harsh snarl and snap of the grasshoppers' wings had pricked this torrid silence through all eternity.



THE GIANT SPRING, NEAR GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, DISCOVERED BY CAPTAIN CLARK, 18 JUNE 1805

A vast sun-burned waste of buffalo-grass, prickly pears and sagebrush stretched before us to the north and east; and on the west the filmy blue contour of the Highwoods Mountains lifted like sun-smitten thunder clouds in the July swelter. One squinting far look, however, told you that these were not rain clouds. The very thought of rain came to you with the vagueness of some birth-surviving memory of a former time. You looked far up and out to the westward and caught the glint of snow on the higher peaks. But the sight was unconvincing; it was like a

A stern and pitiless prospect for the amateur pedestrian, to be sure; for we devotees of the staff and pack have come to associate pedestrianism with the idyllic, and the idyllic flourishes only in a land of frequent showers. Theocritus and prickly pears are not compatible. Yet it was not without a certain thrill of exaltation that we strapped on our packs and stretched our legs after four days on the dusty plush.

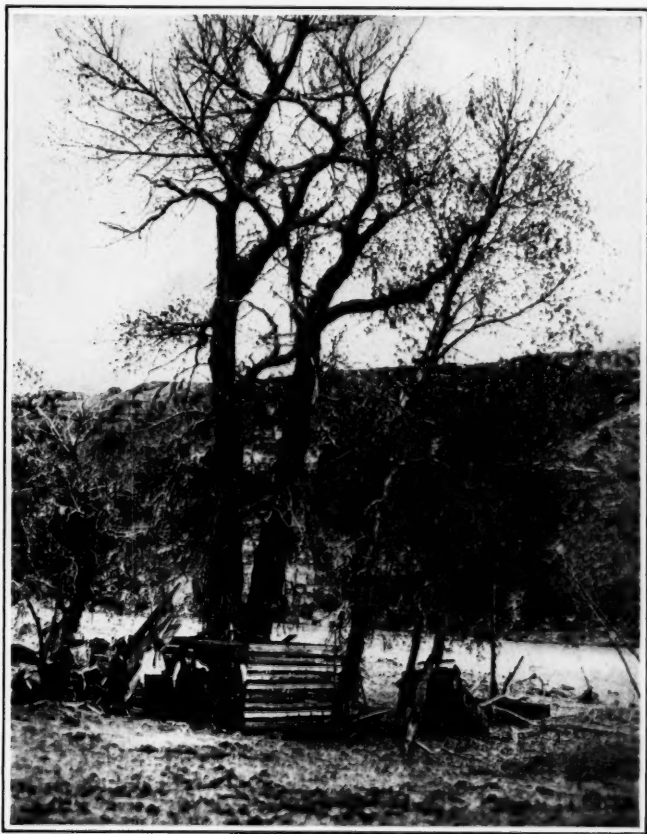
And though ahead of us lay no shady, amiably crooked country roads and bosky dells, wherein one might lounge and dawdle over Hazlitt, yet

we knew how crisscross cattle-trails should take us skirting down the river's sixteen miles of awe.

Five hundred miles below its source, the falls of the Missouri begin with a vertical plunge of sixty feet. This is the Black Eagle Falls, presumably named so by Lewis and Clark and other explorers, because of the black eagles found there.

With all due courtesy to my big surly grumbling friend, the Black Eagle Falls, I must say that I was a bit disappointed in him. Oh, he is quite magnificent enough and every

inch a Titan, to be sure; but of late years it seems he has taken up with company rather beneath him. First of all, he has gone to work in a most plebeian, almost slave-like fashion, turning wheels and making lights and dragging silly little trolley cars about a straggling town. Also, he hobnobs continually with a sprawling, brawling, bad-breathed smelter, as no respectable Titan should do. And on top of it all—and this was the straw that broke the back of my sentimental camel—he allows them to maintain a park on the cliffs above



Photographed 26 May 1909

TREE AT GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, DISCOVERED OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO BY
LEWIS AND CLARK

him, where the merest white-skinned counter-jumping pigmy may come of a Sunday for his glass of pop and a careless squint at the toiling Titan. Puny Philistines eating peanuts and watching Samson at his Gaza stunt!

Leaning on the frame observation platform, I closed my eyes, and in the dull roar that seemed the voices of countless ages, the park and the smelter and the silly bustling trolley cars and the ginger-ale and the peanuts and my physical self—all but my own soul—were swallowed up. I saw my Titan brother as he was made—four hundred yards of writhing, liquid sinew, strenuously idle, magnificently worthless, flinging meaningless thunders over the vast arid plain, splendidly empty under sun and stars! I saw him as La

thing in all that tract but an austere black eagle or two, and my own soul, and my Titan brother.

When I looked again, I could half imagine the old turbulent fellow winking slyly at me and saying in that undertone you hear when you forget the thunders for a moment: "Don't you worry about me, little man. It's all a joke, and I don't mind. Only to-morrow and then another to-morrow, and there won't be any smelters or trolley cars or ginger-ale or peanuts or sentimentalizing outers like yourself. But I'll be here howling under sun and stars."

Whereupon I posed the toiling philosopher before the camera, pressed the bulb, and descended from the summit of the cliff (as well as from



Lithographed by Bowen & Co., Philadelphia, from a drawing by C. Sohon

OLD FORT BENTON ON THE MISSOURI RIVER

Verendrye must have seen him—busy only at the divine business of being a giant. And for a moment, behind shut eyes, it seemed very inconsequential to me that cranks should be turned and that trolley cars should run up and down precisely in the same place, never getting anywhere, and that there should be any-

my point of view) to the trail skirting northward up the river, leaving Enceladus grumbling at his crank.

At the foot of the first fall a mammoth spring wells up out of the rock. Nobody tells you about it; you run across it by chance, and it interests you much more for that reason. It would seem that a spring throwing

out a stream equivalent to a river one hundred yards wide and two feet deep would deserve a little exploitation. Down East they would have a great white sprawling hotel

A mile below we came upon the Crooked Falls of twenty feet. Leaving the left bank, and running almost parallel with it for some three hundred yards, then turning and making



"Trail of Lewis and Clark," 1904

REMAINS OF OLD FORT BENTON

built close by it wherein one could drink spring water (at a quarter the quart), with half a Pathology pasted on the bottle as a label. But nobody seems to care much about so small an ooze out there; everything else is so big. And so it has nothing at all to do but go right on being one of the very biggest springs of all the world. This is really something; and I like it better than the quarter-per-quart idea.

In sixteen miles the Missouri River falls four hundred feet. Incidentally this stretch of river is said to be capable of producing the most tremendous water-power in the world.

After skirting four miles of water that ran like a mill race, we came upon the Rainbow Falls, where a thousand feet of river takes a drop of fifty feet over a precipice regular as a wall of masonry. This was much more to my liking—a million horse-power or so busy making rainbows! Bully!

a horseshoe, and returning to the right bank almost opposite the place of first observation, this fall is nearly a mile in length, being an unbroken sheet for that distance. This one, also, does nothing at all, and in a beautifully irregular way. Somehow it made me think of Walt Whitman! But we left it soon, swinging out into the open parched country. We knew all this turbulence to be merely the river's bow before the great stunt.

As we swung along, kicking up the acrid alkali dust from the cattle-trail that snaked its way through the cactus and sagebrush, the roar behind us died; and before us, far away, dull muffled thunders grew up in the hush of the burning noon. Thunders in a desert, and no cloud! For an hour we swung along the trail, and ever the thunders increased—like the undertone of the surf when the sea whitens. We were approaching the Great Falls of the Missouri. There were no sign-posts in that lonesome

tract; none of whom to ask the way. Little did we need direction. The voice of thunder crying in the desert led us surely.

A half-hour more of clambering over shale-strewn gullies, up sun-

nificent plunge. You saw the long bent crest—shimmering with the changing colors of a peacock's back—smooth as a lake when all winds sleep; and then the mighty river was snuffed out in gulfs of angry gray.



"Trail of Lewis and Clark," 1904

BLACK EAGLE FALLS, MISSOURI RIVER, SHOWING BOSTON & MONTANA SMELTER

baked watercourses, and we found ourselves toiling up the ragged slope of a bluff; and soon we stood upon a rocky ledge with the thunders beneath us. Damp gusts beat upward over the blistering scarp of the cliff. I lay down, and, crawling to the edge, looked over. Two hundred feet below me—straight down as a pebble drops—a watery Inferno raged, and far-flung whirlwinds, all but exhausted with the dizzy upward reach, whisked cool, invisible mops of mist across my face.

Flung down a preliminary mile of steep descent, choked in between soaring walls of rock four hundred yards apart, innumerable crystal tons rushed down ninety feet in one mag-

Capricious river draughts, sucking up the damp defile, whipped upward into the blistering sunlight gray spiral towers that leaped into opal fires and dissolved in showers of diamond and pearl and amethyst.

I caught myself tightly gripping the ledge and shrinking with a shuddering instinctive fear. Then suddenly the thunders seemed to stifle all memory of sound—and left only the silent universe with myself and this terribly beautiful thing in the midst of utter emptiness. And I loved it with a strange, desperate, tigerish love. It expressed itself so magnificently. And it was doing it right out in the middle of a desert, bleak, sun-leprosied, forbidding, with only

the stars and the moon and the sun and a cliff swallow or two to behold. Thundering out its message into the waste places careless of audiences—like a Master! Bully, grizzled old Master-Bard singing—as most of them do—to empty benches! And it had been doing that ten thousand thousand years, and would do so for ten thousand thousand more, and never pause for plaudits. I suspect the soul of old Homer did that—and is still doing it, somehow, somewhere.

I was absent-mindedly chasing some big thundering line of Sophocles when Bill, the little Cornishman, ran in between me and the evasive line: "Lord! what a waste of power!"

There is some difference in temperaments. Most men, I fancy, would have enjoyed a talk with a civil engineer upon that ledge. I should

Great Falls of the Missouri? How many horse-power did Shelley fling into the creation of his "West Wind?" How many foot-pounds did the boy heart of Chatterton beat before it broke? Please leave something to the imagination!

We backtrailed to a point where the cliff fell away into a rock-strewn incline, and clambered down a break-neck slope to the edge of the crystal broil. There was a strange exhilaration about it—a novel sense of discovering a natural wonder for ourselves. We seemed the first men who had ever been there: that was the most gripping thing about it. Aloof, stupendous, terrific, staggering in the intensity of its wild beauty, you reach it by a trail. There are no 'buses running, and you can't buy a sandwich or a peanut or a glass of



Photographed 18 December 1908

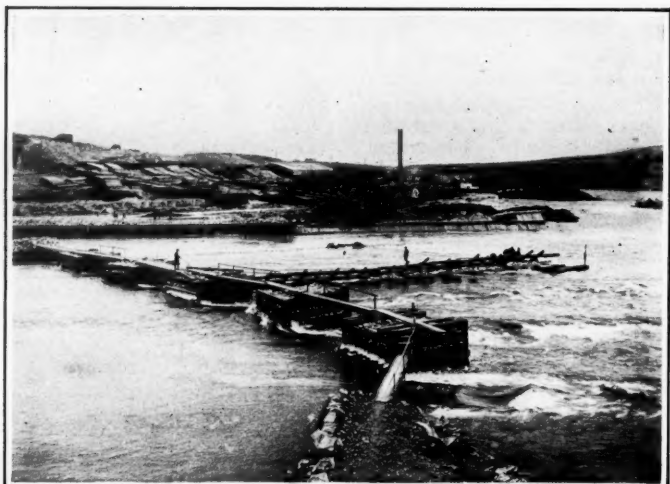
See page 380

VIEW OF RAINBOW FALLS, SHOWING PORTION OF DAM FOUNDATION AND
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE

have liked to have Shelley there, myself. It's the difference between poetry and horse-power, dithyrambs and dynamos, Keats and Kipling! What is the energy exerted by the

beer within ten miles of its far-flung thunders. For twentieth century America, that is doing rather well!

Skirting the slippery rocks at the lip of the mad flood, we swung our-



Photographed 18 February 1909

See page 380

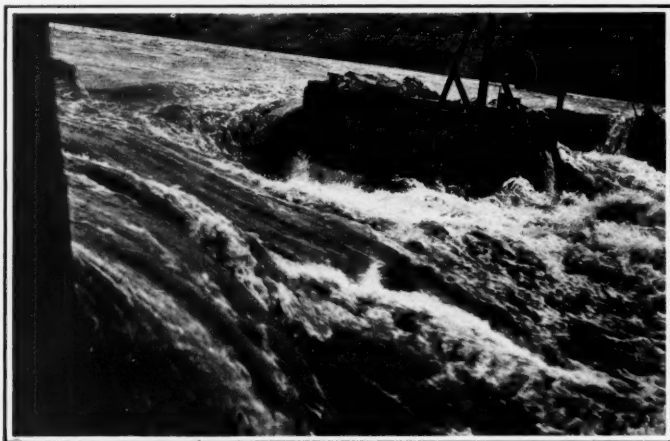
DAM ABOVE RAINBOW FALLS—CRIB BRIDGE AND TIMBER HORSE DAMS IN FOREGROUND

selves about a ledge, dripping with the cool mist drift; descended to the level of the lower basin, where a soaking fog made us shiver; pushed through a dripping, oozing, autumnal sort of twilight, and came out again into the beat of the desert sun, to look squarely into the face of the giant.

A hawk wheeled and swooped and floated far up in the dazzling air. Somehow that hawk seemed to make the lonely place doubly lonely. Al-

ways, it seemed, that veering hawk had hung there, and would hang so always—outliving the rising of suns and the drifting of stars and the visits of the moon.

A vague sense of grief came over me at the thought of all this eternal restlessness, this turbulent fixity; and, after all, it seemed much greater to be even a very little man, living largely, dying somehow into something big and new, than to be this



Photographed 11 June 1909

See page 380

CRIB IN RIVER ABOVE RAINBOW FALLS

Promethean sort of thing, a giant waterfall in a waste.

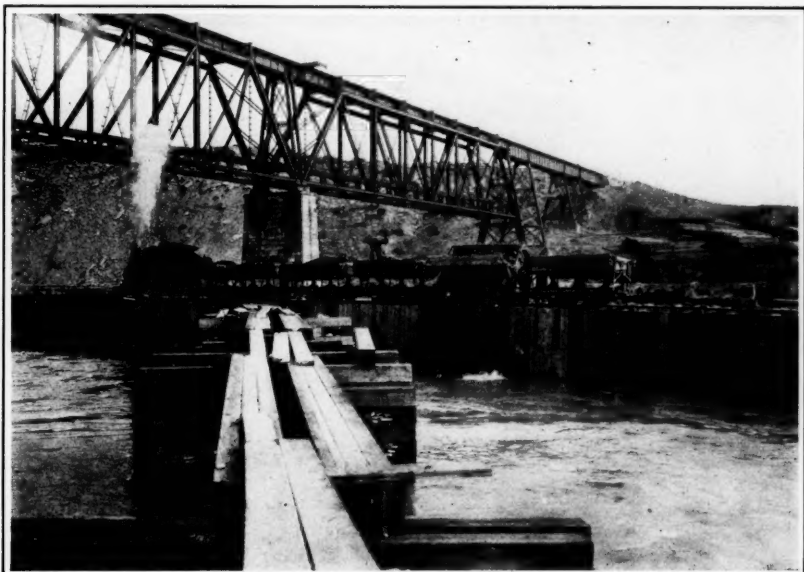
By and by they'll build a hotel in the flat at the edge of the lower basin; plant prim flowers in very prim beds; and rob you on the genteel European plan. Comfortably sitting in a willow chair on the broad veranda, one will read the signs on those cliffs—all about the best shoes to wear, and what particular pill, of all the pills that be, should be taken for that ailing kidney. But it will not be I who shall sit in that willow chair on that broad, as yet unbuilt, veranda.

The sun was glinting at the rim of the cliffs, and the place of awe and thunders was slowly filling with shadow. We found a steep trail, inaccessible for vehicles, leading upward in the direction of Benton. It was getting that time of day when even a sentimentalist wants a beefsteak, especially if he has hiked over dusty scorching trails and scrambled over rocks all day.

Some kind man back in the town, with a fund of that most useless article, information, had told us of a place called Goodale, theoretically existing on the Great Northern Railroad between Great Falls and Benton.

I set the pace up that trail. It was a swinging, loose, cavalry-horse sort of pace—the kind that rubs the blue off the distance and paints the back trail gray. Goodale was a sort of Mecca. I thought of it with something like a religious awe. How far was Goodale, would you suppose? Not far, certainly, once we found the railroad.

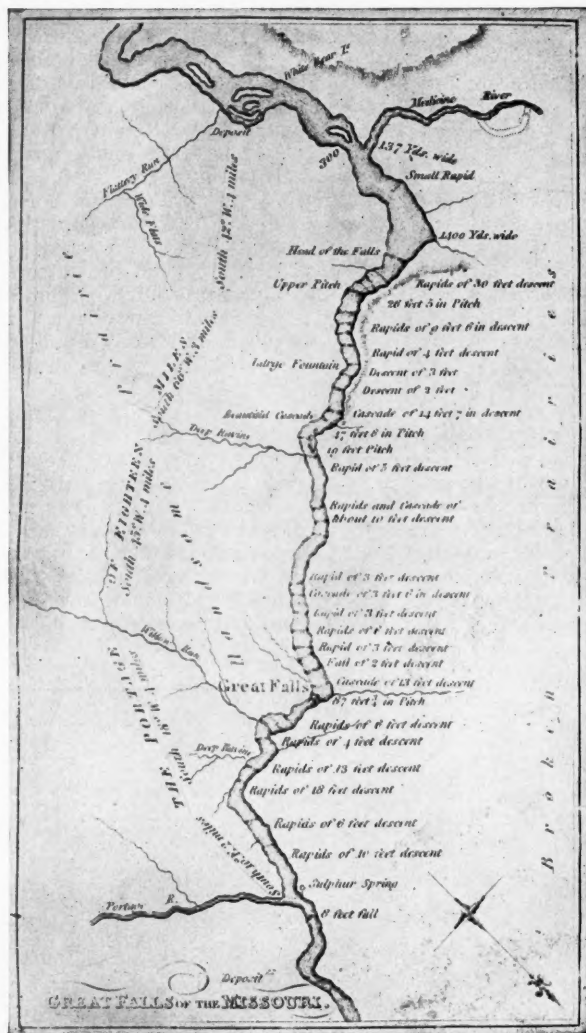
We made the last steep climb breathlessly, and came out on the level. A great, monotonous, heart-achy prairie lay before us—utterly featureless in the twilight. Far off across the scabby land a thin black line swept out of the dusk into the dusk—straight as a crow's flight. It was the railroad. We made a cross-cut for it, tumbling over gopher holes,



Photographed 3 February 1909

See page 380

PERMANENT SHEAR DAM, ABOVE RAINBOW FALLS, EXTENDING BENEATH
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY BRIDGE



"Trail of Lewis and Clark," 1804

LEWIS AND CLARK MAP OF REGION NEAR GREAT FALLS,
SHOWING LINE OF PORTAGE

plunging through sagebrush, scrambling over gullies that told the incredible tale of torrents having been there once.

With the falling of the sun the climate of the country had changed. It was no longer blistering. You sat down for a moment and a shiver went up your spine. At noon I had

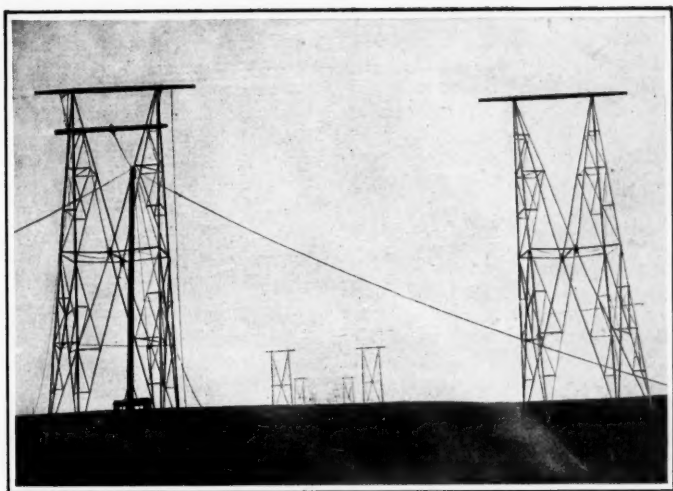
thought about all the limekilns I had ever met. Now I could hear the hickory nuts dropping in the crisp silence down in the old Missouri woods.

We struck the railroad and went faster. Since my first experience with railroad ties, I have continued to associate them with hunger. I need only look an ordinary railroad tie in the face to contract a wonderful appetite. So as we put the ties behind us, I increased my order at that restaurant in the sweet little pedestrian's village of Goodale. "A couple of eggs on the side, waiter," I said half audibly to the petite woman in the white apron who served the table in the restaurant there. She was very real to me. I could count the rings on her fingers; and when she smiled, I noted that her teeth were very white — doubtless they got that way from eating quantities and quantities

of thick juicy beefsteaks!

The track took a sudden turn ahead. "Around that bend," said I aloud, "lies Goodale." We went faster. We rounded the bend, only to see the dusky, heart-achy, barren stretch.

"Railroads," explained I to myself, "have a way of going somewhere."



STEEL TOWERS TO CARRY ELECTRIC TRANSMISSION WIRES FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER TO BUTTE, MONTANA, 135 MILES DISTANT

No doubt this track had been laid for the express purpose of guiding hungry folks to the hospitable little village. We plunged on for an hour. Meanwhile my orders to the trim little woman in the white apron increased steadily. She smiled broadly but winsomely, showing those charming beefsteak-polished teeth. They shone like a beacon ahead of me, for it was now dark.

Suddenly we came upon a sign-board. We went up to it, struck a match and read breathlessly,—"GOODALE."

We looked about us. Goodale was a switch and a box-car.

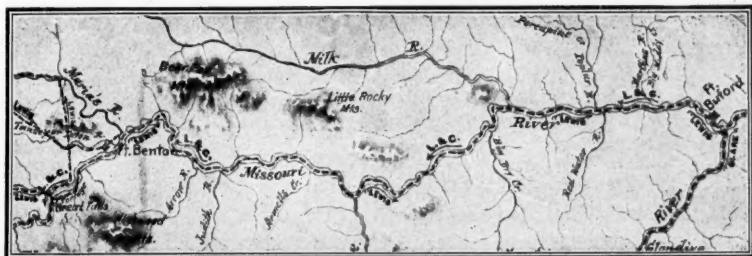
Nothing beside remains.

I quoted audibly:

'round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Alas for the trim little lady with the white teeth and the smile and the beefsteak!

We said bitter things there in that waste about the man with the information. We loaded his memory with anathemas. One cannot eat a sign-board, even with so inviting a name upon it. An idea struck me and I sat down and delivered myself of it to my companions, who had also



"Trail of Lewis and Clark," 1904

ROUTE OF LEWIS AND CLARK FROM MOUTH OF THE YELLOWSTONE TO THE FALLS OF THE MISSOURI

lusted after the flesh-pots. "We have wronged that man with the information," said I. "He was no ordinary individual; he was a prophet: he simply got his dates mixed. In precisely one hundred years from now, there will be a town on this spot—and a restaurant! Shall we wait?"

They cursed me bitterly. I suspect neither of them is a philosopher. Thereat I proceeded to eat a thick

juicy steak from the T-bone portion of an unborn steer, served by the trim little lady of a hundred years hence, there in that potential village of Goodale. And as I smoked my cigarette, I felt very thankful for all the beautiful things that do not exist.

And I slept that night in the great front bedroom, the ceiling of which is of diamond and turquoise.

(See page 380.)

(To be continued)



MATERNITY

WITHIN the crib that stands beside my bed
A little form in sweet abandon lies,
And as I bend above, with misty eyes,
I know how Mary's heart was comforted.

O World of Mothers! Blest are we who know
The ecstasy—the deep, God-given thrill—
That Mary felt, when all the earth was still,
In the Judean starlight, long ago.

ANNE P. L. FIELD.

ORANGE LILY

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS

I



DAWN had broken over Italy, and morning in honeysuckle colours burnt upon the mountain mists. Far below a lofty hillside the world still slumbered, and Como, like a jewel of gold and turquoise, shone amid her flowery margins. The hour was very early still; the little towns and hamlets, scattered beside the lake like clusters of shells—white and rosy and lemon—drowsed on until thin music broke from their campaniles. Bell answered bell, and the chiming of them made a girdle of throbbing harmony round the Larian Lake, floated across its waters and ascended in fading melody aloft among the mountain crowns.

A girl toiled up the great acclivity behind Griante. She was handsome and powerful, and built on larger lines than most Italian women. Her dark and lustrous beauty shone under the pure morning light, and as she moved upward through the dewy dayspring, her strength was manifested by the heavy burden that she bore. A deep basket, whose mouth arose above her head, and whose base extended below her hips, rode upon Assunta's shoulders, and in it was packed a great mass of fresh and shining leaves.

The silkworms had nearly all spun their cocoons now, for it was June, and the annual crop of mulberry leaves had well-nigh become exhausted. Where Assunta Marzelli dwelt among the hills with her mother

and followed the general industry of silkworm breeding, mulberry leaves were beginning to grow very scarce, and from time to time a pilgrimage for their food was necessary until the last tardy caterpillars had changed their state.

The girl passed now over a dry watercourse, where, at rainy seasons, mountain torrents ran; then, still climbing upward, she tramped by zigzag pathways through acres of cultivation all trembling into light and colour and beauty as the sun ascended.

Here the vine was queen, and round about her rained the scented filigree of flowering olives; a million clusters of infant grapes rounded among her great leaves, and between her ranks there sprang alternate patches of corn, yellowing to harvest, and the lush green of growing maize. Figs and almonds, and rows of red and white mulberry trees, with naked branches stripped of foliage, broke the lines of the crops; and here the hedges were full of bright, scarlet cherries; and here sheep and goats were nibbling over little tracts of sweet grass full of flowers. Higher yet shone out groves of chestnut trees, all glossy with the lemon light of their inflorescence.

Assunta toiled on till the gardens were left behind, and she stood on a hill-path that turned and twisted abruptly higher and yet higher, with little shrines at its elbows. Presently she stopped before a small chapel, took off her great basket, and rested her shoulders. She breathed deep, and anxiety and doubt haunted her dark face. Upon it sat an expression very stern for a girl of eighteen.

The lake now seemed reduced to a pure and brimming cup of liquid green, over which shot streamers of light into the mountain shadows at its brink; but there was that floating on the water that held the watcher's eyes, and filled them with great unrest.

It looked like a toy torpedo-boat—lying a mere red and black streak on the lake—with Italy's flag hanging over the taffrail. But the little vessel was no toy. Men manned her, and Assunta hated her, for the strange craft meant trouble to one she loved.

Long shafts of golden glory shot between the mountains and drenched the lake; the shoulders of the lesser hills flamed; the waters beneath them flashed; and far away, above the table-lands of the morning mist, against the pale sapphire of the sky, there gleamed the last patches of snow. Around the girl's perch spread a living garden of wild flowers. Rosy coronilla, silky scabius, astragalus, mountain pinks, sun-roses, orchids and the feathers of the rhus, were all casting their beauty about her; and, as the risen sun now touched the hill and warmed the limestone ledges, small lizards peeped about; butterflies opened ebony and scarlet wings or danced aloft together; grasshoppers, with red thighs, began their husky music. Light ineffable awoke and widened over the world—the light of Italian earth and water and sky, the transparent, vibrating, melting light that none can tell or paint. Assunta rose, turned round and moved towards the chapel behind her. Her feet were naked, and she wore the wooden sandals of the country. They half slipped from her foot at each step, and, as they dragged the earth, made a little purring, gentle sound, pleasant to the ear.

According to her mood, she was wont to tune her morning devotions upon the mountain—and pray now at one shrine and now at another. To-day the gloomy fit was upon her, and she knelt where a grating shielded the chapel sanctuary. A cross of

rusty iron rose above the building, and the roof was of old tile, scorched mellow pink and brown and black; to Maris Stella was the place dedicate; and within, under the altar, white bones gleamed out—skulls and thighs and ribs—the fragments of men and women who had perished of the plague in times long past.

"*Morti della peste*," read Assunta on the front of the altar. She almost envied a skull that grinned out at her. Somebody's troubles were ended; somebody, who had once ached and wept, would ache no more and weep no more; summer heat and winter frost alike left this dust indifferent now. An olive hung above the chapel, and in the dawn-light its leaves shivered, and a twinkle of silver passed over them. And here Assunta knelt and prayed, or rather commanded, Mary, Star of the Sea, to hear her. Her prayers were often very imperious. She was young, and the world seemed made chiefly as a theatre for her life and happiness. But light was impossible without darkness, and joy, without a background of unrest.

Presently she rose, not much more cheerful for her petitions, and a man approached her, coming at a gentle jog-trot down the hill. The mountaineer carried a mightier burden than Assunta. His basket ascended high above his head, and it was stuffed with a mule-load of grass and lucerne. Under his towering mass of fragrant stuff the man bowed and moved along. He was big-boned, broad-shouldered, and very powerful, with gentle eyes like a dog's, and a bristling chin that had not known a razor for a week. His feet were unshod; his hairy legs were naked to the knees. The muscles of his calves were very large. He carried a sickle in one hand, a rake in the other, and with the end of the rake he steadied his footsteps on the steep track. He was clad in sombre, sober earth colours; yet there flamed one splash of splendid light about him, for in his hat, like a torch, burnt a great orange lily that he had plucked upon the mountains and stuck there

for simple love of its mottled beauty. Thus he always adorned himself while the flower blew, and the folk had nicknamed him for it. Hardly any knew him by another name.

Assunta saw the coming figure, and knelt again, hoping that he would pass and not observe her. She knew him well enough, but felt in no friendly mood to-day. Her basket betrayed her, however. The man passed it, recognised it, saw her within the little chapel, and, putting down his own load, waited for her to finish her orisons and come forth. A nervous tremor marked him at the sight of the girl, and he looked very hungrily where she knelt. Above them towered the precipices under Monte Crocione, and day, now lighting those dizzy stars of stone, flowed and swept on rainbow-colored wings downward over the green slopes and meadows to the forests, the chestnut and walnut groves and the glens and dingles and wild watercourses spreading beneath.

Assunta Marzelli, when she perceived that the man did not intend to depart without some words, approached him presently, and he rose and bowed and saluted her with uncovered hair.

"How are you, and how are the silkworms, Assunta?" he asked.

"They have nearly all spun their shrouds now; sometimes I wish I could spin mine," she said in a clear but sad voice.

"Nay, but you must be much braver than that. If you choose to love a smuggler, you must carry in your breast a heart as stout as his."

"I wish I did not love him. Oh, 'Orange Lily,' sometimes I wish I had never seen him."

He followed her eyes to the lake, and the little boat upon it.

"Cæsar Falco?" he asked.

She nodded.

"You are a very difficult girl to help," he declared. "I should be proud and happy if I could help you; but what can anyone do for you? Was there ever such a fix as yours? Still, you will do wisely to decide with speed between them."

"Why do you say that I must decide?"

"Because the world is not large enough for those two men while you remain in doubt. A time is coming when they will decide for you, if you do not for yourself. And, more than that, they meet presently—the smuggler and the exciseman—Marco and Cæsar. They will meet, and they mean to meet. And after that, there will only be one left for you to love. So—so, if you have not decided between them, I tell you that you ought to decide. Otherwise there will be a fine man missing from Griante very soon. It may already be too late, Assunta."

"Have I not decided years ago? I despise and loathe Cæsar. You are a great croaker, 'Orange Lily,' and yet what you croak is like enough to be. I know that only too well. Three nights ago my Marco was inventing songs at the inn below there. You know how he can sing of everything and everybody, and make the men start up and the girls blush; and then away again he goes with his guitar tinkling. He touches every subject as lightly as that butterfly in the flowers touches each blossom, and the people laugh and clap at his cleverness. But sometimes he says a stinging thing, and the people do not laugh. Three nights ago Cæsar did not laugh. He was off duty, and sat in a corner with his wine—thinking of me, wretched man. And Marco Bazzanti improvised about the torpedo-boat with her busy, sleepless eye that flashes round the lake by night. He sang how it sees everything, but is always ready to look the other way when the smugglers are getting a cargo down from the hills to cross to Lecco. Then, when the precious goods are safe, the search-boat comes—for her share of the spoil."

"It is true enough," said "Orange Lily." "The smugglers leave tea and coffee and cigars for the boat with the electric eye; and the officers in the boat always know where to find them. Everybody knows how they play into each other's hands."

"Yes, it is true enough. But Cæsar Falco was very angry."

"Of course, just because it is true. It is a painful truth. It stabs a sore place. Yet it was not at all the sort of thing that ought to be sung at inns by a man like your lover. Everybody understands what he is, Assunta, and what he does, and where his money and rings come from. It is a grand life and an exciting and splendid life; but it is also a very dangerous life. He has been fired at often, and escaped by his own shadow. If they caught him, you very well know what would happen, Assunta."

"They never will catch him. Only Cæsar wants to catch him. Marco Bazzanti is a very fine man, and I love him. I am brave myself, and I like bravery in others. Yet sometimes I hate Marco for making me so anxious and troubled. I hate him for torturing me about himself. Sometimes I feel that peace is best; sometimes I would rather marry even you, 'Orange Lily,' if you would have me—and be done with all my fears. For you would never frighten me and keep me awake crying in the night."

These words made him set his teeth and wipe his forehead; but a laugh that accompanied Assunta's utterance had little of hope in it for the mountain man.

"I will always be your slave and help you if I can and where I can," he promised.

They spoke further, and he warned her once more that a climax was approaching between two of the men who loved her. Then he helped Assunta with her basket, and set it on her back again. He watched her depart, and sat awhile in thought. Presently he rose, shouldered his own load, and plodded down the hill to Griante, while she still climbed on where her home, with a pale yellow face and green shuttered windows, looked out from its perch aloft between two cypress spires.

Suddenly "Orange Lily" lifted his hands to his mouth and shouted up to the girl.

"I forgot to tell you that Marco is at your home now. He is waiting there for you. Be as quick as you can, for he is in a great hurry to-day!"

II

The largest chamber in the widow Marzelli's house was devoted to her silkworms. One lofty, shuttered apartment fitted with shelves to the ceiling filled the greater part of the dwelling, and dividing the cane partitions, there rose tall branches of brushwood. They made walls between the caterpillar-trays and ascended to the roof. Out of the cool gloom of this strange chamber there glimmered, as it seemed, a thousand little lamps dotted everywhere on the sticks and walls and ceiling. Not a place where a caterpillar could climb and spin was unadorned, for the oval, shining things, scattered like ripe yellow fruit on the dry twigs and making radiance light on every side through the stuffy atmosphere of the place, were cocoons. The silkworms that spun them had descended through countless generations from those historic eggs stolen by Nestorian pilgrims out of China, and carried thence secretly in hollow sticks to Constantinople some thirteen hundred years before. The worms had nearly all done their work and completed their silken cases, but a couple of hundred fat, white monsters, each some three inches long, still remained in a tray upon the ground, and they fastened greedily on the fresh leaves that Assunta spread for them. Others were but beginning their cases. They had sketched them, as it were, and the big creatures were visible busily weaving in the preliminary bag they had made of transparent and glittering filament. A few caterpillars began to turn yellow, and the girl picked them up and held them to the morning light.

While she was doing so, Marco Bazzanti himself came to meet Assunta. He was a blonde, merry personage, and tough as steel.

He lived a life of exceeding peril,

yet sang through it, and never seemed happier than in the atmosphere of self-sought danger. Music was this man's god, but the *improvisatore* came not to sing to his sweetheart to-day. The things that "Orange Lily" had told her were true, yet only part of the truth. The long battle—not between honesty and fraud, but between rival lovers—promised to come to an end that night, and Marco was full of a great adventure. He revealed a plot within a plot, and explained how Cæsar, the exciseman, was to be lured to his own undoing before dawn of another day.

To understand the lawless cynicism of Bazzanti's enterprise, to realise how this handsome, laughing-eyed young man could thus in the light of morning between puffs of a cigarette, detail the brutal destruction he had schemed for his enemy, it must be remembered that on Como reign historic feuds. The warfare persists pitilessly from generation to generation, and an endless, fierce, and even bloody battle is waged between protectionist Italy and certain of her most adventurous and least honest sons. Not ten miles from the uplifted home of the Marzelli there opened Val Cavargna, the smugglers' high road from Switzerland to the South. It is watched by day and night. Small armies of men mounted and afoot, riders and climbers and scouts, haunt these frontier fastnesses armed to the teeth. They have power to fire upon the smugglers and sometimes exercise it; but despite so many precautions, despite the torpedo-boats and the electric search-lights on Como's nightly waters, despite silent, dark patrols that speed in launches up and down her shores the game continues to be worth the candle. Much tobacco, tea, coffee and lace come hither into Italy, and, if successfully run, a good cargo will set a rascal up for life. Collusion, too, is largely responsible for the success attaching to these enterprises, and when Marco publicly sang that the Customs men often turned aside their searchlight at critical moments and received heavy payments in kind for

so doing, he only told the truth. The same thing happens to-day, and everybody knows it; but what all know, none will tell again.

"Remember," said the smuggler, "that ill fate which befell me long ago, when my father lived and I was little more than a child. This wretch, this Falco's father, caught me with a pound of tobacco—no more—and I was sent to prison for eighteen months. My father swore to be revenged, and he had a good shot at old Falco one night in Val Cavargna; and the man had two fingers less than other people on his left hand in consequence to his dying day. But a year or more later he turned the tables, and caught my father at last. As you know, the result was that Pietro Bazzanti, who certainly had a great deal to answer for, died in prison. But now the time has come for me to pay off old scores on Cæsar, and my own scores, too. It is my turn and my saint is very favourable, so the thing will fall out as I wish it, be sure of that."

"At the cave?" Assunta asked, and her lover nodded.

"A very simple matter, and I only want fair play; but that is the last thing I shall get if Falco can prevent it. The plot is good. He has been told by somebody—Giuseppe Lovenio, the boatman—that I bring a cargo down from Acquaseria two hours after midnight. To the mouth of the dry watercourse under Griante it is to come, and I shall be single-handed. This is all quite true, you understand. Well, he will be ready for me when I arrive alone in a boat. The moon will be bright in the sky. Falco has laid his secret plans on what my friend has told him. He is quite as eager for the night to come as I am. He thirsts to cover himself with glory. I shall be surprised and followed. Upon Cæsar, of course, is to fall the credit of the capture. He will take good care of that. To the hills I run—to my cave, and he comes after. But be sure he will have his men close behind in case of need. I shall struggle upwards before him, taking care to let him see

which way I go. Then, above the chapel of St. Martino I run along my little goat-path to the cave, and still he follows—plenty of moonlight to help him—and I flutter on before, like a bird with a broken wing, until we come to the cavern. Once there—good-bye to Cæsar Falco. He will come in, but I do not much think he will ever go out again, poor fellow.”

“There are his men to reckon with. He won’t come alone.”

“I know that, my Assunta. It is the reason why I am here now, to tell you these things before they happen, instead of afterwards. I do not want his men in my cavern. No, no; they would be very much in the way. None come there who go out again but Marco himself. I look for you, my pretty girl, to stop his friends. It is quite easy. There is arranged a very simple barrier. My father planned it, and showed it to me years go, and I have improved it. You must help to-night, if need be. Come now, and I will show you all that you may have to do.”

“This is good,” said his sweetheart, with firm lips. “I am glad to help.”

“You will make no mistake. Do you not come of the free traders, Assunta?” answered Marco.

“But you have promised that after this year—” she said.

“Sooner, sooner than that,” declared the smuggler. “Let Cæsar be out of the way, and the things to be done shall all be done within a week. I have tobacco and watches and lace worth two thousand lire in my cave. They may bring us even more than that. A great turmoil will follow the event of to-night, and, while it lasts and everybody is crying for Cæsar, I shall get across down the Lecco and sell my fortune; and nobody will ever see me here again. They will think that I have gone with Cæsar to finish our quarrel in Hades. Then we depart to Switzerland, you and I, and lead a very good, pious life and forget that there is such a lake as Como, or that there was such a busy man as Cæsar Falco. Could anything be better than that for us?

And your mother will have to find somebody else to tend the silkworms. She must marry again. She is a fine woman still, and only thirty-five.”

The prospect pleased Assunta, for she did not love her home, and was glad to think of leaving it.

“Tell me now how I must help to-night,” said she.

“Come, then. Time flies, and I shall have to disappear before noon.”

They went out together and ascended to a plateau, where San Martino’s little church stood perched above the precipices.

Marco Bazzanti, though in truth Assunta cared not over-much about him if he was out of her sight, could always wake a mighty fervour and adoration in her heart when they met. He was of the spirit of the aristocrat, but his record was a dark one; he had done very bad things that could not be talked about. There was blood on his hands. She felt frightened sometimes when she thought of being his wife. Then he came and chattered and proved himself a fine and devout lover. He made songs to her, and behaved like a heedless boy one moment and a passionate lover the next. He dispelled the sensation of doubt by his actual presence always. In his company she felt proud of him, for men cringed before him and accounted him a hero; and now she raged against the ministers of law for his sake, and rejoiced in her hot blood to think of what would presently overtake Marco’s zealous rival.

“Let me help, let me help,” she said again and again.

“It is only fair and right,” he, answered. “Cæsar—son of a dog—wants to marry you himself. I forgive him for that. Every bachelor must do so. But he will die for it, none the less. He thinks that I shall be behind bars, or else in hell, to-morrow; and that is where he will be very mistaken, for it is he who will descend into darkness, not I.”

Together they climbed where the little church of San Martino, with its green doors and russet spire, hangs like a bright bird’s nest on a dizzy bluff

half-way up the mountains. They passed into the thickets beyond it, and Marco went first, for the road grew dangerous. Out on to the crags he presently crept, with sure-footed Assunta behind him; then, after many a giddy turn and twist, the road—known only to Bazzanti and one or two of his friends—ascended to a stairway hidden in overhanging scrub. It appeared to end abruptly here, but the precipice which beetled above was tunnelled. An aperture, wide enough for the passage of a man, existed upon its face; and this passage followed for ten yards, led into a chamber hidden within the heart of the hill. This cave was dry and of a large size. Twenty men might have occupied it together. The walls had been scooped into recesses, and these receptacles were fitted with heavy cupboards of rough timber.

"Here we shall come into my little underground château; and I shall presently return, and my enemy will not," declared Marco. "He will take a header to Dis."

The smuggler lighted a lantern and showed Assunta a deep well-mouth that yawned in the floor of the cavern. Round this orifice, falling into the darkness below, there were suspended many ropes.

"Our fortune hangs here—yours and mine and our friends'," explained Bazzanti. "From these ropes dangle a great many very precious things brought out of Switzerland. They will be drawn up soon now. But first Falco shall descend. No rope for him! He will go down—down—down beyond the reach of all ropes, and not come up again—you understand? Not till the Last Day! He is only Falco to my Aquila, after all. The hawk is a strong bird, but the eagle is king of the air."

She nodded and flinched not. The singer's spell was on her. Had she been asked to do so, Assunta would herself have thrust his rival down to death at that moment.

"And now your part," he continued. "That lies outside on the path—very easy, too; you will do it well and

cleverly. There may not happen to be need of it, if he comes alone; but he is a great coward, and I am very sure he will not come alone. Falco does not fight Aquila single-handed."

The smuggler extinguished a lantern, emerged from his hiding-place, and led his sweetheart to a spot above the path outside.

Fifty yards from the mouth of the cave a rock rose immediately above the track and hung over it. The stone was lightly poised on a greater one and Marco now showed Assunta how, by application of slight force from above, this boulder might be dislodged in a moment.

"My father thought of the trick when he worked here long ago, and I have improved his plan and made all easy. See, it shakes at a touch! A child could throw it down. A child—yes; but not all the preventive men on Como could pull it up again. So you sit here beside it, ready, Assunta, and if none follows Cæsar, do nothing but wait for me until I return to you. If others come with our friend, however, then that is not fair, you see, so you must help and just topple the stone over."

"On them?"

"No, no; I have no quarrel with them. Andrea and Paggi and Castaglione are all very good-hearted, jolly fellows. We understand each other quite well. But I do not want them here to-night. They must not know what is in my little cave; they are too greedy. They demand so much more than their share always. So you drop the stone, and—behold! there is no path. A goat could not go on. I alone should know what to do next. If that happens, they will have the bare wall above them and the precipice below. And they will talk a good deal and wait a long time for their captain; and then they will go down again—and ask me to explain all about it some other day when we meet at a drinking-shop. But I do not fear them. They are not very fond of Falco. He is a hard master. Therefore, when I come back from Cæsar and they hear that

he is not going to return to them, I shall soon have an understanding with them again."

"If they seek to follow him, I must drop the stone?"

"That is so; and then you wait for me. You will be safe enough if you do not move."

"I do not want to be safe if my eagle is in danger," she said; whereupon he crowed and caressed her.

The place, difficult of access by day, promised to be doubly so after night-fall. It looked as though the girl, whether she desired danger or not, would be called upon to risk her fill of it. But she was mountain-bred, and knew no fear of steep ways or dizzy cliffs. She climbed thrice to the perch she was destined to occupy and made sure of every footstep. Then, along with her lover, she returned to San Martino.

"To pray together will be a very wise and proper thing," he declared; therefore she knelt beside him while he doffed his hat and implored the saint of that sequestered sanctuary to smile upon his plans. Then they kissed and parted. The smuggler went his dubious way till midnight, while Assunta returned to her home.

III

The custom-house officers of Como are organised upon a military basis, and some among them can only pretend to more honesty than those they are supposed to control. Marco vowed that all *doganieri* were thieves; and certain it is that his special enemy, Cæsar Falco, had proved no exception to the rule. He was a mean scoundrel, despite his white ducks, smart carriage, showy uniform, and sounding title of Brigadier of Finanziieri. No customs officer had prospered on bribery to better purpose than Cæsar, and it was not in the cause of honesty, but for private ends, that he now sought the destruction of his rival. Chance as it seemed was giving Marco into his hand, and relentlessly, pitilessly, he prepared to follow up the good fortune of war.

The success of his enterprise looked assured, and Brigadier Falco, as he got on a torpedo-launch and cleaned a pistol, longed for night to come. For was it not Giuseppe Lóveno, Bazzanti's own closest friend and fellow-smuggler, who had sold him? The whole story rang plausible and true. Giuseppe—a middle-aged blackguard well enough known on Como—came to Cæsar with the news that he and Marco had quarrelled to the knife over a large cargo. Nothing was more natural than that this should happen, and many a successful smuggler before Bazzanti had thus fallen a victim to his greed.

"He would not pay me my fair share, because I am getting a little old," said Lóveno, "and now I will pay him instead—in coin he will not like—and you shall revenge me and give me my share afterwards, and keep his for yourself. On such a night, single-handed, he brings many fine things down from Acquaseria. He will most certainly land by the dried watercourse under San Martino, and then he will carry the goods—lace and watches this time—to his secret cave in the cliffs. He will hide all the contraband there until a chance comes to get it over the water to Lecco; and so you have only got to lie in wait, and let him get a little start, and then follow him up the hill. You will soon run him down and find his treasure-house and bottle him up in it. After that you can take his property and give me my share, and get very great credit for catching the famous man."

Lóveno added further directions, and whetted the exciseman's cupidity with accounts of great treasure in the cave.

To destroy so notorious a smuggler must prove a valuable achievement for the Brigadier in many ways. It promised increase of his own credit with the service he represented and served so ill, and it also promised Assunta Marzelli. So, at least, he argued. He had no mind to stay his hand or even attempt a capture. He wanted his rival to die, and meant

that he should do so. Once at grips with the smuggler, Cæsar was as fully resolved on violence as Marco himself.

His fingers twitched already over a trigger.

"To shoot him will be the sure and safe thing," thought Falco. "But not until my rat has shown me the way to his hole. He will try to use a knife, and expect me to do the same: but pistols can talk quicker. All is fair in love and war."

So the trap was baited, and Brigadier Falco walked in. It remained for fate to decide whether he would ever walk out again, or whether Marco Bazzanti, singer and smuggler, was to catch a tartar.

Moonlight swept over Como, and the mountains reared their heads impalpable as mist above it. The stars of heaven shone, and the stars of earth, in shape of little fire-flies, twinkled through the groves, and flashed among the great flowering oleanders, mimosas, and magnolias at the water's brink. Peace and perfume of flowers haunted the still margins of the lake. All lamps were extinguished, save where the watch-dog glare of the little torpedo-destroyer swept lake and land with its fan of flame. The searchlight was never still, but moved restlessly this way and that, and hovered over earth and water, like some mighty night-moth with white shining wings. Now the radiance lit Menaggio's silent shore; now it turned upon Belaggio's promontory; now it touched a campanile where slept Varenna's silver bells.

But the flashing electric eye seemed to avoid a stretch of bank under Griante. Cæsar Falco's directions were very carefully carried out, and where he lay hidden in an old boat-house at the point of Bazzanti's pending arrival, the light did not linger, but flowed past swiftly.

The thing happened as Giuseppe Lovenio had foretold, and after midnight Marco came in a boat alone. Cæsar suffered him to land, then leapt from his place of concealment with two men at his heels. Where-

upon the smuggler, leaving his sham bales instantly fled up a dry water-course to the hills, and Falco, a man as tough and active as himself, set out in pursuit. The other officers came after; but they were directed to keep behind. So the long, stern chase began—a hunt and flight only destined to terminate in Marco's hiding-place under the frontier crags of Crocione, two thousand feet above the lake.

Elsewhere Assunta prepared for her tryst, and as she went to it the big man called "Orange Lily" met her and walked for a while beside her. He very well knew that some desperate thing was to be done and asked why the girl now ascended to San Martino alone at this hour; but she was impatient, and made short answer. She declared that she went to pray to St. Martin for Marco Bazzanti; and then she bade the mountaineer begone. He begged her to take no part in the night's work; he then fell unwillingly behind, and she saw him no more.

Anon Assunta sat above the path, watched the moon rise over Lecco, and heard the slow hours tolled off from a bell-tower far below. Nocturnal things rustled and crept about her; a lynx howled far away above her head. Then long silence held the precipices and forest deeps, and it was not until an aerial tremor and premonition told of coming dawn that the thing she waited for happened at last. There came a sound of feet, and Assunta, waking from drowsiness and dreams, bent behind the great rock with every nerve alert to help her lover.

The shout and riot of pursuers and pursued reached her ears long before they appeared, and for a while she only saw Falco shining, like a flying ghost in his white uniform, where he threaded the wild path with two other men some distance in the rear. The earth-coloured figure of Marco she did not observe until the moonlight suddenly revealed him ahead of his enemy. He had broken out of the wood above San Martino, then leapt

down on to the rocky track and followed it, but not too fast.

Now Cæsar, indeed, was gaining swiftly as the other intended he should and when Bazzanti ran panting under Assunta's perch, the exciseman followed not thirty yards behind him. He, too, ran past and, as he did so, cried to his companions to remain on guard at the turn of the way, and not proceed further. Well content, they obeyed; then Marco reached his eyrie, and climbed the ascent to it not twenty yards ahead of his enemy. A moment later, and both had disappeared where the mouth of the cave yawned—a narrow, ink-black cleft on the moonlit precipice.

The time of waiting was not long, for the smuggler and his enemy had scarcely vanished when the sound of a single pistol shot burst out of the cave, and its sharp reverberations leapt ringing among the cliff faces. Now Assunta, guessing that the men below would hasten forward, made ready and strained her shoulders to fling down the rock if they should advance. Both stood firm, however, with grounded carbines; then a man hastened down out of the cave, and proceeded along the path towards them. But it was the Brigadier, and not Marco Bazzanti, who emerged alive. Cæsar's white uniform shone brightly; he stood beneath Assunta's hidden perch, and lifted his voice in exultation.

"All's well! I have shot the rogue through his back and done for him! Come on. A lantern burns in the cave."

It was true. Determined by any trick to get Cæsar Falco within his den, Bazzanti had forgotten the measure of his opponent, and just before the smuggler drew his knife, meaning to turn and grapple, Cæsar fired at a range of three yards, and slew him. Then Marco fell backward and dropped for ever from sight of man down the dark *oubliette* intended for his enemy.

The conqueror loudly shouted his triumph upon the night, but it was short-lived indeed, and ere the others

could reach him, like a thunderbolt from the sky, the hill seemed to open and shoot forth a mass of stone that descended stark on Cæsar, pinned him there, and crushed him to a mass of quivering pulp beneath it. And she who had done the deed moved not, but waited indifferent for the carbines to make an end of her.

The horrified officers failed for a moment to see that living hands, and not a thunderbolt, had swept their chief out of life and after his enemy. Assunta—motionless under the moonlight and half hidden in the black shadow of a juniper—they did not instantly perceive; but suddenly from aloft above her there came loud clatter, speedy movement, and glimpses of a big man hastily creeping along the cliff. Him the *doganieri* swiftly sighted, and their carbines bellowed at him, and the lead spat and split to right and left of his body. But their hasty aim was bad, and the man crept on unhurt amid the ledges of a naked cliff. That he could escape appeared impossible, and, conscious that their companion had perished, the officers loaded leisurely to fire again. But the man on the cliff moved swiftly as a snake, and when they prepared to sight him he had vanished, and only a rattle of stones and rustle of boughs told of the path that he pursued invisible. They fired again fruitlessly, and then gave chase to their comrade's murderer, for such they supposed the fugitive to be.

It was "Orange Lily" who had dogged Assunta, watched over her, and now, at risk of his own life, saved hers. The mountains were his home and playground from childhood. He was as safe upon them as a lynx would have been. He brought the pursuers farther and farther away, and presently, leading both to a lofty ledge, whence departure, for them, was impossible before daylight, he left them in some peril there, and returned again to the scene of the tragedy.

But Assunta Marzelli was gone. The corpse of Falco still lay under the rock that she had flung down upon him, and the place above, where she

had sat, was empty. To the cavern her saviour presently crawled, yet could find no sign of life within it. The hole echoed to his low cry, but none answered. A lantern still burnt and showed that Marco's haunt was deserted.

The woman had, however, been there to seek her sweetheart, and, not finding him, had understood his end.

"Orange Lily" met Assunta three days later, and told her how Bazzanti's haunt had been searched and his hoard secured by the excisemen.

"I could not save your treasure," he said mournfully.

"But you saved my life," answered she. "If so, it is yours—yours to take or leave at your will. I do not want it any more. You climbed among bullets only to save me, though

much I longed to die on the cliff that night."

For answer the big man knelt down at her feet, as though he was praying to a shrined Madonna.

"And know this," she said. "His cave will be a holy place to me forever, because Marco Bazzanti loved me grandly. And I shall visit San Martino sometimes, after we are married, and pray for his brave spirit. You must not say no to that."

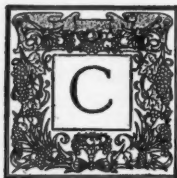
"As often as you please," promised "Orange Lily"; "and as for me, I shall pray for Cæsar Falco too, because, not only was he called away red-handed, but, by going when he did and doing what he did, he obliged me very much, Assunta Marzelli. And I shall certainly burn some big candles for the peace of his soul. He deserves them from me."

MAKING A SMALL FARM PAY

THE REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT OF AN INEXPERIENCED PARSON

By A. W. DAY

[Since the following article was written, we have received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Detrich in which he tells how his little farm became famous. Some six or seven years ago two men appeared, unannounced, at the back porch of Mr. Detrich's farmhouse. A washerwoman who was at work there called up the backstairs, "There are a couple of peddlers out here with packs on their backs who want to see you." The farmer came down at once and found that one of the men was Mr. W. J. Spillman, Agriculturist in Charge of Farm Management Investigations, Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture. The other "peddler" was his assistant. Their "packs" contained cameras and tripods. Mr. Spillman said they had come to see the farm but were in a hurry and could stay only until the next train. The three men started off at a quick pace to the dairy barn. Arrived there, the visitors could scarcely believe what they saw. "Does your barn always look like this?" asked Mr. Spillman. He was assured that it did. "Were your cows washed this morning?" "I never wash them." This was followed by further questions, and then the investigators got down to work. Instead of taking the next train for Washington, they stayed until four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day. They had remained in conversation with Mr. Detrich until midnight on the day of their arrival, and returned to the farm at five o'clock the next morning. The result of their visit was an article by Mr. Spillman which appeared in the Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture, 1903, under the title of "A Model Farm." The demands for reprints of this were so numerous that in 1906 it was re-issued in a sixteen-page pamphlet as Farmers' Bulletin No. 242. When every small farm in this country is managed as capably as this one, the United States will be able to sustain much more than twice its present population.—THE EDITOR.]



AN a man make a living for himself and family by farming fifteen acres of land only thirteen acres of which are under cultivation? Some farmers have failed with a hundred, some with a thousand acres, of naturally fertile soil. We know that menace to rural prosperity—the mortgage—is often the result of crop failure. The farmer also says that prices are too low to make any profits, that he cannot grow a “money” harvest. In short, he always has a quiver full of reasons for his hard luck, and they all clear him from blame.

Fifteen acres would seem too few for a profitable farm, especially if its soil needed enriching yearly, and one had the winter climate of Pennsylvania against him. It might be planted in fruit, if the owner could stand the loss of an off year; but as for a farm pure and simple, the average tiller of the soil would shake his head and say: “No use to try to get a livin’ off of *that*. Not enough of it.”

That’s the idea. So many farmers believe that more success comes with more soil cultivated—no matter how cultivated,—that, to use a common saying, they “bite off more than they can chew.” Trying to do too much, the year’s end finds their expenses more than their receipts. That is often what leads to the farm mortgage, or what is worse—borrowing on notes and putting one’s nose to the grindstone to meet the eight and ten per cent. interest charges.

Well, to get back to that *fifteen*-acres farm in Pennsylvania, here is an absolutely true story of how one man got a living from it, and a good living at that. When he bought the place he had never guided a plow handle or pitched a “fork” of hay. He preferred country life to city life, and determined to get enough out of the land if possible to pay the living and running expenses, without thought of profit. Some rural ministers know when, what and how to

plant, the kind of earth suitable for certain grains and grasses, what the slope of a hillside means in increasing labor, the effect of swampy land on certain seeds. But this minister did not. He was equally ignorant about the care of live-stock, the best breeds for such a locality, how to make them give more milk, and other knowledge so necessary on the farm. The Rev. Josiah D. Detrich determined, however, to make it go if possible. He did a great deal of reading and thinking about agriculture—becoming what, out West, they call a “brain farmer.” It was not an easy task, for there was so much extra work to be performed before he could get everything running as he wanted it, but the system he had planned was finally completed, and the farm routine then proceeded without a hitch.

The result? When the nature-loving preacher began operations he had a mortgage of \$7200 on the property. The first year he came out just \$46 behind his expenses; but in the next six years he paid the mortgage and stopped this drain on his income—without borrowing a dollar. All of the money was the surplus income from this little corner of Pennsylvania. To-day its herd of seventeen milch cows earn \$2400 every year at an expense for their “keep” of only \$625; and milk is only one source of revenue.

No wonder the average farmer asks: How can he do it? The answer shows that there is no magic in it. Nature has been no more generous to this land in climate and soil than to many other farms. No fancy fruit or vegetables are raised under glass to sell at a fancy profit. The money comes from the ordinary farm products. What this man has done, the ordinary farmer can do, and perhaps with his larger experience might do better. So the way Mr. Detrich has earned his good fortune is worth the telling.

His first task was to enrich the land, for it was so exhausted that it did not produce enough forage for the two cows and horse that tried to exist in

the "pasture" of the former owner. From that day the owner's motto was "no waste"; and his economies related especially to manure. Now thirty head of cattle keep sleek and fat on the feed that comes yearly from this same area. The average harvest of every green thing has greatly increased, because the soil has been enriched by the use of stable manure applied directly from the barn, as it was produced. The system of handling manure is such that none is lost, either liquid or solid. No commercial fertilizers have been used, and no manure has been hauled from outside. The bulk of the crops is fed to the animals, and is thus largely returned to the land in the form of manure. Of course much valuable fertilizer is added to the farm annually from the rich mill products fed to the cows. The coarse fodder is all raised on the farm, but all the grain is bought.

Here is indicated another reason for the new farmer's success. He tried intensive agriculture rather than the production of variety, and decided to make milk one of his few sources of income, so the farm is a dairy farm, the only products regularly sold being milk and a few head of young cattle each year. The cows are all registered Jerseys, except one or two picked up at sales on neighboring farms. They are not only pure bred but they are well bred. There is not a "star boarder" in the herd. Male calves, if worthy of it, are reared for breeding purposes, but none is raised for veal. If a calf is not fit to raise as a breeder, it is killed at birth. "It does n't pay to feed \$18 worth of milk to a calf that will sell for \$7," thinks the owner, who has figured it all out. The young cattle bring on an average \$100 each, and about five are sold every year.

All the milk is sold at 25 cents a gallon the year round to a State institution two miles distant. It contains on an average 5.8 per cent. of pure cream. The milk is delivered once a day, the wagon leaving the farm in the early morning. Both night's

milk and morning's milk are scrupulously cared for within an hour after being drawn. As soon as drawn, the milk is placed in bright, clean cans standing in cold water at some distance from the barn, and stirred frequently to aerate it and aid the cooling. The milk vessels are never allowed to stand around with a little milk left in them, but are washed as soon as the milk is removed, first with cold water, then with boiling, and finally again with cold. "All buckets and cans about the dairy must be treated to a bath immediately after use, and placed in the sunshine and air, and, before use again, cleansed with clean cold water." Such is the notice tacked on the barn. The amount of milk produced is nearly the same at all seasons, and averages about twenty-six gallons a day. This is equivalent to a yield of 4800 pounds a year for each of the seventeen cows.

Here is a curious thing about the farm. It has no pasture—not even a barn lot,—because the owner thinks the space more valuable for something else. He does not waste time in driving the cows to pasture and then driving them back. What's the use of doing this when they will be just as well staying in the cow barn? So he does as the Danish farmer, who is known the world over as an expert dairyman, does: he keeps them under roof from year to year. That gives him the pasture for raising food crops, and so he can own thirty head of stock where under the old plan they could not keep two in good condition.

The bill of fare of the cows is as carefully arranged as the meal of the invalid at a sanitarium; for Mr. Detrich is a great believer in the milk-giving and beef-making properties of good food. When meal-time comes the cows get what he calls their "rations." Each is divided into three "courses." A portion of it is some succulent stuff—silage in winter, and rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats, or some other green crop in summer. A second portion consists of dry hay or fodder. This is used to

improve the quality of the manure proper and adds much to the convenience of caring for the cows. A third portion is mill products, of which three kinds are used—bran, oil meal and gluten. The proportions depend on the condition of the cow and are regulated by the flow of milk and the consistency of the manure.

The green crops are fed in this way: Green rye, beginning about May 1, and continuing about four weeks, or until the rye is ready to cut for hay. Then timothy and clover are fed till peas and oats are ready. The silo is opened in July and silage is fed till early corn is ready. Enough early corn is planted to last till late corn is ready. Late corn is then fed till it is time to put it in the silo. The rest of the year silage is fed daily till green rye is ready in the spring. No quick change is ever made in the system of feeding. Even the change from green corn to silage is made gradually.

Farmer Detrich has it all down to such a fine point that the cattle eat virtually everything that is raised for them; very little is left over. It is wonderful what a small quantity of feed they require to keep them in good condition. For instance, only a quarter of an acre is planted in early corn. This is enough for them until the late corn crop is ready. From a four-acre lot comes enough corn to fill the two silos. People who are not acquainted with the silo should be told that it is a sort of food-preserver for live-stock. Into it is packed every part of the corn plant or other fodder, which is cut in pieces of suitable size by machinery. Full of sap, the "green stuff" is very heavy and packs down in such a solid mass that one silo will hold a surprisingly large quantity. The preacher-farmer found two silos, holding 100 tons, sufficient to feed his live-stock throughout the months when he could not secure their needs direct from the field.

These Jerseys are indeed fortunate. Not only do they have a course dinner

but it is all cut up for them. Everything is sliced into little pieces less than an inch in length and well salted before they put their noses into the feed trough. Each cow gets three-quarters of a pound of fine table salt a day and licks up every grain of it.

That's the way the owner of this toy farm gets the best in milk and meat; but the life of the out-of-doors is interesting. One man and a boy do the labor of the farm, except in hay harvest and during the cutting of silage; and they have all they can do. The owner does only such portions of the ordinary labor as cannot safely be entrusted to hired help, but he plans all the work, and then sees that his plans are followed strictly. So perfect is the system that the owner may leave for a week without notice to his laborers, without interruption of the regular routine. The feeding of the cows, the methods of handling the milk, of keeping the barn clean, and of disposing of the manure are all worked out so perfectly that they require very little supervision. Every green crop grown on the place is utilized for soiling purposes, more or less, the surplus being converted into hay or silage. The crops grown are rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats, and millet. At least two crops a year are harvested from most of the fields. Any farmer knows what a record this is for even naturally fertile soil. Remembering the scanty harvests when the place was farmed by muscle instead of mind, the results obtained seem almost beyond belief.

And the oddest part of it is, that the man who turned this worthless land into a profitable bit of agriculture, and with the aid of his brain created something out of nothing, is no longer its guider. As an illustration of the interest of the rural folk in everything that may better their life, when the news spread that Mr. Detrich was keeping thirty head of cattle on land which had not decently supported two animals before, he began to receive visitors. He answered their questions, took them

around the place, explained his ideas about cultivation and crop selection; and of course they had to look over every Jersey. Then they went home and told their neighbors, and the neighbors came. Finally Mr. Detrich felt he was more of a showman than a farmer. He was so overrun with curious visitors that he had not time to continue the work. He sold out at a handsome profit, and took up

another tract of land and repeated the operation. Where he has located is kept a secret. The Department of Agriculture knows, but it has promised not to tell. Ask anyone in or about Flourtown, Pennsylvania, however, and he will guide you to the little pastureless farm which, for years past, has been such an object-lesson in getting the riches of the land.

STEVENSON AND HENLEY

By BEATRICE POST CANDLER

THE MAGNETISM OF R. L. S.



SHORTLY after the earthquake on the Pacific coast in 1906, I received a letter from a friend in San Francisco, describing a weary search through its chaotic streets. He adds: "All of a sudden I came upon the monument to Stevenson which has not been harmed, and I sat down under it to rest, thankful to be for a while in such good company." The succeeding paragraphs had in them something of the joy of a man who meets an old friend unexpectedly in a desert place, the beloved friend of his youth and childhood who had somehow passed through the great vicissitudes and dangers about him and still remained alive. Amid the general ruin which had obliterated so much, in one little corner of that vast devastation nature had withheld her hand, and the monument of one man had been left standing, like the symbol of his own indestructible personality. Surely no other English author has ever had Stevenson's power of making friends after his death, or possessed to such a great degree the "genius to be loved." Having often wondered at the influence of Stevenson upon other men,

I lately set myself to reading with close attention his personal letters—letters written to his intimate friends, which betray a man's character more than all the novels he could write in a lifetime. His style is not ultra-epigrammatic; it never gives one the impression that he has thought of a good thing in the night and got up to jot it down. Nor does he lead his reader through that series of mental and vocabularistic gymnastics so fashionable to-day, but sometimes so wearisome to the unathletic brain! His English—and there is no English more beautiful than that of Stevenson—seems to flow straight from the source of a poetical mind, with the easy, musical rhythm of running water, and much of its force, and all of its charm, come from its simplicity.

In imagination I followed him "Across the Plains" and in those many other flights from poverty and a mortal disease, undertaken over and over again, sometimes with humor, always with courage; last of all I pried into that period of simple human happiness at Samoa which was the crown and culmination of his life—and as I read, all of a sudden the intense magnetism of the man came upon me also, and I too bowed down and worshipped. Why question it, after all? Who can ever explain the attraction of one temperament for another, or the influence of

one mind over another? As well one might try to explain the still sadness of a summer night; or the terrific effect of organ music on any sensitive, nervous organization; or any of the other influences, personal or impersonal, which are in a small way psychic phenomena and therefore inexplicable. Like all those who have, to a very developed degree, the power of inspiring friendship, Stevenson had felt one or two deeply romantic friendships in his own life, among which might almost be included his attachment to his wife. This lasted from the first days that he knew her as an unhappy married woman, to the time when she followed him to the South Sea Island, in that earthly paradise to spend the late honeymoon of a profoundly intellectual love. There also Stevenson, who had so often and so gallantly defied death, met it face to face at last, with the pluck which was always his predominant characteristic—asking only that he might pass out of the beauty about him with his mental faculties unimpaired, and “in his heart some late lark singing.”

To persons who have once come under the magnetism of Stevenson's personality, with its brilliancy and pathos and poetry, he will always remain, not the dead author, but the living friend and companion; the most delightful talker, the most imaginative and perfect of story-tellers.

Stevenson has been called by many names besides the “Long Scotchman” and the “Cheerful Consumptive”; and to these might also be added, by those who love him, and who would explain his peculiar loveliness, that he was a “*very parfaite gentleman*.”

W. E. H.

Any reference to Stevenson is apt to awaken interest in the two or three men with whom he was closely associated, particularly the poet friend whom he “so very dearly loved” and whose fame always seems to shine a little by reflected light. Lately, in looking over a book-review, I was surprised to come across a writer's

statement that nowadays the younger generation (his son's generation) was wont to turn to the reading of Henley when in need of a “spiritual tonic.” The writer himself confessed to a preference for Marcus Aurelius, and added that his father, in the same circumstances, found solace and fortitude in the Book of Job! We do not always respect the wisdom of our elders, but in the case of this particular family it would appear that it has not increased with generations.

The reader is earnestly admonished to peruse Mr. Henley's verses in search of the stimulating quality referred to—and he will find them graceful, sometimes charming, often trivial, always self-conscious; but in search of spiritual strength and inspiration I should recommend the Bible by preference (even though not particularly partial to the Book of Job).

Henley kindled his only spark of *feu sacré* when he wrote, “Out of the Night which Covers Me.” There, something of a finer force seems to carry him for a span beyond the circle of his own littleness. But, after all, it is a poor singer who cannot sing us one fine song in a lifetime, and it is a weak soul at best that never rises to reach its one little moment of divinity. Henley had his moment. Perhaps there were others also, which we would more readily recognize if it were not for his unfortunate tendency to compare himself with Stevenson.

I once heard a lady speak of Henley's talent to a man who was an old and faithful lover of Stevenson's, and still smarted at the treachery meted out to his memory by the pen of his poet friend. “Henley, Madame,” cried the old gentleman, “*don't speak to me of Henley!*”

So we will take the hint. Henley after all is dead. Peace to his soul and to his rather mediocre poetry! In that Land where he has gone to meet his old friend once more—the friend whose fame it should have been his dearest privilege to praise,—no doubt the gentle and loyal spirit of Stevenson has forgiven him.



The Lounger



THE wedding of Miss Clara Clemens to Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch at the bride's home, "Stormfield," Redding, Conn., was as picturesque as the story of the courtship and wedding of these two musicians could possibly suggest. I have spoken of Mr. Clemens's country home more than once in these pages, and it has been pictured here as well. A more romantic setting for a romantic wedding could not possibly be imagined. It was a small wedding (only the immediate friends of the family were present), and it took place in the drawing-room of the house. The bride, as is the wont of brides, was dressed in white, and so was Mr. Clemens, who gave his daughter away. He wore one of his famous white flannel suits topped by the scarlet cap and gown which he wore when his degree was conferred upon him by the Oxford University. Mr. Clemens could no more help being humorous, no matter what the occasion, than he could help breathing, and the wedding of his daughter was no exception to the rule. To "avoid any delays at the ceremony" he prepared an interview which was given to the Press:

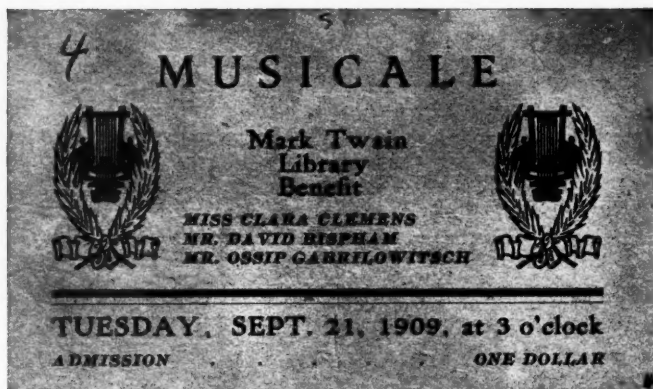
Clara and Gabrilowitsch were pupils together under Leschetizky, in Vienna, ten years ago. We have known him intimately ever since. It's not new—the engagement. It was made and dissolved twice, six years ago. Recovering from a perilous surgical operation, two or three months passed by him here in the house ended a week or ten days ago in a renewal. The wedding had to be sudden, for Gabrilowitsch's European season is ready to begin. The pair will sail a fortnight from now. The first engagements are in Germany. They have taken a house in Berlin.

When impertinently asked whether the marriage pleased him, Mr. Clemens replied:

Yes, fully as much as any marriage could please me or perhaps any other father. There are two or three tragically solemn things in this life, and a happy marriage is one of them, for the terrors of life are all to come. A funeral is a solemn office, but I go to them with a spiritual uplift, thankful that the dead friend has been set free. That which follows is to me tragic and awful—the burial. I am glad of this marriage, and Mrs. Clemens would be glad, for she always had a warm affection for Gabrilowitsch, but all the same it is a tragedy, since it is a happy marriage with its future before it, loaded to the Plimsoll line with uncertainties.

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When interviewed about the Mark Twain Library at Redding, Mr. Clemens referred to the various means that had been adopted for raising money for it, and made reference to a recent concert that had netted something less than four hundred dollars for the good work. It might have netted a great deal more if the prices had been higher, for it was an "all-star performance," including Miss Clemens, Mr. Gabrilowitsch and Mr. David Bispham, not to mention Mr. Clemens who spoke a few words of introduction. I don't remember all that Mr. Clemens said, but I do remember that he said that it was hardly necessary for him to introduce Mr. Bispham or Mr. Gabrilowitsch to any audience, they were too well known, but his daughter, who was not so well-known, was handsomer. Then he went on to say, that he did not see why he should have made these in-



A TICKET FOR THE MARK TWAIN "ALL-STAR PERFORMANCE" AT REDDING, CONN.

troductory remarks anyway, except that he had promised to do so, and he always believed in keeping a promise, although he was not quite sure whether that was the thing to do. He said there were times when a man was sorely tempted not to keep a promise. For instance: If he was about to be hanged and the sheriff should tell him that he could have two weeks to go home and visit his family, if he would return at the end of that two weeks to be hanged; for the sake of the reprieve the man would give his promise to return, but when the time came, it would be a pretty hard thing for him to do. "I know just how it feels," said Mr. Clemens, "as I made such a promise once myself,—but I did n't keep it."

Notwithstanding the fact that this was an all-star performance, the tickets were only fifty, seventy-five cents, and one dollar. They might just as well have been two or three times as much, for the cause was a good one, and the attractions certainly unusual. In New York it would have cost anywhere from one dollar and a half to two dollars to hear either one of these artists alone, but to hear them together, and with such a setting, was worth even more money, and would have been gladly paid if it had been asked.

Biographical introductions have become an interesting feature of the complete works of famous novelists. Anything more delightful than Lady Ritchie's introductions to her father's complete works could hardly be imagined. Thackeray himself could hardly have done the work better. It is altogether in his vein. Then we have an edition of Dickens with introductions by his son, which are valuable and interesting; and now we have Mrs. Humphry Ward writing the autobiographical introductions to her own complete works. This is a capital idea, and Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to be congratulated.

22

Mrs. Ward tells us in her introduction to the "History of David Grieve," which I have always considered one of her very best stories, that the main figures and ideas of that novel "rose dimly yet most interestingly" before her in the summer of 1889, about six months after the publication of "Robert Elsmere." She was at Borough Farm and had been wandering one evening through the heather and pine woods, when the beauty of the evening, and the deep emotion aroused in her by the letters and discussions provoked by "Robert Elsmere," suggested "a subject more hopeful, positive and consoling

than the subject of the earlier book."

To continue quoting from this most interesting introduction:

The sunset splendor in which we walked, the children and I, after the summer day, seemed to speak of completion, fulfilment, the ripened spirit, and its rewards. In Elsmere, I had described a life of combat broken in the strife of thought,—the denials and renunciations of the soul, parting at the bidding of what seemed the call of truth with all it held most dear. A year before, I had finished that book, shaken with tears. And now there was in me a longing to describe not death, but life,—not the shaking off of old beliefs, but the growth of a natural faith. A man of the people, wrestling with hard circumstance, and winning his way through the normal discipline of life—labor and love and suffering—to a resolute belief in the goodness of existence, and of the Will behind it;—this was the kind of figure that emerged amid the clouds of reverie. I saw him vaguely as a son of the north—my own familiar north, for which in the south I was always hungering; capable of passion, and capable also of that far rarer

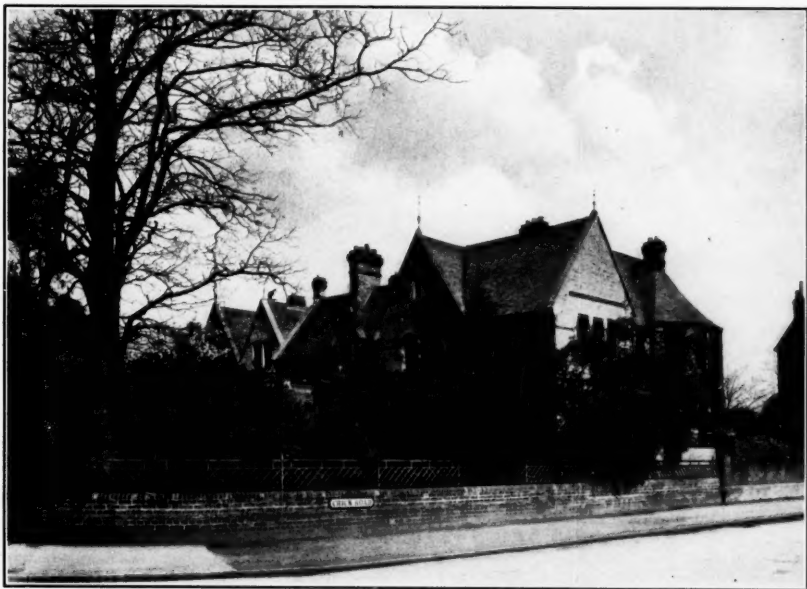
thing, tenderness; strong, meditative, simple; a workman himself, and the leader of workmen. His story should unroll itself naturally, coming to no special climax or catastrophe; and "he shall not die but live!—and declare the works of the Lord."

The same night, I wrote a few hardly coherent pages in which the sunset played a large part!—but from that impulse the book started.

The publishers are giving this edition of Mrs. Ward's books a beautiful setting. It is the only complete collected edition ever published, as Mrs. Ward has had more publishers than one, and it will be illustrated, among others, by such admirable artists as Albert Sterner, Charles E. Brock and Archibald S. Hartrick. Mrs. Ward is one of the few novelists of the day whose writings one would care to have in a complete edition.

22

It is distressing news from London, that Mr. J. M. Barrie has had to obtain a divorce from his wife. Mr. Barrie, who was brought up a strict Presbyterian, and knew little



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S FORMER HOME AT OXFORD

or nothing of the ways of London till he arrived there, married an actress, Miss Mary Ansell, who appeared in his first play "Walker, London." This was seventeen years ago. Since then everyone has supposed that the Barries were a devoted couple. Mrs. Barrie always seemed to be a real helpmeet, and they were often pointed at as examples of a happy married life. It is too bad, and everyone who knows the Barries will regret this outcome of their marriage.



In connection with the Barrie divorce suit, the following circular letter has been sent to the editors of the London newspapers:

The divorce suit of *BARRIE VS. BARRIE* and *CANNAN* is down for hearing at the Michaelmas Term. The plaintiff in the suit was in early life a distinguished journalist. More recently his work in fiction

whom the inevitable pain of these proceedings would be greatly increased by publicity.

Therefore, it is hoped that the press, as a mark of respect and gratitude to a writer of genius, will unite in abstaining from any mention of the case beyond the briefest report of the hearing. The suit is undefended, and, apart from the eminence of the plaintiff, raises no question of the slightest public interest.

ESHER,
GEORGE ALEXANDER,
WILLIAM ARCHER,
EDMUND GOSSE,
MAURICE HEWLETT,

HENRY JAMES,
A. E. W. MASON,
ARTHUR PINERO,
BEERBOHM TREE,
H. G. WELLS.



The *Evening Sun* is inclined to poke fun at this letter. It thinks that if the men who signed it "had cast about for a way of drawing universal attention to the troubles of a man of genius, they could not have



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S STUDY AT "STOCKS HOUSE," TRING, HERTFORDSHIRE (see p. 370)

and the drama has given pleasure of a high order to hundreds of thousands of readers and spectators wherever the English language is spoken. He is a man for

hit upon a better plan." Perhaps so in this country; but it is different in England. More consideration is given to a man's feelings in that country



MARRIOTT'S FARM—WHERE MRS. WARD STAYED WHILE GATHERING MATERIAL FOR
"DAVID GRIEVE" (see p. 370)

than among us, and I should have been very much surprised if the Barrie divorce case had not been handled delicately by the English newspapers. In England a man or a woman once a favorite is always a favorite, and would be treated as such. It is not so in this country. We build up merely to destroy. No matter how great a favorite a man or a woman may be, no matter how great our respect for him or her, if we have a chance to make a sensation out of any alleged wrongdoing on his or her part, we do so with as keen an enjoyment as if we were exposing the crimes of our worst enemy. I could cite scores of cases in illustration, but it is unnecessary. I do not hesitate to say that, if any of our distinguished authors should be as unfortunate in their domestic relations as Mr. Barrie seems to have been, he would be treated by our newspapers as they treat Ferdinand Earl and his "affinities."

Apropos of Barrie, it is generally said that a man must know something of the stage to be a successful playwright. I doubt if Mr. Barrie knew anything of the stage, or anything to speak of, when he wrote his first play, which was a success, and every play he has written has been a success. He was born with the gift of dramatic construction, as well as with the gift of writing clever lines. The two seldom go together, but in Mr. Barrie's case, as well as in that of Mr. Pinero, they go hand in hand.



Maurice Maeterlinck's letter on the English Censorship, read by Mr. Zangwill before the joint Parliamentary Committee, was very much to the point. He said that no objection had been made to "Monna Vanna" on moral grounds in Germany or Russia:

On the contrary, it has been said that

the piece exalted the sincerity and truth of love. . . . At Frankfurt a critic took offence at the fact that Monna Vanna was nude under her mantle. It was rather judiciously pointed out to him that we all, men and women, were nude under our last garment, without anyone in the world taking alarm. There may one day arise a millionaire of brains who will consider that the running of a theatre is as great a luxury as the running of horses.

22

Mr. Redford, the British censor, has stood a good deal of kicking lately, but he does not seem to mind it. That, apparently, is what he is there for. I dare say that he is a perfectly amiable and sane man in private life, but as a censor he does the most insane things. I should like to meet Mr. Redford some time, and catching him in an amiable frame of mind ask him, not in derision, but for information, if he has any rule at all, or what it is that guides him in forbidding one play and allowing another—why, for example, he forbade "Monna Vanna" and permitted "Zaza"—why he allowed "The Giddy Goat" and "The Cuckoo" and not Massenet's "Herodiade."

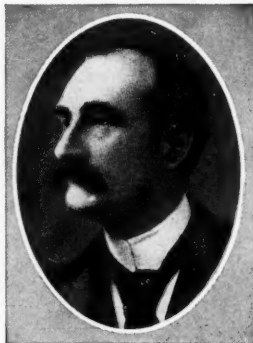
22

Three of Mr. Granville Barker's plays have been gathered together and published in book form. They are "The Marriage of Anne Leete," "The Vogsey Inheritance," and "Waste." The latter, it will be remembered, was stopped by the censor, but was allowed to appear under the auspices of The Stage Society of London. After reading Mr. Barker's play one feels that it has had more advertising than it really called for. It is not great as a play nor as literature, and it certainly has no element of popularity. If it had been produced at the Savoy Theatre, as originally intended, I doubt if it

would have had any sort of a run. For a few special performances it served, but that is all.

22

That Albert Pulitzer should have committed suicide does not seem to me so strange. He was a peculiar man, not like any other man that I ever knew. In the old days, when I was doing books and theatres for the *Herald*, Mr. Pulitzer was a star reporter. He gained his position as a star, so the story goes, by interviewing Mayor Oakey Hall in his bath. It was understood that Mr. Pulitzer had been told that the gentleman could not see him, as he was in his tub and there was no telling when



GEORGE REDFORD

he would leave it. This did not disconcert the enterprising reporter who found his way to the bathroom and through the keyhole interviewed the man in his tub. This was considered a great stroke of enterprise in the old days, and, I suppose, would be considered so to-day.

22

When Mr. Pulitzer had it in mind to start his *Morning Journal*, he took me into his confidence, not in the office, as you might think, but at the foot of the Elevated Railway steps at Third Avenue and Eighteenth Street. I had just come down to go to my home, and he was just going up to go to the *Herald* office. He told me his plan and asked me what I thought of it. I told him that he could make such a paper go if anyone could, but that money and management were the principal things to be considered. He said that he could get both, and he did. The *Morning Journal*, as Albert Pulitzer founded it, and Joseph I. C. Clarke edited it, was a very different proposition from the *Journal* of to-day. It was more like a country newspaper,

for it was filled up with what is called "back matter"—*i. e.*, clippings from papers and magazines—and was full of anecdotes. The local news was told more as stories than as news, but it was readable and people liked it, and Mr. Pulitzer, after making a lot of money out of it, sold it at a profit. I don't know what he has been doing of late years, for I have only seen him once since he sold his paper, and that was five or six, or perhaps ten, years ago, standing in the lobby of a theatre. Like his brother Joseph, Albert Pulitzer was devoted to music, and he always carried a musician, sometimes more than one, in his suite.

of his farming acts, feeding chickens. His farm is among the hills of New Hampshire, where they grow rocks as well as corn and oats; but in this particular product of the soil I think Connecticut, perhaps, grows larger crops than even New Hampshire.



Mr. William Allen White's trip abroad has apparently made him more of "a good American" than ever. He prefers American rudeness to foreign servility, and says that when a foreign laborer or agriculturist takes off his cap to you he expects a tip. People who do things for you abroad do expect tips, but



JUDGE SHUTE AND HIS CHICKENS

Judge Henry A. Shute, the author of that amusing book, "The Real Diary of a Real Boy," has just written another volume which he calls "Farming It." As Judge Shute, although a lawyer, is a humorist, "Farming It" is as likely to be funny as are any of his stories for boys. In the picture before us we have the Judge in one

not for raising their caps. There is a lot of tipping on the other side of the water, but it was never made obnoxious until Americans swaggered in and flung their money around just to show that they had it and were not ashamed to have the fact known. The European tips were many but they were small. The American tips

are almost as many and they are large. Where you would give ten sous or sixpence abroad you give a quarter here and think you are getting off easy. I saw a lady, who was giving a lunch party to three other ladies at a fashionable restaurant in New York, hand to the waiter as a tip the three dollars she received in change from her bill. No wonder that waiters in fashionable restaurants make as much as sixty and

Senate as his reward, but I hope, if he does, that he will not make any such speeches as he made when welcomed back to Emporia. I quote his peroration as reported in the local papers:

Whatever I have accomplished, whatever success I have attained, was due to your encouragement and loyalty. I'm so glad for all of this *that I can taste it and my back teeth are afloat with joy*. Thank you, thank you again and again.

Unquestionably Mr. White knows his constituency, and he also knows what is going on among his back teeth. I am not surprised that a man who can get off a line like that should have found much to criticise in the effete monarchies of the old world. It is a pity, for he is a good writer, a hard hitter and a good man.

24

Harvard House in Stratford-on-Avon was publicly opened at the time of Dr. Lowell's installation as President of Harvard University. We must not forget that it is chiefly due to Miss Marie Corelli that we owe the gift of this landmark to America. She found a munificent backer in Mr. Edward Morris of Chicago, who bought the house at her solicitation and entrusted her with its repair. The accompanying illustration shows that Mr. Morris's confidence was not misplaced.

24

It seems hard, with so many unmarried women in the world, that one woman should have been married seven times. The lady in question, Mrs. Snell-Coffin-Walker-Coffin-Layman-Love, has the distinction of being seven times a bride, for she was more than once remarried. As her matri-



JOHN HARVARD'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD, NOW OWNED
BY HARVARD UNIVERSITY

eighty dollars a week in tips. The tipping abroad is a nuisance because it is constant; over here it is a nuisance because the habit is increasing, and the tips are increasing too.

24

Mr. White has made himself a power in Kansas and I dare say that he will have a seat in the United States

monial experiences have ended in Love, I suppose that it is all right, but it is not often that a woman goes into the matrimonial market as a wholesaler only.



At the present writing it looks as if Collector Loeb, in his righteous wrath at smuggling by first-cabin passengers, were aiming to test the public patience rather than the law. Americans returning home from abroad have had to put up with a great deal of unnecessary annoyance from time to time, but they have never before been subjected to the insults that Mr. Loeb apparently countenances and commends. It is one thing to search a person's baggage, but it is quite another thing to search his clothes. Ninety percent of the male passengers on one day recently had their pockets searched by the Customs inspectors. Mr. Loeb should be ashamed of himself, and a government that allows its citizens to be insulted in this manner should be ashamed of itself. If Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh and Assistant Secretary Reynolds do not give Mr. Loeb a proper understanding of his duties, the President should be sought to take a hand and forbid the disgraceful scenes now daily enacted on the piers.

Since this was written, the Collector has disavowed responsibility for the ill-treatment of his fellow-citizens; but it is no less flagrant than it was.



Are we to have no more privacy? Are air-ships to bring sightseers to our highest windows and "pan-angled" telescopes to penetrate every nook and corner and winding passage of our homes! Listen to the inventor of this latest atrocity, Mr. Dana Dudley, of Wakefield, Mass.:

I will go so far as to say that by means of my most recent invention it is possible, by wire or by wireless, to get in Worcester the image of a man in Boston, to watch his actions, and even to see his cigar grow

shorter as he smokes it. Even now I can do this by wireless over my town house.

Is it really impossible to get away from this man? Can't we hide in a cellar, or in some dark corner of a skyscraper, without being found by him and our secret actions laid bare! I have an idea! Let me recommend Mr. Dudley and his pan-angled telescope to Mr. Loeb. Passengers could then be examined and their pockets pried into without their knowing it. Hear the inventor boast of his work:

It could be installed, together with an underwater searchlight, in the bow of any sort of a vessel and run back to the steering house. Then the steersman could see exactly where he was going under water. It would be of inestimable value to submarines.

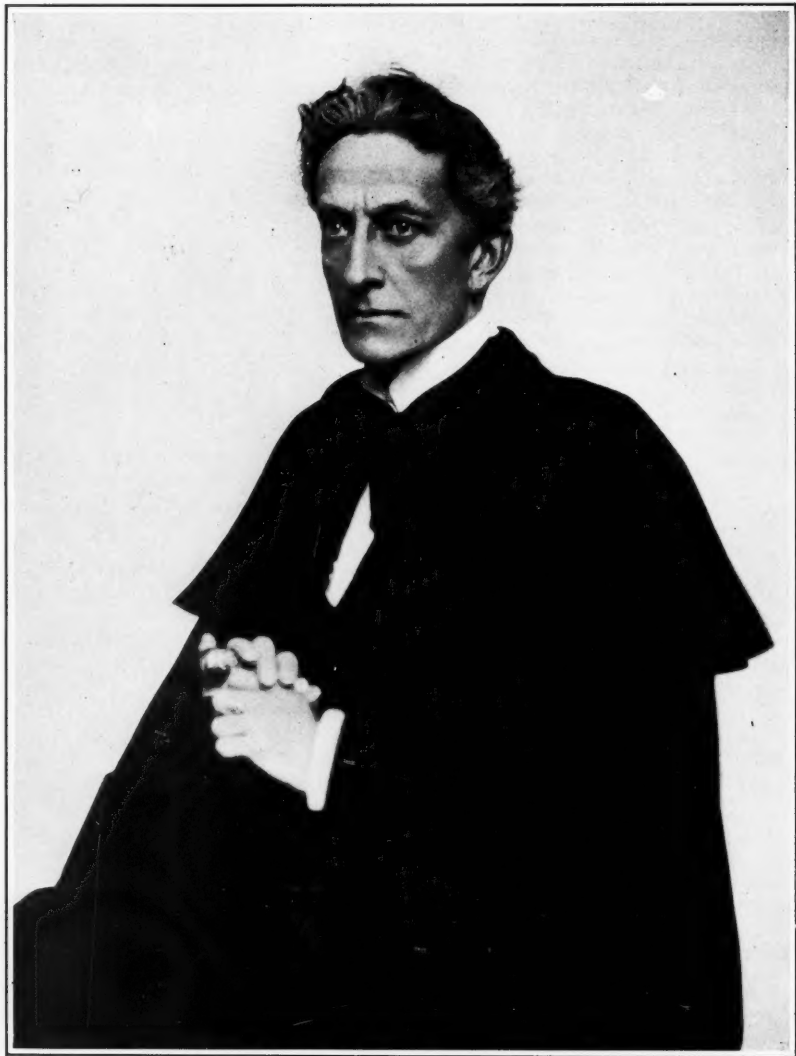
Here again is a hint to Mr. Loeb. He could put a pan-angled inspector under every ship entering the port and look up through the decks into the trunks, and no guilty—or innocent—man could escape him. Why not rename this new instrument of torture the "Loeb-angled telescope"?



"The Passing of the Third Story Back" is a play of the same type as "The Servant in the House," or—to hark farther back—as "Everyman." It is a morality play which teaches us that to be Christlike is better than to be worldly. Of course we know this, but it is well to be reminded of it now and then, lest we forget. Mr. Jerome wrote and published the story upon which his play is founded long before "The Servant in the House" appeared upon the scene, so he cannot be accused of stealing Mr. Kennedy's thunder, though doubtless the success of the latter's play suggested the dramatic possibilities of his own story. Mr. Jerome's play owes a large measure of its success to the admirable acting of Mr. Johnstone Forbes-Robertson and his company. In less skilled hands it would not have made so profound an impression. It is good to hear English spoken as

these actors speak it. If the New Theatre would teach the proper speaking of the English language, it would be doing the best work that it could do. I suggest that Mr. Ames secure Mr. Forbes - Robertson as

teacher of English as she *should* be spoke and not as she *is* spoke, on the stage. Mr. Sothern could teach it, but then he has been engaged to act only, and not to teach,—more 's the pity, for he could do both.



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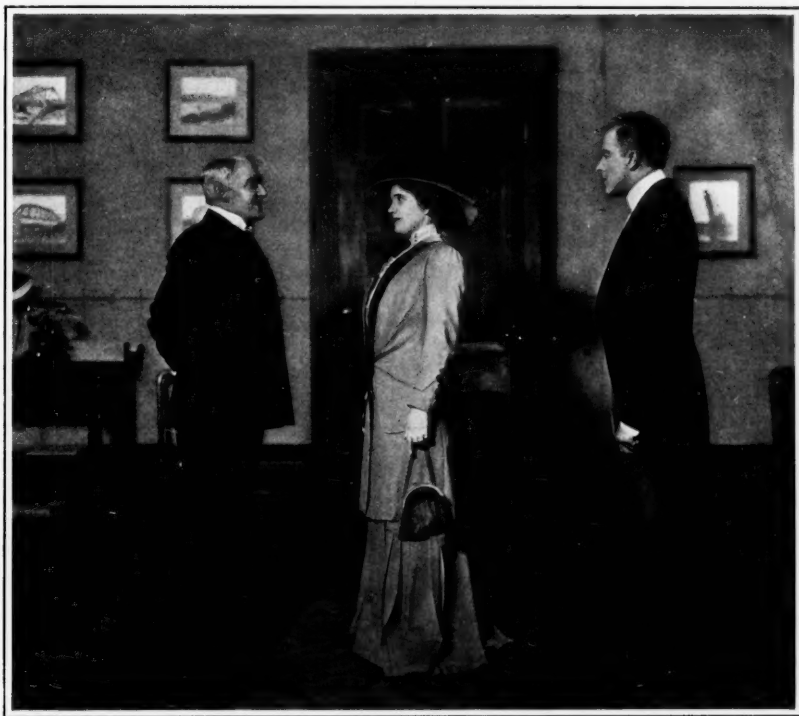
MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON AS "THE PASSER-BY"

"The Walls of Jericho" had not prepared me for Mr. Sutro's new play, "The Builder of Bridges," with which Mr. Kyrle Bellew has inaugurated his present season. The earlier piece, despite its great success in London, struck me as didactic and ponderous; and its heaviness was in no degree mitigated by the way the Hacketts played the leading rôles in this coun-

character conspicuous for its weakness and Mrs. Whiffen assumes an amusing part that fits her to perfection.

22

On leaving Flourtown for another part of Pennsylvania, Mr. Detrich (the "small farmer" of whom A. W. Day writes on page 363), challenged to make as great a success on a large



"THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES"

Kyrle Bellew as Edward Thursfield, Gladys Hanson as Dorothy Faringay and Eugene O'Brien as Arnold Faringay

try. The motive of the new play, on the other hand, though it is improbable and even objectionable, is handled with great skill, the result being a play that is interesting and dramatically effective. Mr. Bellew's style is polished as ever, Miss Gladys Hanson does all that it is possible to do with a part inherently unsympathetic, Eugene O'Brien shows his strength in a

scale as he had on a small one, took charge of a 340-acre farm, agreeing to put it in shape to carry at least two hundred head of dairy cows in from three to five years. The property was completely run down when he took hold of it, so that he did not venture to put any dairy cattle on the farm till he had been there for six months. A gang of Italians had to

be hired to grub, pick stones and dig ditches. Mr. Detrich remained "on the job" for three years and forty-five days. At the end of that time the proprietor invited the Secretary of Agriculture, the Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry, and Mr. Spillman to visit him and see his crops, which were immense. At one time in the previous winter there had been as many as 163 head of cattle and fifteen horses on the farm, and three carloads of baled hay and twenty tons of loose hay were sold. This large farm came up much more rapidly than the small one at Flourtown, and was a splendid property when Mr. Detrich's connection with it ceased.



By the time this paragraph appears in print, the New Theatre will be in full swing. It is now too soon to criticise: we must watch and pray—

not pray. The founders of this theatre are inspired by the best intentions, and we can only hope that everything will turn out as they mean it to. That they will make mistakes is to be expected; but they will come out all right in the end, if they see their mistakes and rectify them. To carry out such a scheme as they have mapped out is no child's play. High art and a sound business sense must go hand in hand to make the New Theatre a success.



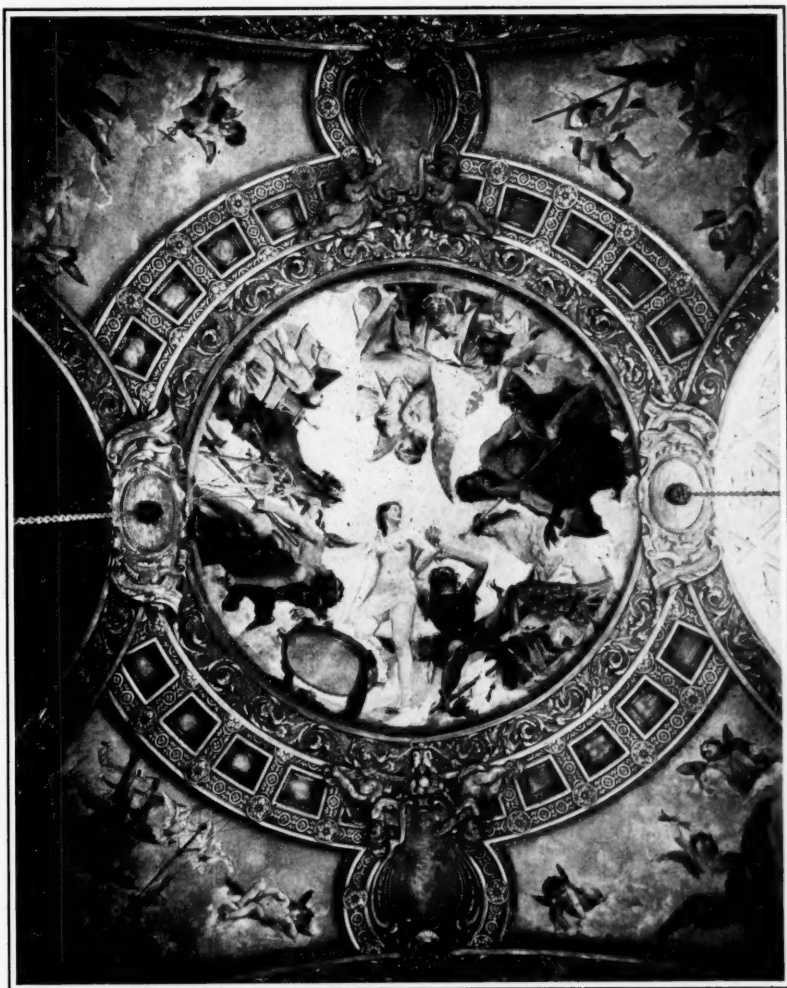
When Mr. Neihardt wrote his picturesque description of the various falls of the Missouri (see page 337), none had yet been actually harnessed in the service of mankind save only the Black Eagle Falls, which furnishes power for the Boston & Montana smelter at Great Falls and for the street-railway and electric-lighting



Designed by Carrere & Hastings

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THE NEW THEATRE, FROM CENTRAL PARK



Photographed from Baudry's painting by Frances B. Johnstone

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CEILING OF THE FOYER OF THE NEW THEATRE—GIFT OF MR. W. K. VANDERBILT

systems of that city. This development has a capacity of about 12,000 horse-power. But very considerable progress has been made this year in developing power by the Rainbow Dam, which will include and utilize all the energy supplied by the falls known as Coulters', Rainbow and Crooked. The total fall from the crest of the dam will be 105 feet. Hydraulic machinery for 36,000 horse-

power and electric generators and equipment for 30,000 horse-power are being installed. A double line of steel towers, carrying electric transmission wires to Butte (135 miles distant), is being built and the whole plant is expected to be in operation by May 1, 1910. Below the site of the present development, the river falls in rapids 150 feet to the crest of the so-called Great Falls of the Missouri, five miles

below. The Great Falls are eighty-six feet high and with a dam as high as the one at Rainbow Falls would furnish about the same amount of power. The rapids in the river between the two falls can be dammed in a way to furnish about 30,000 horse-power; so that if the total fall of the river in the immediate vicinity of the city of Great Falls is utilized, somewhat more than 100,000 horse-power can be developed at the minimum flow of the river. The nature lover may sympathize with Mr. Neihardt in his regret at the chaining of these huge natural forces, but their utilization by the Great Falls Water-Power and Townsite Co. is one of the most important achievements of the day in the American industrial world.

The sort of woman's rights that I believe in is the sort that puts a woman where she belongs, without regard to sex, and entirely because she is the right person in the right place. My congratulations to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young upon her appointment to the position of Superintendent of the Chicago public schools. With the one exception of our own Superintendent Maxwell, Mrs. Young is said to be the highest-paid state educator in the country. Ten thousand dollars a year is a good salary for any woman not on the stage, and Mrs. Young deserves every dollar of it. It is said that the members of the Chicago Board of Education looked hard for a man who could fill the position as well as Mrs. Young, but he was not to be found. She has been a teacher since 1862, and was District Superintendent for twelve years and for four years was Principal of the Chicago Normal School. For six years she dropped out of public-school teaching and was Professor of Education in the University of Chicago. If training and practical experience count for anything, Mrs. Young knows it all. Let me also extend my congratulations to Chicago not only upon gaining the best Superintendent to be had, but upon its

recognition of faithful and efficient service. On this account the appointment will have an inspiring effect.

It is announced that the Suffragettes are to have a weekly publication of their own with Miss Helen Ten Broeck as editor, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Miss Jeannette Gilder, Mrs. Clarence Mackay, and "other brilliant contributors." I don't know about the "other brilliant contributors," but I can say positively, for I have had it from her own lips, that Miss Jeannette Gilder will not be an editor of this Suffragette sheet, as she belongs to the other party.

Apropos of a recent paragraph in these columns, on the Empress Eugénie, I have received a communication of which the following is a translation:

FARNBOROUGH HILL,
FARNBORO', HANTS.

The Empress Eugénie's secretary thanks the editors of *Putnam's Magazine*, in behalf of Her Majesty, for the October number which they have sent, and in which there are two engravings from her portrait and a passage concerning her. Her Majesty's secretary takes advantage of this occasion to inform the editors of *Putnam's Magazine* that, so far as the supposed memoirs are concerned, she has neither written nor dictated them, and that any publication of the sort will be apocryphal.

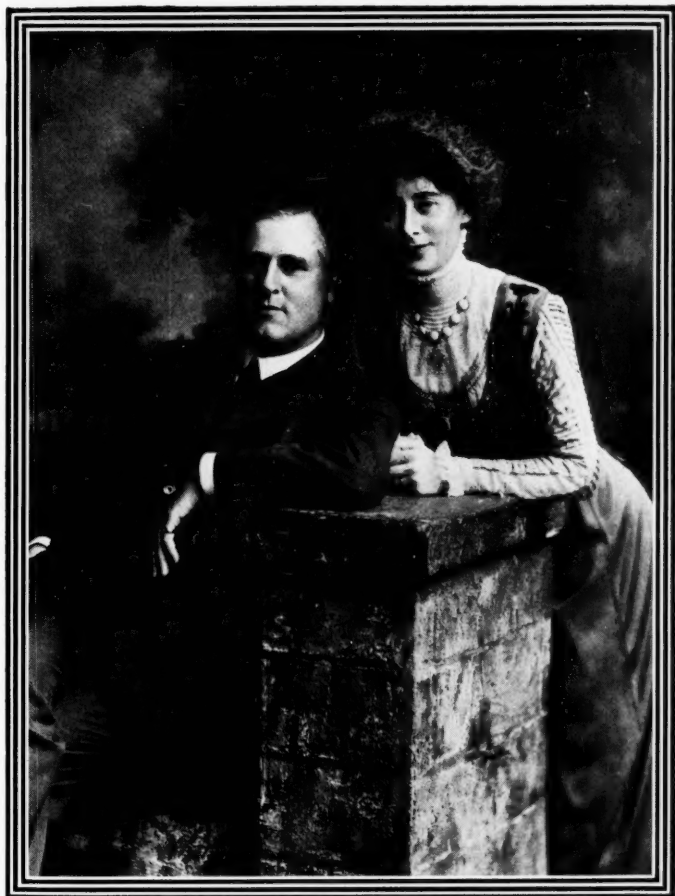
22 Oct., 1909. FRANCESCHINI PIETRI.

M. Pietri encloses a copy of a letter which he sent to the *Paris Figaro*. Translated it reads thus:

PARIS, 5 July, 1909.

MY DEAR MR. CALMETTE:

For some time past the Empress has been in receipt of numerous letters from persons who request the privilege of publishing her memoirs, or translating them into foreign languages. In reply to these requests, and in order to put an end to them, I am instructed by Her Majesty to state that she has not written, and that she will not write, any memoirs. Any publication of this sort will be apocryphal. I will be greatly obliged if you will help



MR. WILLIAM WATSON, THE POET, AND HIS BRIDE

me give this declaration suitable publicity. Thanking you for what you may do to this effect, believe me,

Sincerely yours, FRANCESCHINI PIETRI.

These two letters make it obvious that the best we can hope for in the way of biographical material relating to the Empress's interesting and remarkable career will be at second-hand. But what a book she herself could have written, if she would!

22

I hope that it is not too late for me to offer my hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. William Watson.

The bride is an Irish lady and the wedding took place in Ireland. Mr. John Lane's *Bodleian* says:

It was essentially an Irish wedding, for the bride herself is instinct with the Celtic spirit, and was lovely in old Irish lace, whilst each of the guests wore a shamrock. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Prebendary Boyd, rector of Bath Abbey. The bride's father was the late Harry Pring, Esq., formerly of Dundalgan Castle, County Louth. Rheims was suggested as a suitable place for their honeymoon, but Mr. Watson preferred to seek inspiration for his Ariel flights of fancy from Slieve Gallion, the Parnassus of Ireland.



Noteworthy Books of the Month



Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Brownell, W. C.
Burton, Richard
Meredith, George
van Dyke, Henry
Winter, William

American Prose Masters
Masters of the English Novel
Last Poems
White Bees and Other Poems
Poems

Scribner
Holt
Scribner
Scribner
Moffat, Yard

History and Biography

Bigelow, John
Evans, Robley D.
Low, Maurice A.
Parker, George F.
Stanley, Henry M.

Retrospections of an Active Life
An Admiral's Log
The American People
Recollections of Grover Cleveland
Autobiography

Baker, Taylor
Appleton
Houghton, Mifflin
Century Co.
Houghton, Mifflin

Fiction

Bachelor, Irving
Bennett, Arnold
Brady, Cyrus T.
Deland, Margaret
DeMorgan, William
Duncan, Norman
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins
Gilson, Roy Rolfe
Harber, Will N.
Hichens, Robert
Jacobs, W. W.
Kipling, Rudyard
Little, Frances
Nicholson, Meredith
Page, Thomas Nelson
Post, Emily
Robins, Elizabeth
Smith, F. Hopkinson
Stuart, Ruth McEnery
Wells, H. G.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas

The Master
The Glimpse
The Island of Regeneration
Where the Laborers Are Few
It Never Can Happen Again
The Suitable Child
The Winning Lady
The Wistful Years
The Redemption of Kenneth Galt
Bella Donna
Sailor's Knots
Aboard the Funnel
Little Sister Snow
The Lords of High Decision
John Marvel, Assistant
The Title Market
The Florentine Frame
Forty Minutes Late
Aunt Amity's Silver Wedding
Ann Veronica
Susanna and Sue

Doubleday, Page
Appleton
Dodd, Mead
Harper
Holt
Revell
Harper
Baker, Taylor
Harper
Lippincott
Scribner
Dodge
Century Co.
Doubleday, Page
Scribner
Dodd, Mead
Moffat, Yard
Scribner
Century Co.
Harper
Houghton, Mifflin

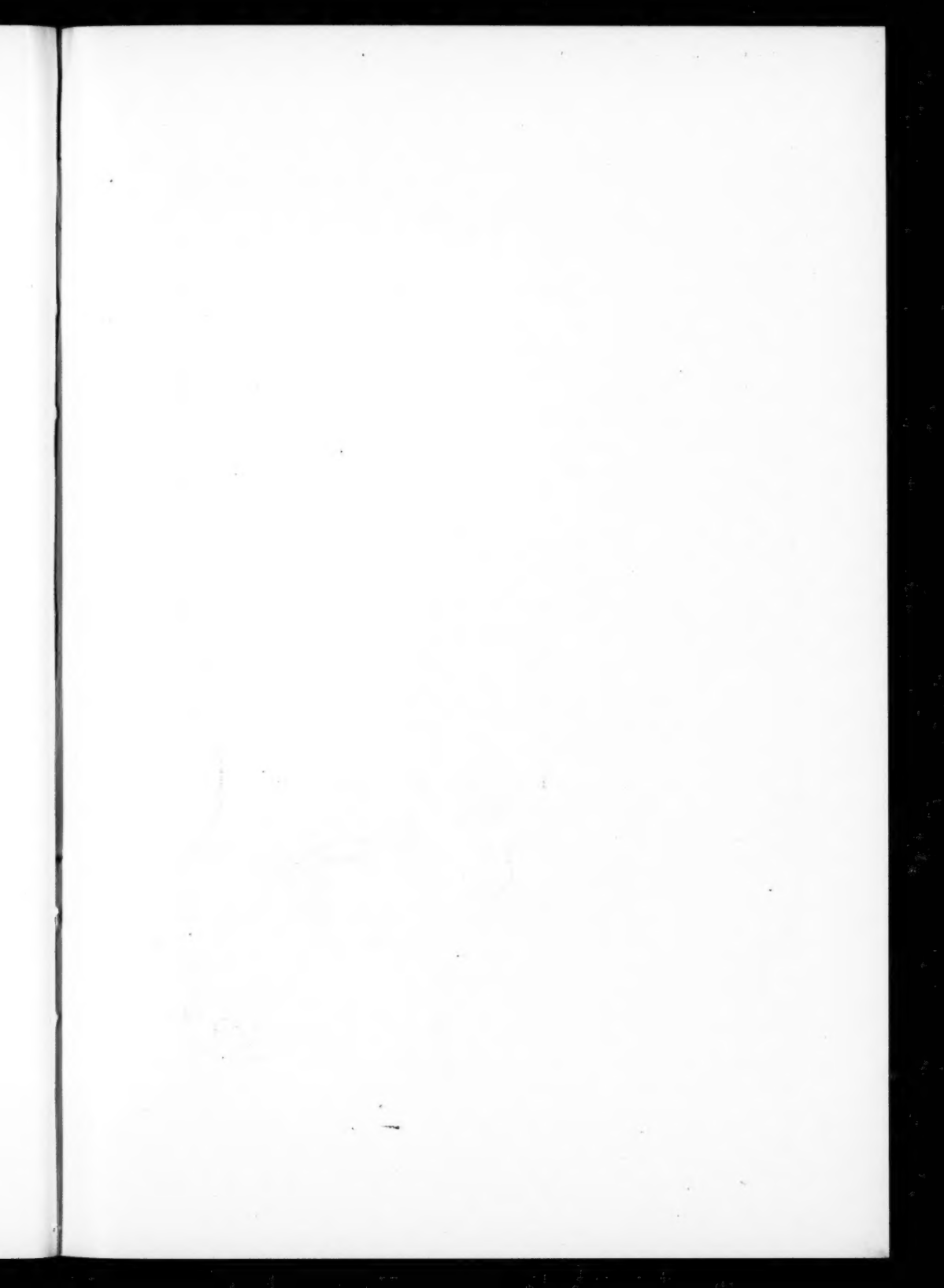
Miscellaneous

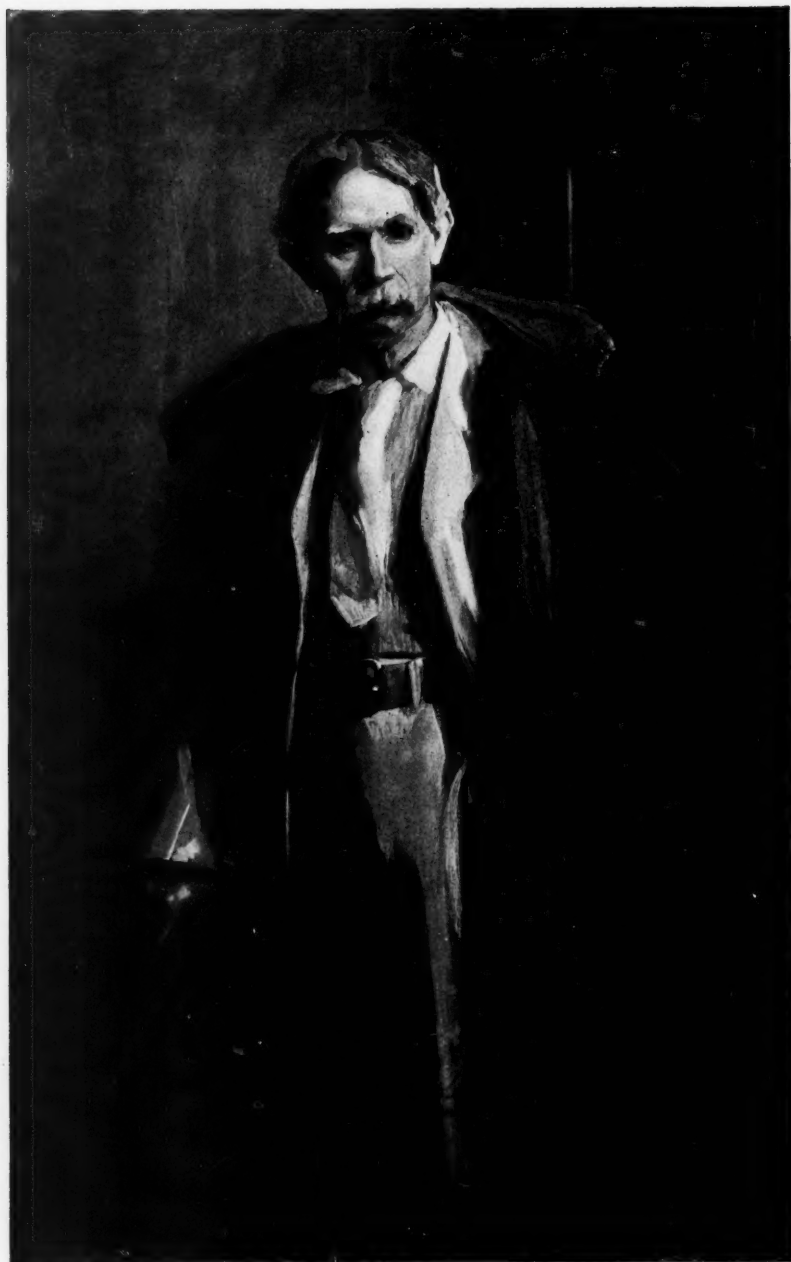
Abbott, Edith
Cabot, Richard Clark
Caffin, Charles H.
Faust, Albert B.
Laughlin, J. Lawrence
Münsterberg, Hugo
Saleeby, C. W.

Women in Industry
Social Service and the Science of Healing
The Story of Dutch Painting
The German Element in the United States
Latter Day Problems
Psychology and the Teacher
Parenthood and Race Culture

Appleton
Moffat, Yard
Century Co.
Houghton, Mifflin
Scribner
Appleton
Moffat, Yard

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.





From the portrait painted for the City Club by Wilhelm Funk

See page 511

RICHARD WATSON GILDER—1844-1909

